Jan. 31, 1977

THE NEW YORKER

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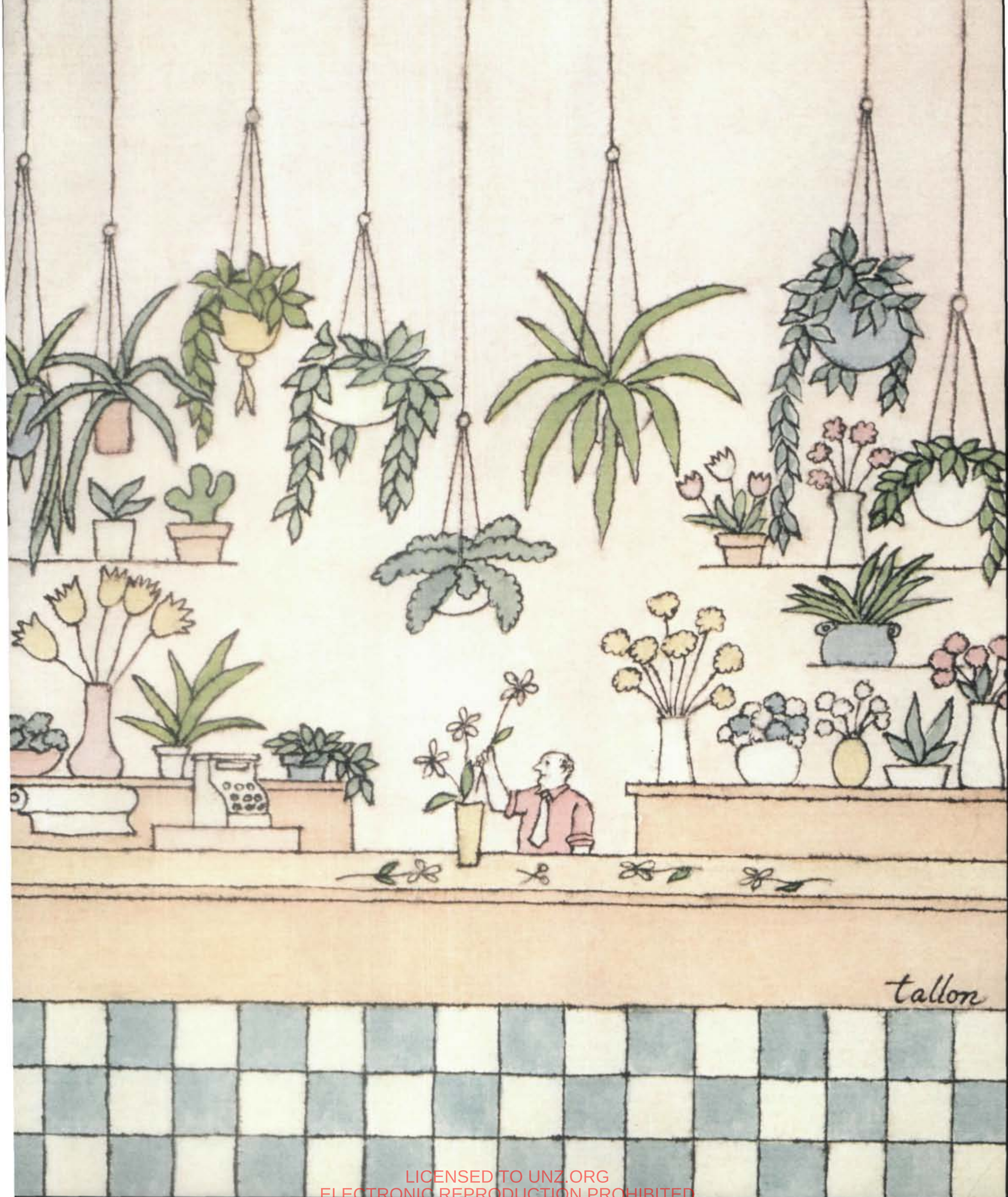

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

THE BROWNSVILLE RAID—Charles Fuller's strong, tragic drama (with considerable comedy and mystery as well) is based on an actual event—the dishonorable discharge, by President Theodore Roosevelt in 1906, of three companies of crack, experienced black troops for purportedly shooting up the town of Brownsville, Texas. This production celebrates the tenth birthday of the Negro Ensemble Company, and Douglas Turner Ward, its artistic director, appears in the leading role. With Bill Cobbs and Graham Brown, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

CALIFORNIA SUITE—Neil Simon making jokes in his wonted fashion. The setting is the Beverly Hills Hotel, where the staff is admonished not to recognize celebrities, nearly always to the celebrities' distress. The pleasing cast includes Tammy Grimes, George Grizzard, Jack Weston, and Marge Redmond. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE CLUB—Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the performance—the singing, and especially the dancing—under Tommy Tune's direction is proficient and exhilarating. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

COMEDIANS—Milo O'Shea and the rest of a fine cast directed by Mike Nichols act out the philosophical (and political) implications of comedy, as seen by the playwright, Trevor Griffiths. A serious and funny play. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE CRAZY LOCOMOTIVE—A comedy by Polish playwright Stanislaw Ignacy Witzkiewicz, translated by Daniel C. Gerould and C.S. Durer. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Moves on Friday, Feb. 4, to Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St., 246-8545. Nightly, except Monday through Thursday, Jan. 31-Feb. 3, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3, and Wednesday, Jan. 26, and Saturday, Feb. 5, at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 13.)

DIRTY LINEN—A sometimes funny but never witty finger exercise by Tom Stoppard. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF—Zero Mostel again playing Tevye, a part he originated shortly after the Civil War. An excellent production of a syrupy musical. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE: WHEN THE RAINBOW IS ENUF—The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The result is an evening of great beauty, humor, and dramatic strength, for which the director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit. Choreography by Paula Moss, who, along with the author, appears on the stage. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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GUYS AND DOLLS—A fairy tale out of Damon Runyon, with wonderful songs by Frank Loesser. The show works just as well with an all-black cast as it works with any other color, but these days all-black seems a very old-fashioned stunt. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

HOLD ME!—An entertainment by Jules Feiffer, taken from his material of the past twenty years. With Geraldine Brooks and Paul Dooley. (Subplot Cabaret, American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Thursday at 9; Friday and Saturday at 10; and Sunday and Monday at 8. Closes Monday, Jan. 31.)

IPI-TOMBI—A South African black musical of mixed ancestry. (Harkness, Broadway at 63rd St. 581-6000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ISADORA DUNCAN SLEEPS WITH THE RUSSIAN NAVY—Marian Seldes has the title role in a production written by Jeff Wanshel, based on the dancer's life. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7:30, and Thursdays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

JOHN GABRIEL BORKMAN—Gale Sondergaard, Robert Pastene, and Jan Farrand in a revival of Ibsen's play. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 13.)

MY LIFE—A play by Corinne Jacker. (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

NIGHTCLUB CANTATA—The remarkable young composer Elizabeth Swados has set poems and passages of prose by a number of writers, among them herself, to her own arresting, dramatic music. Her selections are, for the most part, strong and theatrical; and they are variously sung, spoken, and enacted by a good company of four men and four women, among them herself. Miss Swados also directed. The accompaniment—Judith Fleisher (piano), William Milhizer (percussion), and Miss S. (guitar)—is first-rate. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sun-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5:30 and Sundays at 3.)

THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA—Tennessee Williams is a specialist in castaways, and he has brought an admirable assortment of them together in this play. With Richard Chamberlain, Sylvia Miles, Dorothy McGuire, and William Roerick. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

OH! CALCUTTA!—A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

OTHERWISE ENGAGED—Tom Courtenay heads the cast in a play by Simon Gray, imported from London. Harold Pinter is the director. Previews Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 31-Feb. 1. Opens officially on Wednesday, Feb. 2. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE ROBBER BRIDEGROOM—A musical based on a novella by Eudora Welty. The scene is a Southland that never was, and the characters, whether good or evil, are relentlessly endearing, but the underlying moral of the show is that women are an inferior species and must be dealt with harshly. This cannot be what Miss Welty had in mind. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

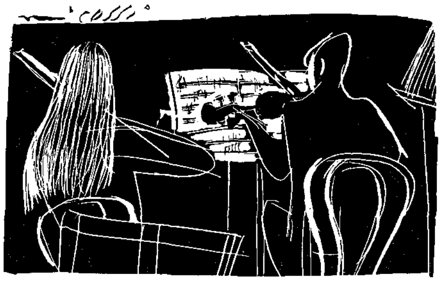
SEXUAL PERVERSITY IN CHICAGO and **DUCK VARIATIONS**—David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent of sadness. The first deals, in scenes as brief as blackouts, with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents who are all but shredded by their former homosexual partners. The second is, strictly speaking, a poem in the guise of the desultory, meandering conversation of two old Jewish men pottering around a park bench. Albert Takazauckas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

SLY FOX—Larry Gelbart has transmogrified Ben Jonson's "Volpone," with hilarious results. The cast includes George C. Scott, Jack Gilford, Bob Dishy, John Heffernan, and Trish Van Devere. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE TRIP BACK DOWN—John Cullum is the star of this cautionary tale about a racing-car driver and his failed hopes. The author is John Bishop, and the director is Terry Schreiber. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

YOUR ARMS TOO SHORT TO BOX WITH GOD—Vinnette Carroll's singing-and-dancing redaction of the Book of Matthew. An exhilarating occasion. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR:** A joyful, if rather simpleminded, Cook's tour of Harlem in its golden age between the wars. The cast is lively and gifted, and the old songs are enchanting. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)... **CHICAGO:** An unpleasant musical about dreary people, but with stunning performances by Gwen Verdon and Jerry Orbach. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **EQUUS:** A psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer. With Anthony Perkins, Ralph Seymour, and Page Johnson. The director is John Dexter. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,977 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** A well-nigh perfect revival of the well-nigh perfect musical. See it in this decade if you can. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SHENANDOAH:** Hokum, but with a lot of songs. William Chapman sings many of them. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **STREAMERS:** This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **WOMEN BEHIND BARS:** A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy, set in the old Women's House of Detention in the Village. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4.)



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MISCELLANY

AMERICAN MIME THEATRE—Performing "Hurley-burley," "Six," and a new, untitled work. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Jan. 28, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 8: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 27, at 8: "Ma Mère l'Oye," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," "In G Major," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 28, at 8: "Ma Mère l'Oye," "Four Temperaments," "Other Dances," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 29, at 2: "An Evening's Waltzes," "Episodes," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "In G Major."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8: "Episodes," "Duo Concertant," "Valse-Fantaisie," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 30, at 1: "An Evening's Waltzes," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "The Concert."... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 30, at 7: "Jewels."... ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 1, at 8: "Coppélia."... ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 2, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "In the Night," "Symphony in C," and another ballet to be announced.... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 3, at 8: "Four Temperaments," "In the Night," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Friday, Feb. 4, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 5, at 2: "In the Night," "Pas de Deux," "Stars and Stripes," and another ballet to be announced.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Concerto Barocco," and "The Concert." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 20.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Performances of "Giselle" will close out the engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Through Sunday, Jan. 30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

●

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—The National Boat Show has just ended and the Winter Antiques Show is in progress, and the Carlyle—in particular the Bemelmans Bar—appears to be their patrons' chief after-hours watering hole, for the faces have been right and the din terrific. If **MARIAN MCPARTLAND** were on hand, she would fight back with mordant tongue and flashing eye, but she is away until Monday, Jan. 31, and the magisterial, gracious **TEDDY WILSON** is filling in, ignoring the thundering voices and spinning his endless and beautiful melodic lines, which, in their spareness and logic and poetry, suggest the very essence of music. Little do the nattering nabobs know what they are missing. Music from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays.... **TEDDI KING**, who is replacing Bobby Short in the Café Carlyle, has been a good singer for twenty-five years, with a rich, controlled vibrato, an exact and daring sense of dynamics, and an excellent rhythmic placement. Her first-rate accompaniment is by **IRV JOSEPH** on piano, **ERNIE FURTADO** on bass, and **JOSH GERBER** on drums. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dinner and supper.

CLEO, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—Duke Ellington liked his singers dramatic (Al Hibbler, Alice Babs, Tony Watkins), and apparently **JOYCE BRYANT**, who is at-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tempting to distract us until Mabel Mercer returns in March, once passed through the Ellington nimbus. She is theatrical. She moves back and forth between a booming contralto and a falsetto soprano; she holds notes until they ache; she favors slow, smoky tempos. And she is often inexact. Getting from the verse to the chorus of songs like "My Man" and "I've Got a Crush on You" is tricky and demanding, but she muffs it by accenting the wrong notes, by stepping on her own retards. Her accompanists are Don Sturrock, on piano, and Don Raphael, on bass—Fender bass, which should never be allowed in the same room with a singer. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and eleven-thirty.

LARSON'S, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-2540)—**ELLIS LARKINS** has accepted still another Chair of Inspirational Piano, and this one is in a restaurant named Larson's, hard by the 68th Street Playhouse. (It was once a Schrafft's, and like all the ghostly Schrafft's around the city, it is redolent of delicate sliced-chicken sandwiches and lucent tomato bouillon.) He is in a corner of a spacious bar to the right of the main entrance, and it is an open and pleasing situation compared with some of the *caves* he has worked in recent years. Moreover, he has an excellent piano and both a bassist (**BILLY POPP**) and a drummer (**JACK MCALLISTER**), and all these good things are causing him to rise to numinous heights—his arpeggios sparkle, his chords are buoyant, his touch is as a butterfly. Larkins, though, is famous for his miniature, twenty-minute, five-song sets, and he apparently has no intention of altering that image. (On a recent night, Ruth Ellington, sister of Himself, came in with a burly entourage and kept Larkins at it with Ellington requests for close to an hour. It was a noble and instructive session, all the more so for its rarity.) Tuesdays through Saturdays, from ten to two. Dinner.

•

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—The neat rows of red-clothed tables, the purely functional carpeting (which takes the edge off the room's formerly harsh acoustics), the simple bar—in fact, everything in this unpretentious night club—were designed and constructed by the proprietor, drummer Rashied Ali, and his wife, Patricia. **STEVE LACY** is the father figure for contemporary soprano saxophonists; he broke ground with Cecil Taylor in the mid-fifties and is said to have inspired John Coltrane's attraction to the soprano sax. Lacy, who has spent most of the past fifteen years in Europe, progressed, like trombonist Roswell Rudd, from Dixieland (before his time with Taylor, he worked with Max Kaminsky) to free jazz; then someone put him on to bebop. (He eventually took up with Thelonious Monk for a few months.) Lacy is leading a quartet here through Saturday, Jan. 29. On Mondays, composer, arranger, and tenor and soprano saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER** presides over the **LOUD MINORITY**, a spirited, head-turning musical monolith (twenty-two free-lance musicians, some young and promising, others older and fulfilled). Music from about ten. Soul food. Closed Sundays.

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Simple, pleasant surroundings, collard greens and ribs on the menu, and well-amplified mainstream and, occasionally, out-there jazz on the bandstand. A traditional rhythm-and-blues combo usually comprises organ, drums, and guitar and/or saxophone. But don't be put off by the synthesizer in **RICHARD (GROOVE) HOLMES'** trio; his group plays authentic stuff. Holmes' organ playing is vital and earthy enough to please almost any blues listener; his drummer, Mel Roach, is precise and steady; and Khalid Moss, who plays regular acoustic piano in addition to the electronic keyboards, actually makes the bubbling disco effects lean toward music. Brenda Jones sings a few numbers with the band. They'll all be on the stand through Saturday, Jan. 29. Music from nine-thirty.

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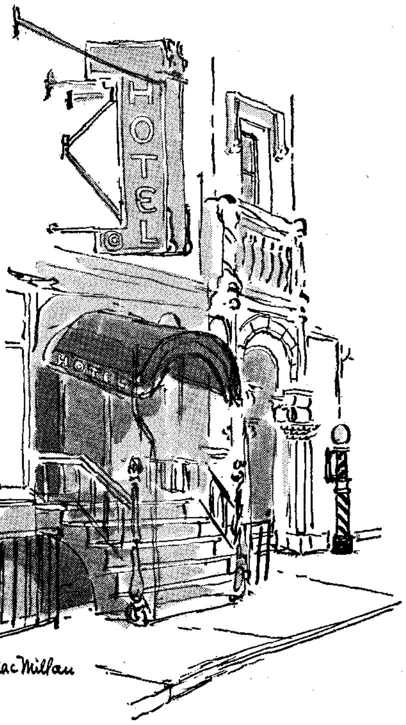
BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The Atlanta Rhythm Section performs rock on Wednesday, Jan. 26. Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 27-30, **YUSEF LATEEF** will be here with his combo. Lateef, who works out on tenor sax, flute, and oboe, is a straight-ahead hard jazzman who is not above including frolicsome rhythm and blues in his sets. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with dark pine panelling, patrons who like to talk, and good musicians, mostly pianists, who don't seem to mind playing through the talking. **HANK JONES** will be working alone through Saturday, Jan. 29; on Monday, Jan. 31, pianist **JIMMY ROWLES**, one of the house favorites, will return. The Sunday chores are handled by **BARRY HARRIS** and his aides. Music from ten weeknights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This mid-sixties-seedy, neo-Bowery bar presents mostly local, primitive rock bands. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 3-5, the Ramones, one of the local success stories (the group has a record contract and has even appeared at the Bottom Line), will plug in. The band's four members have all taken Ramone as a stage name; their tunes are loud, simple, and short beyond belief; their attire is teen-age-punk—T-shirts, jeans, dirty sneakers, leather jackets, and shades—and they come from Forest Hills. Music most nights from roughly nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**JOE TURNER** (who is no relation to the great singer and who has spent most of his career abroad) bows repeatedly to Fats Waller and Willie the Lion and James P. Johnson, but he is a cheerful, buoyant, old-fashioned stride pianist. Weeknights from eight to one. Blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** plays on Sundays. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Herbie Hall, Vic Dickenson, Ed Polcer, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. On Tuesday, Feb. 1, **MAXINE SULLIVAN** will sing with the regulars. Music from nine-thirty. On Sunday, Jan. 30, Ray and Mousey Alexander will lead a quartet from eight. Dinner.



GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music: Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, **AL HAIG**, one of the first and best bop pianists, goes to town with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and bassist Jamil Nasser. Sunday, Jan. 30, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** performs with kinetic pianist **WALTER DAVIS, JR.**, from five-thirty to nine-thirty. Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three, **BROOKS KERR**, a twenty-five-year-old stride pianist and Ellingtoniac; **SONNY GREER**, the ageless drummer who was with Ellington for some thirty years; and **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945, goad each other and come up with delightful swing numbers. And weeknights from six to nine-thirty, trumpeter Gene Roland, pianist Loumell Morgan, and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—**CHARLIE BYRD**, a jazz and jazz-samba guitarist, heads up a small band Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE**, aided by resident blowers Johnny Morris on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone, is present Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist **DICK HYMAN** and his quintet—**PEE WEE ERWIN** on trumpet, **BOB WILBER** on soprano saxophone and clarinet, **MILT HINTON** on bass, and **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** on drums—have moved into the music of the thirties, and they treat it with respect and intelligence and a total lack of pretentiousness. The group swings very hard. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. On Tuesday, Feb. 1, a weekly series of programs doing homage to the songs in Alec Wilder's book, "American Popular Song," will start. Singer David Allyn will kick off the first week. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Local groups—aspiring and established ones—gather on the canopied bandstand. Sneaky Cookin', a Rolling Thunder Revue spinoff band, plays through Sunday, Jan. 30. Music from about ten until three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Son of the Bitter End. Tony Bird, a folksinger from southeast Africa, is onstage through Sunday, Jan. 30; on Thursday, Feb. 3, the Lost Gonzo Band, a rock-and-raunch affair that began as Jerry Jeff Walker's backup band, will be found here. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is (through Sunday, Jan. 30) at the helm of an orchestra that plays for listening, dancing, or just gawking out the windows. From Tuesday, Feb. 1, **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN**, his orchestra, and vocalist Carrie Smith will take over. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Leslie Gore is present Tuesdays through Sundays doing current popular tunes and a few of her old top-forty teen-age melodramas, such as "You Don't Own Me" and "It's My Party." Shows at nine and midnight. Dining. Thursdays through Saturdays, from five-thirty to seven, **BLOSSOM DEARIE** presents concert-style sets, in which she plays piano and sings "I'm Hip," "Peel Me a Grape," and "The Pro Musica Antiqua" in a small, seemingly fragile, direct voice.

STORYVILLE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—**SAM RIVERS**, a forty-six-year-old saxophonist, lead-

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er, and local new-jazz activist (he runs an on-again, off-again highly thought-of music loft, Studio Rivbea, in NoHo), is here with his quintet through Saturday, Jan. 29. His sidemen are Joe Daley on tuba, trombone, and baritone sax; Bobby Battle on drums; **DAVE HOLLAND** on bass and cello; and **BARRY ALTSCHUL** on drums. Rivers' brand of new jazz sounds like a combination of Eastern, Mideastern, African, and quite clear rhythm-and-blues forms, and it differs considerably from some of the more esoteric examples around (such as the music of the Revolutionary Ensemble and, sometimes, Anthony Braxton). Rivers' music goes more than halfway to the listener; it swings, and it's thoroughly foot-tappable. Monday through Thursday, Jan. 31-Feb. 3, pianist Ray Bryant will head a trio. On the weekend, two expatriate jazz pianists—Horace Parlan and Kenny Drew, who both live in Copenhagen and who both have come over to record—will bring in their respective quintets: on Friday, Feb. 4, Parlan will perform, and Saturday, Feb. 5, will be Drew's night. Music from ten to two-thirty. Closed Sundays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A small, clean-cut upper West Side outpost. On Mondays, pianist **DAVE MATTHEWS** takes his twelve-piece band through some of his charts; on Tuesdays, vibraharpist David Friedman and marimbist David Samuels co-pilot a quartet; pensive altoist **LEE KONITZ**, always worth listening to, heads a nonet on Wednesdays and Thursdays; and Fridays and Saturdays, trumpeter and occasional vocalist **CHET BAKER** will inspire his young cool-jazz quartet. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**JACK WILKINS**, probably the most exciting young guitarist in town, leads a quintet through Saturday, Jan. 29; on Monday, Jan. 31, pianist Mike Nock's quartet will show up; and on Tuesday, Feb. 1, bassist **CECIL MC BEE** will arrive with his first-rate sextet. Sundays are turned over to solo guitarist Gene Bertoncini. The hours are from nine Mondays through Thursdays, from ten on Fridays and Saturdays, and from eight on Sundays. Dinner.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—A small, inoffensive cabaret that has become the local performing center for hip, offbeat, music-hall-inspired originals, such as Stormin' Norman and Suzy and the current attraction, **MILLSENBLUM**, a singing and songwriting duo from the Catskills. Galen Blum, a comfortably dishevelled-looking woman onstage, is a funny and theatrical singer with a good voice; her partner, David Mills, supports her with guitar chords and a big grin. Much of their act is loose and improvisational; they tend to put out at every performance. Shows Wednesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dinner.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—The music has been moved downstairs in this Village landmark, which draws both tourists and knowledgeable jazz partisans. Trumpeter **FREDDIE HUBBARD** will work out with his quintet on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 28-29; on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 4-5, **LIGHTNIN' HOPKINS**—known as Lightnin' Sam to his admirers—will sing rural Texas blues tributes to women, cotton, mojo hands, and hurricanes in his unmistakable, gravelly voice and will accompany himself with a few of his favorite guitar chords. Fridays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Thunderbolt drummer **ELVIN JONES** finishes up with his quartet on Sunday, Jan. 30; on Tuesday, Feb. 1, drummer **CHICO HAMILTON** will bring in his young quintet. On Mondays, the seventeen-piece **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** organization blasts forth. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Music from eight to two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Visiting musical professors have their say on the subject of thirties and forties jazz every night of the week in this beer-and-burger café, Columbia's off-campus music-appreciation classroom. Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Franc Williams heads a quartet that includes Eddie Durham, an electric-guitar pioneer from about fifty years ago; Wednesdays, **JO JONES** usually shows up with his hi-hat and a quartet; and Thursdays and Fridays are given over to George Kelly's Jazz Sultans. Saturdays and Sundays are set aside for a quintet that includes, at one time or another, ex-Basie-ites **BUDDY TATE**, **EARLE WARREN**, Paul Quinichette, and others. The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

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JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

INTERLUDES—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 5:45: **JULIE BUDD**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 2, at 5:45: **EMILY FRANKEL**.

KIRK NUROCK—Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7459. Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 8.

AVERAGE WHITE BAND and **RAY BARRETTO**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Sunday, Jan. 30, at 8. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.

THE KINKS—Palladium. Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 1-2, at 8.

DAVE BRUBECK (WITH PAUL DESMOND) AND TWO GENERATIONS OF BRUBECK—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, Feb. 4, at 8.

GROVER WASHINGTON, JR., GATO BARBIERI, and **RANDY CRAWFORD**—Palladium. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8.

QUEEN and **THIN LIZZY**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

ABE AJAY / PAT AND MICHAEL BUTLER—Abstract assemblages cast in plaster which have some of the smooth, incisive quality of hieroglyphics carved on the walls of Egyptian tombs. / Gaudily painted wood constructions (an amusement park, a roller-skating rink, and the like) made up of jigsaw cutouts, plus acrylic drawings done on padded, stitched fabric. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ELIZABETH BART—Collages composed of abstract shapes cut out of solid-color paper and occasional snippets from magazines, all set down with the confidence and authority of a Byzantine mosaicist and with a spontaneity that is all her own. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

BYRON BROWNE (1907-61)—Pencil and pen-and-ink drawings of classical heads of women, all of them mildly exophthalmic and all of them done with a kind of sly humor. (One of his best friends was John Graham, who is widely known for his paintings of buxom women of similar expression, but cross-eyed.) Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

DAVID BRUZGA AND GEORGE SCHULMAN—A collaborative effort that has resulted in a series of geometric paintings (with figurative traces) whose motifs are tied to Mayan, American Indian, and Egyptian art. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

NORRIS EMBRY—Raw colors and a carnival atmosphere characterize these paintings in mixed mediums by a Baltimore artist who carries on where the German Expressionists left off. Through Feb. 12. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

LYONEL FEININGER (1871-1956)—Drawings and watercolors. Through Feb. 26. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

GILLIAN JAGGER—Free-flowing sculptures evocative of cooling lava, accompanied by photographic slides of African scenes. Through Friday, Feb. 4. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

JULES KIRSCHENBAUM—Mystical paintings, skillfully done in low-key colors with an occasional touch of collage. Through Feb. 11. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JAMES LECHAY—Semi-abstract landscapes and still-lifes, set down with a deceptively childlike simplicity in gouache and oil. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

RODGER MACK—Abstract bronze and nickel-bronze sculptures cast in sand by the artist himself. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

MARIO MICOSSI—Etchings, watercolors, and gouaches, some of them pertaining to the Friuli earthquakes in Italy last May, done by an artist whose home was all but demolished at the time. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

BASCHA MON—Abstract paintings and pastels; first solo show in New York. Through Feb. 26. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

TOM PERKINSON—Surrealist drawings of fantasy creatures that segue from human to animal to insect to vegetable form, drawn in pencil and mixed mediums by an artist who lives and works in Albuquerque. Through Feb. 26. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

HARVEY QUAYTMAN—Large abstract works, combining paint and charcoal, on paper. Through Feb. 8. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

TONY ROSENTHAL / WALTER DARBY BANNARD—Large-scale abstract steel sculptures. Through Tuesday, Feb. 1. / Color-field paintings. Through Thursday, Feb. 3. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

MARIETTE ROUSSEAU-VERMETTE AND SILVIA HEYDEN—Abstract tapestries. Through Thursday, Feb. 3. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ALLEN SAALBURG—Nineteenth-century American trade cards hand-silk-screened onto Lucite. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

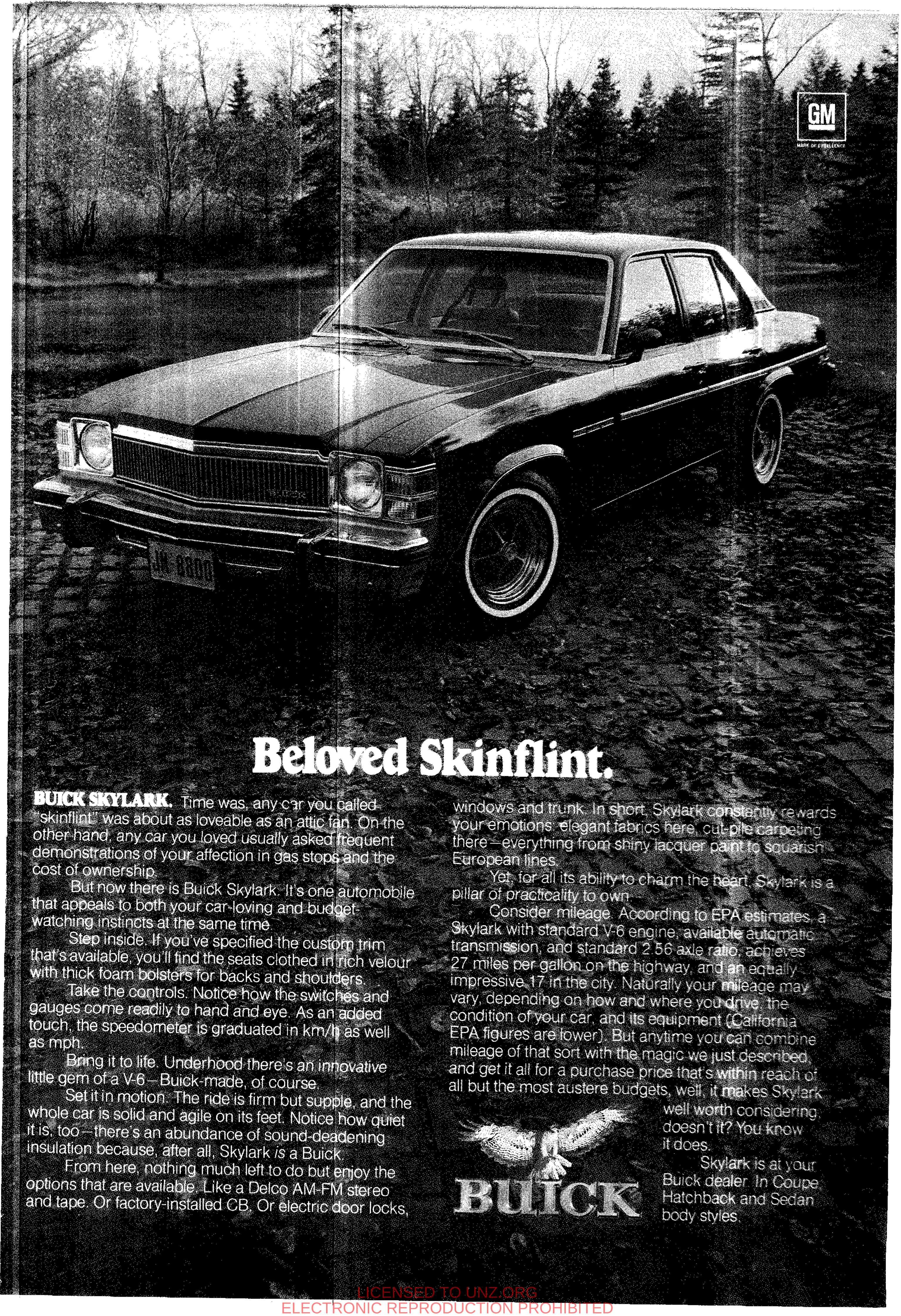
ANTONIO SEGUI—Landscapes of the pampas, in which receding rows of fence posts without fencing convey a sense of endless space. The sombre colors—almost grisaille—and an occasional solitary figure add to the mystery of these canvases by an Argentine artist. Through Feb. 19. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

STEVEN SLOMAN—Large unstretched canvases crowded with blocky geometric forms painted in thick, splotchy black-and-white acrylic patterns. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

VINCENT SMITH—African scenes and fantasies painted in raw colors laced with sand and pebbles by a black artist who was born in Brooklyn and has recently spent a good deal of time exploring the land of his ancestors and blending the techniques of modern art with the themes of primitive people. Through Friday, Jan. 28. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

AZTEC STONE SCULPTURE—Long since deprived of a society that believed in them, these squat, brooding deities are now biding their time, waiting for another turn in the wheel of fortune. There are seventy-seven carvings in all, some of them merely decorative and not especially religious. Through Sunday, Jan. 30. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave. at 80th St.: Paintings and sculptures that were first exhibited at the gallery in the sixties by Agnes Martin, Isaac Witkin, and others. Through Wednesday, Feb. 2. . . . **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Cartoons and other works by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, George Booth, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, Ronald Searle, William Steig, James Stevenson, Richard Taylor, and Barney Tobey. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Most of the work being shown is by members of the varsity team—Picasso, Braque, Léger, Modigliani—and includes a strange full-length portrait of a little girl in her Sunday best, lying on a sofa, by Pascin, and a glass box with a Surrealist peep show,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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incorporating a series of drawings set up like theatrical scenery, by Dali. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. . . . **STONE**, 48 E. 86th St.: Table-top models of country scenes by Darryl Abraham, realist paintings by Jay Songero, and figurative drawings by Richard Hickam. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. . . . **WILLARD**, 29 E. 72nd St.: Thirteen artists (Lilo Raymond, Frederick Wardy, Susan Rothenberg, John Duff, for instance) showing an amalgam of abstract works (paintings, drawings, sculptures, photographs) that contain figurative elements. Through Thursday, Feb. 3.

SCULPTURE—At the **SCULPTURE CENTER**, 167 E. 69th St.: Abstract alabaster forms by Louise Demirjian, bronze and stone figures and animals by Elaine Lavalle, and animals carved from stone by Hope Wyatt. Through Wednesday, Feb. 2. . . . **STAEMPFLI**, 47 E. 77th St.: Stone pieces by Modigliani, Arp, Noguchi, and others. Through Saturday, Feb. 5.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

DOUGLAS ABDELL—Abstract bronze sculptures. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

ELEANOR ANTIN—Forty-two life-size Masonite mannequins flanked by two sets of photographs in which the artist figures as a nurse whose activities parallel those of Florence Nightingale. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (D'Arc, 15 E. 57th St.)

LEONARD BASKIN—Ten colored lithographs of Old Testament figures, among them an earthy-looking Eve; Judith contemplating the severed head of Holofernes; and Methuselah well on toward his nine-hundred-and-sixty-ninth year. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

JOHN COBURN—This Australian artist's abstract version of the seven days of creation, done in Aubusson tapestry. On the first day, "the Spirit of God brooded over the waters," and there It is, depicted in the rich, auroral colors suitable for the occasion. Also shown are gouaches and serigraphs by the artist. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Genesis, 41 E. 57th St.)

SUSAN CRILE / ANNE DUNN—Large Abstract Expressionist works, one of them a twelve-panel screen that suggests an aerial view of a seaside landscape with mountains in the background, and another a shaped canvas of shifting masses of pale color. / Works on paper, most of them drawings of rural cabins surrounded by vegetation, which is lightly tinted with watercolor. Through Feb. 10. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

HORIA DAMIAN—Three-dimensional sculptures in plaster and polyester, together with preparatory drawings for them in graphite and colored pencil by this Rumanian-born artist. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

JIM DINE—Fifteen large paintings of uninhabited bathrobes, varying in materials but so much alike in folds and creases and general expression as to have been drawn with a template. (One wonders whether Dine ever got it *right*.) Also, skilled figure drawings on rough, handmade paper. Through Feb. 12. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

JAMES ENSOR (1860-1949)—A show of etchings which is running concurrently with his retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum. Through March 4. (Sumers, 50 W. 57th St.)

JOHN FERREN (1905-70)—A small collection of abstract paintings by this Oregon-born artist, all done in 1956 and known as the "vase paintings" because they are all organized around vase-like forms; they radiate colors as brilliant as Fourth of July sparklers. Through Thursday, Feb. 3. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

RICHARD FRANCISCO—Bright-colored wall constructions, many of them made up of strips of balsam put together with a jack-in-the-box air of surprise. Through Feb. 12. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

RUBE GOLDBERG (1883-1970)—Primeval conceptual art by this funny-paper genius, whose proposals for nutty inventions filled the comic strips he drew over a period of sixty years; thirty original strips are included in this show, along with memorabilia in the form of photographs, citations (one of them a Pulitzer Prize), and oddments associated with the man. Through Feb. 12. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

STEPHEN GREENE—Vestiges of the morbid symbols (coffins, crutches, skulls) that once haunted this artist's more representational paintings can still be discerned in these recent abstract drawings if one searches hard enough, but the new works, done on paper in various mediums, have such freshness and immediacy that it hardly seems worth the bother. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

DEWITT HARDY—Realist watercolors and drawings; also graphics. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

ROBERT KIPNESS—Lithographs made during the past ten years. Through Feb. 12. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Open Mondays.)

MON LEVINSON—A new supply of this artist's works on heavy French rag paper that has been dipped in various dyes, India inks, and acrylics. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

OSCAR MAGNAN—Clear, strong abstract paintings that seem based on architectural forms and remind one that Constructivism is not dead but only sleeping; first one-man show in New York. Through Thursday, Feb. 3. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

MICHAEL MAZUR—Rich pastels and charcoal drawings of jungle vegetation on Ossabaw Island, in Georgia, monkeys in the Boston zoo, inmates of Rhode Island asylums, and models in his studio. Through Friday, Feb. 4. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

DOROTHY MCGAHEE / JANE LUTNICK—Figure paintings, mostly of female nudes taking their ease out of doors while a strong sunlight washes over them. / Thirteen big cement slabs, two of them seven feet tall, assembled in a sort of environment that evokes Mayan ruins and, in a way, Stonehenge. Through Feb. 10. (Viridian, 24 W. 57th St.)

VINCENT MOORE / TONY SCHNEIDER—Gouaches and watercolors, in most of which house painters who seem to have been lifted out of a jigsaw puzzle are shown painting floors the same color as themselves. / Laminated, beautifully carpentered abstract sculptures made of wood found on New York streets. Through Wednesday, Feb. 2. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

BETTY PARSONS—Thirty-two small-scale constructions of found wood, put together like peasant icons and painted in bright colors, plus a half-dozen abstract oils by the veteran dealer who has discovered and nurtured talents in so many others. Through Thursday, Feb. 3. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

JACKSON POLLOCK (1912-56)—A group of drawings the artist did for his analyst during his course of treatment. What they revealed to the doctor, except a pronounced interest in Picasso's "Guernica," we are not told. The works were exhibited at the Whitney Museum in 1970. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

LARRY RIVERS / SOREL ETROG—A hundred and fifteen or so virtuoso drawings, many of them left unfinished (as is often the case with this artist), obliging the viewer to fill in the blank spots with his imagination. / Bronze and stone sculptures, most of them based on the figure but mechanistic in appearance. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

GEORGE SEGAL—Cast-plaster figures in everyday settings and, this time, painted in red, blue, or black. Also bas-reliefs. Through Feb. 26. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

PAUL THEK—Drawings done with house paint on newspapers. Also small bronzes. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM ZORACH (1889-1966)—Relatively small sculptures of female nudes, mostly couchant, done in bronze, granite, terra-cotta, rosewood, and Algerian and white Scravelza marble. A number of the artist's drawings are also shown. Through Feb. 12. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works done ten years ago, furnishing gallery-goers with a yardstick for measuring the development since then of the artists involved, including Jack Beal, Alfred Leslie, Willard Midgette, Philip Pearlstein, and Peter Saul. Through Friday, Jan. 28. . . . **HEIDENBERG**, 50 W. 57th St.: Kinetic sculptures, Optical paintings, and graphics by a group that includes Victor Vasarely and Jesús Rafael Soto. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. . . . **JACKSON**, 521 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by five artists: Fritz Bultman, Dennis Byng, Paul Jenkins, Gio Pomodoro, and Clayton Pond. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: A forty-fifth-anniversary exhibit of work by artists long associated with the gallery, among them Isabel Bishop and William Palmer. Through Feb. 19. . . . **ZARRE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Among the works on view are two paintings of mazes by Richard Anuszkiewicz; a large, black horizontal wall piece studded with imitation jewels by John Torreano; well-organized abstracts in pale colors by Robert Kaupelis; and paintings of formalistic patterns by Clayton Pond. Through Saturday, Jan. 29.

GALLERIES—SOHO

NATVAR BHAVSAR—Large, fairly narrow panels covered with veils of color, sometimes dark and brooding and sometimes light and misty, by this India-born artist, who often assigns Indian musical or astronomical names to his works. Through Feb. 12. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

BILL CONLON—Large abstract paintings in which the canvases seem to have been the arena for a contest of some sort among drafting instruments. A compass cuts its swath of an arc, a straight-edge streak intersects it; sheets of paper, laid out diagonally, defend their position; and groups of small, solid-color squares, circles, and triangles are assembled in strategic spots. Through Wednesday, Feb. 2. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

SOLOMON ETHE—This artist builds up a pale-blue background with oil paint, usually over a barely visible grid pattern, and breaks into

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	31	1	2	3	4	5

it in a variety of ways—with groups of circles, a large triangle, a combination of triangles and circles, or merely with a flick or two of bright color. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Joel Fisher—Last year, this artist was demonstrating convincingly that making paper was as far as an artist need go. This year, he *starts* with his handmade paper—small squares of it—which he searches for a "found" design: a tiny, embedded filament curled up or laid out flat in an attractive, threadlike line. He makes an enlargement of this, and then a re-enlargement, and finally works out a repeat pattern that covers a whole wall of the gallery. Through Wednesday, Feb. 2. (Protetch, 157 Spring St. Open Wednesday evenings until 9:30.)

Dan Flavin—Two fluorescent arrangements, done in a varicolored grid pattern and set in opposite corners of a large, white-walled room, cast a pleasant luminescence throughout this sizable gallery, helped by two horizontal wall arrangements in an adjoining area. Through Feb. 26. (Friedrich, 141 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Shirley Gorelick—Large paintings of three sisters, shown both nude and in wrappers, mostly unsmiling and up to their shins in pachysandra, plus an idealized portrait of the late Mexican artist Frida Kahlo and a number of silverpoint drawings. Through Wednesday, Feb. 2. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Hans Haacke / Victor Burgin—What might be called a new order of protest painting (or at least protest silk screening)—i.e., of posters taking large oil companies and banks and chemical concerns to task for using their art-funding programs to camouflage crass motives. / Heavy irony, with a British accent, is the hallmark of this series of photographic enlargements whose captions underscore the disparity between the promises of the British establishment to its citizenry and the facts of life. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Open Wednesday evenings until 9:30.)

Brian Henderson / Ursula von Rydingsvard—Large-scale canvases, usually divided into three equal areas of strong colors, by an Irish-born artist. / Big sculptures made of raw cedar, generally involving a profusion of pieces shaped like French loaves and strung together with rope. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (SoHo Center for Visual Artists, 114 Prince St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

Dennis Kardon—A large abstract triptych, sixteen feet long, called "Locus," which somehow evokes the feeling of an isolated airport and is done in bold, straight-edge planes of flat color, is the centerpiece of this show, which also includes related drawings. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Terence La Noue / John Okulick—Drawings in mixed mediums in which ancient Mayan and Guatemalan figures are combined with Far Eastern designs to produce works that are distinctly contemporary. / Fascinating bundles and bales and crates, made of smooth-sanded raw wood, sacking, and twigs, which seem to be growing out of the wall at full length but really protrude only a few inches, thanks to crafty use of perspective. Through Thursday, Feb. 3. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Open Wednesday evenings until 9:30.)

Gordon Moore—Large abstract acrylic paintings in which thin strips of pigment have been peeled off, forming lines that, together with a few painted lines, subdivide the otherwise bleak, crusty white surface. Toward the top of each canvas is a ladderlike series of striations, like a vestigial scale of measurement on a map. Through Feb. 8. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Open Wednesday evenings until 9:30.)

Giulio Paolini—Drawings, works on paper, and other items. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Buky Schwartz / Susan Mead—Foot-square timbers twenty feet long seem to be suspended in midair by this sculptor, who works with mirrors and sometimes with Plexiglas to achieve his illusions. / This artist stacks a column of five hundred and twenty-two bricks on a wooden pallet and suspends it on ropes within a nicely carpentered scaffold, or strings bricks together like a wampum belt, which spills over from a wooden crib. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Andy Warhol—Eight large acrylic renderings of a hammer and sickle, shown in various arrangements but always casting red shadows, plus a number of preparatory drawings of the same subject, which were shown recently at Visual Arts. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

The Drawing Center—The first exhibition of this new facility for drawings, at 137 Greene Street, demonstrates intentionally how elastic the term "drawing" has become. The show offers geometric cutouts in solid colors, by Robert Mangold; applications of crude oil and cup grease to paper, by Dorothea Rockburne; paper covered with oil paint in which rectangular forms have been incised with a nail, by Douglas Sanderson; and similar works by three other artists. Through Feb. 26. (Mondays and Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 9.)

Group Shows—At the A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.: An invitational show offers small primitive paintings on wood, by Ann Christopher; wooden wall constructions, by Jean Feinberg; abstract drawings augmented with lengths of string, pinpricks in the paper, and tiny photographs, by Joan Snitzer; and conceptual-art suggestions for improving the Montana wilderness, by Mary Frisbee Johnson. Through Wednesday, Feb. 2. . . . CALDWELL, 383 West Broadway: A selection by the poet-critic Gene Baro, entitled "Alternatives," consists of paintings and sculptures done during the sixties which turned out to be significant for the future although (or maybe because) they lay outside the then mainstream of Pop and Op; among the nineteen artists are Don Judd, Ellsworth Kelly, Carl Andre, Kenneth Noland, and Frank Stella. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Open Wednesday evenings until 9:30.) . . . MEISEL, 141 Prince St.: Works on paper by gallery regulars, including a calorific layout of desserts, by Audrey Flack; a glass building reflecting a glass building, by C. J. Yao; a gleaming layout of table silver, drawn by Don Eddy; a couple of brooding gorillas, by Tom Palmore; and an incredibly busy beehive of humanoid activity, by Ernest Ruckle. Through Feb. 12.

OTHER GALLERIES

Lawrence Calcagno—New abstract paintings. Through Friday, Jan. 28. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Opens at noon.)

Jackie Ferrara—This artist's pyramidal structures, made of heavy timbers, which loom so effectively within the confines of a gallery, unfortunately seem to be overwhelmed in Hammarskjöld Plaza by the high-rise architecture surrounding them. Through Feb. 20. (Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Al Hirschfeld—Recent drawings. Through Feb. 12. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Harry Callahan—A retrospective show of two hundred and fifty of his photographs has been mounted by the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Roy DeCarava / Kay Bell Reynal—Pictures of Harlem and other city views. / Fashion photographs from the forties, along with portraits of people in the arts from the same years. Through Feb. 12. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Benno Friedman / Harold Jones—More than fifty toned-and-colored silver prints from his ongoing flower series. / Recent still-lifes and landscapes done in and around Tucson, Arizona. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Jan Groover / René Magritte (1898-1967)—Conceptual color prints taken in sequence. / Sixteen photographs by the Belgian Surrealist. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Lewis W. Hine (1874-1940) / **Baron De Meyer** (1869-1946)—More than two hundred small-scale prints documenting child-labor conditions in this country at the turn of the century. / A selection that includes twenty portraits and costume studies of Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Peter Hujar—Recent photographs. Through Feb. 15. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Consuelo Kanaga—A retrospective made up of photographs that date from 1924 to 1974 and that include studies of Southern blacks in the thirties and forties is currently at the Brooklyn Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Helen Levitt—Dye-transfer prints, black-and-white photographs of Spanish Harlem in the forties, and other works. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

Karen Mantlo / Abby Robinson—Photographs taken in New York City streets. / Semi-abstract portraits. Through Sunday, Jan. 30. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Tina Modotti (1896-1942) **and Edward Weston** (1886-1958)—A collection of vintage prints made in Mexico and California during their six-year association. Also related works. Through Feb. 12. (Ex Libris, fifth floor, 25 E. 69th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.) . . . ¶ The Museum of Modern Art is showing a selection of Modotti's works taken in Mexico, about half of which are vintage prints; the remainder were printed from old negatives by Richard Benson. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Ben Rose—A selection of fifty manipulated color prints. Through Feb. 12. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Bert Stern—Photographs of, among others, Marilyn Monroe, Louis Armstrong, and Grandma Moses. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Dennis Stock / Mike Disfarmer (1884-1959)—Dye-transfer and black-and-white prints whose themes are taken from nature. / Photographs of townspeople and cotton farmers in Heber Springs, Arkansas, made during the Second World War. Through March 13. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

Group Shows—At the FRENCH EMBASSY, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St.: A survey of contemporary French photography includes works by Edouard Boubat, Henri Cartier-Bresson, Martine Franck, and Marc Riboud. Through Wednesday, Feb. 2. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . KIMMEL-COHN, 41 Central Park W., at 64th St.: Vintage prints and gravures by, among others, Atget, Brassaï, and Genthe. Through Feb. 12. . . . MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.: More than two hundred prints, most of them of people at work, that were taken by a commercial-photography firm in New York City at the turn of the century. Through Sunday, Jan. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . PRAKAPAS, 19 E. 71st St.: P. H. Emerson, Berenice Abbott, James Van DerZee, and Paul Strand are among those included in a showing of vintage photographs that covers the last hundred years. Through Feb. 12.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A sumptuous exhibit of clothing and accessories from Russia that focusses on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and ranges from regional peasant costumes to the wedding dress of Catherine the Great. . . . ¶ A big exposition of Andrew Wyeth's works, half of it centered on the Kuerner farm in Pennsylvania and the other half centered on the Olson house in Maine, with the works arranged so that one can follow an idea from the earliest sketch (or inspiration) on through the finished painting. Through Feb. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A selection of early-twentieth-century European paintings from Swiss collections features such major artists as Braque, Bonnard, Matisse, Léger, van Gogh, Modigliani, and Klee. Through March 1. . . . ¶ A hundred prints and a few illustrated books selected from among acquisitions made during the last three years. Through Feb. 20. . . . ¶ A show of posters made by Henri Matisse, Saul Steinberg, Robert Indiana, Larry Rivers, and others to announce their exhibits or other events. Through March 22. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Harry Callahan. Through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Tina Modotti. Through April 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings, drawings, and prints of the Belgian fantasist James Ensor. Starts Friday, Jan. 28. A complementary show is at Martin Sumers Graphics, 50 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ A small exhibit of oils and works on paper (all done before 1930) by Piet Mondrian. Through April 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Calder's Universe," a retrospective exhibition that includes samplings from almost every phase of his output—toys, tapestries, tools, graphics, drawings, on up to herculean stabiles as big as the Whitney can accommodate (and excellent photographs of some it can't). This exhibit is divided between two floors: the third floor closes Sunday, Jan. 30, and the fourth floor closes Sunday, Feb. 6. . . . ¶ A hundred works from the museum's permanent collection. Starts Saturday, Jan. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6. Additional exhibition hours: Friday, Jan. 28, until 10.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The twentieth biennial exhibit of contemporary prints, along with works by artists who were represented in previous years. Through Sunday, Jan. 30. . . . ¶ "Anamorphoses: Games of Perception and Illusion in Art" has more than a hundred examples of art works intentionally distorted by the artist but that appear in full form when viewed from a particular angle or when reflected in a prism, cone, or cylinder. Through Feb. 13. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Consuelo Kanaga. Through Feb. 6. (The museum is open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5. The Kanaga show opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A new, permanent Hall of the Sun has opened in the Planetarium. Divided into three sections, the exhibit includes an eight-foot globe of the sun and films made of the sun both from earth and from outer space. (The museum is open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5. The Planetarium exhibit is open Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 5, and Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A survey of wood sculptures and decorative art objects from China and Japan dating from the fifth century B.C. to the nineteenth. Buddhist statues, carved lacquerware, burial figures, and folk carvings are among the pieces on exhibit. Through March 27. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The opening show of the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of Design consists of a host of separate exhibits whose theme is the efficacy of design. Through Feb. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—"Books as Troublemakers": close to two hundred volumes that have been successful in raising general hell—starting revolutions, assassinating characters, and all the rest. John Cleland, Charles Darwin, Adolf Hitler, Margaret Sanger, Walt Whitman are some of the authors. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A hundred and twenty-five drawings from Cambridge University's Fitzwilliam Museum, dating from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth, and offering unfamiliar works by such familiar hands as Leonardo, Michelangelo, Raphael, Tiepolo, Watteau, and Rubens in the main exhibition room, and Rembrandt, Ingres, Goya, and Cézanne in the Cloister—the long hallway to the rear. . . . ¶ Among the ancient Near Eastern treasures in the East Room are a number of small royal seals, which might be considered the forerunners of printing as we know it; photographic enlargements bring out their beauty in a way that would have entranced their original owners. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Both shows through Feb. 13.

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An immense showing—more than nine hundred items in all—entitled "Two Hundred Years of American Illustration" and incorporating original works from every celebrated illustrator you've ever heard of—Pyle, Wyeth, Christy, Flagg, Gibson, Dunn, plus a few specials like Audubon, John Held, Jr., and James Thurber. Through Feb. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"American Sampler" brings together such items from the library's holdings as "Brooklyn in Winter" by Francis Guy, drawings of the American West by George Catlin, original comic-strip art for "Dick Tracy," and a model for "Orpheus" by Noguchi. Through March 30. (Open every day except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 9.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings on shaped canvases by Leslie Price. . . . ¶ Prints by Lee Paté. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.) Both shows through Feb. 20.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 8: "Le Prophète," with Marilyn Horne, Renata Scotto, James McCracken, Jerome Hines, Frank Little, Morley Meredith, and Raimund Herincx; conducted by Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 27, at 8: "Salome," with Grace Melzia Bumbry, Barbro Ericson, Robert Nagy, Ingvar Wixell, Kenneth Riegel, and Manfred Schenk; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 28, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Rita Hunter, Janis Martin, Mignon Dunn, James King, Norman Bailey, and Manfred Schenk; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 29, at 2: "Le Prophète," with Marilyn Horne, Renata Scotto, James McCracken, Jerome Hines, Frank Little, Morley Meredith, and Raimund Herincx; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8:30: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Rita Shane, John Alexander, William Walker, and Ezio Flagello; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Tosca," with Teresa Żylis-Gara, Barry Morell, Sherrill Milnes, and Renato Capecchi; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 1, at 8: "Le Prophète," with Marilyn Horne, Renata Scotto, James McCracken, Jerome Hines, Frank Little, Morley Meredith, and Raimund Herincx; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 2, at 8: "Salome," with Grace Melzia Bumbry, Astrid Varnay, Ragnar Ulfung, Ingvar Wixell, Frank Little, and Manfred Schenk; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 3, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Rita Hunter, Janis Martin, Mignon Dunn, James King, Norman Bailey, and Manfred Schenk; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 4, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gail Robinson, John Alexander, William Walker, and Ezio Flagello; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 5, at 1:30: The Metropolitan's première of Poulenc's "Dialogues of the Carmelites" (in English), with Maria Ewing, Shirley Verrett, Mignon Dunn, Régine Crespin, Ruth Welting, Raymond Gibbs, and William Dooley; Michel Plasson. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.). . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8: "Le Prophète," with Marilyn Horne, Renata Scotto, James McCracken, Jerome Hines, Frank Little, Morley Meredith, and Raimund Herincx; Henry Lewis.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting—Thursday, Jan. 27, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 28, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Feb. 1, at 7:30 (all with Julius Baker, flute; Anthony and Joseph Paratore, pianos; and Roland Kohloff, timpani); and Thursday, Feb. 3, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 4, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Feb. 8, at 7:30 (all with Maurizio Pollini, piano, and the Camerata Singers).

St. Louis Symphony—Jerzy Semkow directing a performance of Mozart's Mass in C Minor, with Benita Valente, soprano; Claudine Carlson, mezzo-soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; Arthur Thompson, baritone; and the Washington University Madrigal Singers, Choir, and Civic Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

New Jersey Symphony Orchestra—Irwin Hoffman conducting, with Daniel Shafran, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

Detroit Symphony Orchestra—Aldo Ceccato conducting, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Gary Graffman, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting the second in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one devoted to immigrant composers, with Colette Nivelle, narrator; Julius Eastman and Mr. Foss, pianos; and the Gregg Smith Singers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—Charles Wuorinen conducting the Manhattan Orchestra. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Jan. 28, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

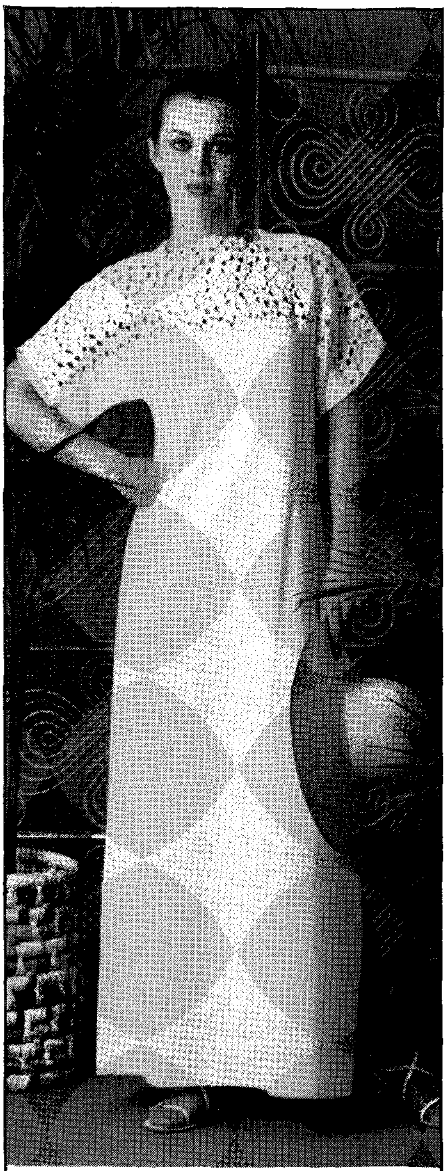
Brandenburg Ensemble—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra and acting as violin soloist, with Peter Serkin and Stephanie Brown, pianos; and Ida Kavafian, Guillermo Figueroa, Jr., and Daniel Phillips, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Jan. 30, at 3.)

Boston Musica Viva—Richard Pittman conducting. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Arthur Weisberg conducting, with Barbara Martin, soprano; Boris Bloch, piano; Yuval Waldman, violin; and Lawrence Lenske, cello. (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8. For information about tickets, call 691-4756.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing a performance of "Judas Maccabeus" and acting as harpsichord soloist, with Jane Gunter, soprano; Daniel Collins, countertenor; David Lloyd, tenor; and Samuel Ramey, bass-baritone. The last in a series of Handel oratorios. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

St. Hedwig's Cathedral Choir and Domkapelle Orchestra of Berlin—Roland Bader directing Mozart's C-Minor Mass and Bach's "Mag-



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nificat." (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

Collegiate Chorale—Richard Westenburg directing, with an orchestra and soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

RECITALS

Grant Johannesen—The second in a series of three recitals of piano music of France. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano, in a program of Beethoven sonatas. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

Diana Mittler Battipaglia—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—The third in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

Janet Baker—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 28, at 8. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Felicia Montealegre, narrator; Pierre Boulez, celeste, piano, and conductor; James Buswell and Ani Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 28, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 30, at 5.)

Paula Robison and Richard Goode—Flute and eighteenth-century fortepiano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 29, at 3.)

Shura Cherkassky—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

Yo-yo Ma—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

Nicanor Zabaleta—Harp, in a program of Spanish music. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

Ann Zalkind and Helen Katz—Music for piano, four hands. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8:30.)

Chamber Music—Benita Valente, soprano; James Buswell, violin; Frank Cohen, clarinet; Robert Routch, horn; and Richard Goode, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 30, at 2.)

Ruggiero Ricci and Ernesto Bitetti—Violin and guitar. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Jan. 30, at 2:30.)

Lucy Ishkanian—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 30, at 3.)

Manitas de Plata—Gypsy/flamenco guitarist, with four other guitarists. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

Philip Setzer—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

Daniel Shafran—With Anton Ginzburg, presenting the cycle of Beethoven cello-and-piano sonatas. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

Emil Gilels—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

Mary Helen Schmidt—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

George Malcolm—Harpsichord, in an all-Handel recital. (Vélez Blanco Patio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Wednesday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

Leonard Raver—Organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

Evenings for New Music—With Joan La Barbara, voice; Benjamin Hudson, violin; and Charles Wuorinen, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Feb. 3, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Prospective Encounter—Pierre Boulez directing members of the New York Philharmonic in the second of three programs of contemporary chamber music, this one with Sol Greitzer, viola, and Sanford Sylvan, baritone. The performances take place between eight and ten, with periods before and after devoted to "encounters"—possibly even confrontations—between the artists and the audience. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Feb. 4. For information about tickets, call 799-9595.)

Waverly Consort—A program called "The World of Guillaume de Machaut," with George Mgrdichian, oud. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Kansas City, Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Golden State, Tuesday, Feb. 1, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Houston, Thursday, Feb. 3, at 7:30. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Nets vs. Golden State, Friday, Jan. 28, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Milwaukee, Sunday, Jan. 30, at 1:45. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Boston, Wednesday, Feb. 2, at 8:05.

Boxing—Harold Weston, Jr., vs. Wilfredo Benitez, welterweights; Emile Griffith vs. Christy Elliott, middleweights; and Pedro Soto vs. Brian O'Melia, heavyweights, all 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Feb. 2. Preliminaries at 8; main bouts at 10.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Thursday, Jan. 27, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Sunday, Jan. 30, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Thursday, Jan. 27. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Los Angeles Kings, Saturday, Jan. 29. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Tuesday, Feb. 1. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Thursday, Feb. 3. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, Feb. 5.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, May 21. The Affectionately Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 29, and the Stymie Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 5. . . . ATLANTIC CITY-AT-GARDEN STATE PARK, Cherry Hill, N.J.: Tuesday through Thursday, Feb. 1-3, at 12:45. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 12:45, from Friday, Feb. 4, through Tuesday, May 31. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 19.

Track—Millrose Games. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 28, at 7.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8, and Sundays at 1; through Sunday, Feb. 27. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK, East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 30.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

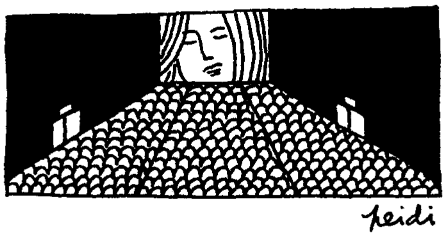
Prose and Drama Readings—Ingrid Bengis reading from her new novel, "I Have Come Here to Be Alone," and Harold Brodkey reading from his play-in-progress, with actors Temmie Brodkey and Griffin Dunne. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Sunday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

Winter Antiques Show—Rarities from many countries and periods, assembled by more than sixty dealers. In addition, there is a loan exhibit from the United States State Department of historically important furniture and paintings. A benefit show. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 26-29, from noon to 9, and Sunday, Jan. 30, from 1 to 6.)

Auctions—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 10:15 and 2: Books and autograph letters, from many owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 2; Thursday, Jan. 27, at 10:15 and 2; Friday, Jan. 28, at 2; and Saturday, Jan. 29, at 10:15 and 2: Americana, including furniture and decorations, paintings, Chinese Export porcelains, silver, and pewter; from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 3, at 2; Friday, Feb. 4, at 10:15 and 2; and Saturday, Feb. 5, at 2: Near Eastern rugs and textiles, Islamic and other works of art, furniture, and paintings; from various owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 29.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Feb. 1: "The Front."
From Feb. 2: To be announced.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Jan. 27: "Face to Face" and "A Doll's House."
From Jan. 28: "Last Tango in Paris" and "Inserts" (both X-rated).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"The Pink Panther Strikes Again."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Rocky."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Voyage of the Damned."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Jan. 27: "The Holes."
From Jan. 28: "The Erotic Adventures of Pinocchio" (X-rated).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Network."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Madam Kitty" (X-rated).

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Jan. 29: "Get Charlie Tully."
From Jan. 30: "King of Hearts."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Pumping Iron."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"A Star Is Born."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Bound for Glory."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Enforcer."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Feb. 1: "In Search of Noah's Ark."
From Feb. 2: "The Marquise of O . . ."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Last Tycoon."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Harlan County, U.S.A."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Rocky."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Pink Panther Strikes Again."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Seven-Per-Cent Solution."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Marquise of O . . ."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Silver Streak."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 1: "The Front."
From Feb. 2: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Pink Panther Strikes Again."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Jan. 27: "The Holes."
From Jan. 28: "Carrie."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"King Kong."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Voyage of the Damned."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Rocky."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Jan. 27: "Shoot" and "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea."
From Jan. 28: "Freaky Friday."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Madam Kitty" (X-rated).

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Small Change."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Marathon Man."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Rocky."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution."
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 1: "Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000" and "Chloé in the Afternoon." From Feb. 2: "The Marquise of O . . ."
Theatre 3: "Madam Kitty" (X-rated).
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 27: "The Thief of Paris." From Jan. 28: "The Erotic Adventures of Pinocchio" (X-rated).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Jan. 27: "Carrie."
From Jan. 28: "Freaky Friday."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"A Star Is Born."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Day That Shook the World."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Feb. 1: "The Front" and "Take the Money and Run."
From Feb. 2: "Two-Minute Warning" and "The Hindenburg."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Seven-Per-Cent Solution."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Providence."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Network."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Feb. 1: "Small Change."
From Feb. 2: "The Marquise of O . . ."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Rocky."
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 27: "The Enforcer." From Jan. 28: "Freaky Friday."
Theatre 3: "Marathon Man."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Feb. 1: "Swept Away" and "The Man Who Fell to Earth."
From Feb. 2: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Jan. 29: "Lady of Burlesque" and "The Gang's All Here."
Jan. 30-Feb. 1: "Two Women" and "Open City."
From Feb. 2: "Elevator to the Gallows."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Feb. 1: "The Front" and "Farewell, My Lovely."
From Feb. 2: "How Funny Can Sex Be?" and "Where Does It Hurt?"

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Jan. 26: "Blow-Up" (1966), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "Privilege" (1967), directed by Peter Watkins, with Jean Shrimpton and Paul Jones.
Jan. 27: "Stavisky" (1974), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Charles Boyer; and "Borsalino" (1970), in French, directed by Jacques Deray, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Alain Delon.
Jan. 28: "Butterfield 8" (†) and "Klute." (†)
Jan. 29-30: "Death in Venice" (1971), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde; and "The Damned" (1969), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger.
Jan. 31: "Crime and Punishment." (†)
Feb. 1: A program of avant-garde films, including two Luis Buñuel shorts.
Feb. 2: "My Life to Live" (†); and "La Salamandre" (1971), in French, directed by Alain Tanner, with Bulle Ogier, Jean-Luc Bideau, and Jacques Denis.
Feb. 3: "A Woman Is a Woman" (†) and "My Life to Live." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Jan. 26: "Destination, Tokyo" (1944), directed by Delmer Daves, with Cary Grant and John Garfield; and "None but the Lonely Heart" (1944), directed by Clifford Odets, with Ethel Barrymore, Cary Grant, and Barry Fitzgerald.
Jan. 27: "The Iceman Cometh" (1973), directed by John Frankenheimer, with Lee Marvin, Fredric March, Robert Ryan, Jeff Bridges, and Bradford Dillman.
Jan. 28: "The Third Man" (1950), directed by Carol Reed, with Orson Welles, Trevor Howard, and Joseph Cotten; and "Touch of Evil" (1958), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh.
Jan. 29: "Roberta" (†) and "The Barkleys of Broadway." (†)
Jan. 30: "Anna Karenina" (1935), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo and Fredric March; and "Madame Bovary." (†)
Jan. 31: "Les Créatures" (†) and "Je T'Aime, Je T'Aime." (†)
Feb. 1: "Jezebel" (†) and "Mrs. Miniver." (†)
Feb. 2: "The Seven Samurai" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa.
Feb. 3: "If . . ." (†) and "Deep End." (†)

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Jan. 26: "Zatoichi at Large" (1973), in Japanese, directed by Kazuo Mori; and another Japanese film.
Jan. 27-29: "Steppenwolf" (1974), directed by Fred Haines, with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda; "Siddhartha" (1973), directed by Conrad Rooks, with Shashi Kapoor; and "Zardoz" (1974), directed by John Boorman, with Sean Connery and Charlotte Rampling.
Jan. 30-Feb. 1: "The Boy Friend" (†); "The Music Lovers" (1971), directed by Ken Russell, with Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson; and "Myra Breckinridge" (1970), directed by Michael Sarne, with Mae West, John Huston, and Raquel Welch.
Feb. 2: "Portrait of Hell" (1969), in Japanese, directed by Shiro Toyoda; and "The Tattooed Swordswoman" (1972), in Japanese, directed by Teyou Ishii.
From Feb. 3: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Malcolm McDowell; "Performance" (1970), directed by Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg, with Mick Jagger and James Fox; and "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970), directed by Russ Meyer.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Jan. 29: "Alice Adams" (1935), directed by George Stevens, with Katharine Hepburn, Fred MacMurray, Ann Shoemaker, Fred Stone, and Frank Albertson; and "Christopher Strong" (1933), directed by Dorothy Arzner, with Katharine Hepburn, Colin Clive, Billie Burke, and Ralph Forbes.
Jan. 30-Feb. 1: "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" (†) and "A Man's Castle." (†)
From Feb. 2: "Cover Girl" (†); and "Pal Joey" (1957), directed by George Sidney, with Rita Hayworth, Frank Sinatra, and Kim Novak.

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Jan. 26: "Hour of the Wolf" (1968), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann; and "The Passion of Anna" (1970), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Max von Sydow, and Erland Josephson.
Jan. 27-29: "Face to Face" (†); and "Cries and Whispers" (1972), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan.
Jan. 30-31: "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972) and "All Screwed Up" (1974), both films

in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller. Feb. 1-2: "The Confession" (†) and "Z." (†) From Feb. 3: "The Story of Adèle H." (†) and "Bed and Board." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Jan. 26: "Till the Clouds Roll By" (1946), directed by Richard Whorf, with Robert Walker; and "Joy of Living" (1938), directed by Tay Garnett, with Irene Dunne and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Jan. 27-29: "The Women" (1939), directed by George Cukor, with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard; and "Dinner at Eight" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore.

Jan. 30-Feb. 1: "Show Boat" (1936), directed by James Whale, with Irene Dunne, Helen Morgan, Allan Jones, and Paul Robeson; and "Roberta." (†)

Feb. 2-3: "Secret Agent" (†) and "The Man Who Knew Too Much." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 27 at 2:30: "Nana" (1934), directed by Dorothy Arzner, with Anna Sten, Phillips Holmes, and Lionel Atwill; Czech subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 6: "The Black Palace" (1976), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Arturo Ripstein, a documentary on Lecumberri Prison; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 8:30: "The Bricklayers" (1976), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Jorge Fons, with Katy Jurado and Ignacio Lopez Tarso; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 2:30: "The Black Palace.". . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 6: "Nana.". . . ¶ Jan. 29 at noon: "Mysterious Island" (1961), directed by Cy Endfield, with Michael Craig and Joan Greenwood. . . . ¶ *Jan. 29 at 2:30:* "*Canoa*" (*1976*), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Felipe Cazals, with Enrique Lucero and Salvador Sanchez; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 29 at 5: "Mezquital: Notes About an Ethnocide" (1976), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Paul Leduc, a documentary; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 30 at noon: "Mysterious Island.". . . ¶ Jan. 30 at 2:30: "Coup d'Etat" (1976), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Alberto Isaac, with Hector Ortega; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 30 at 5: "Flesh and the Devil" (1926), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at noon: "Abel Gance—The Charm of Dynamite" (1975), directed by Kevin Brownlow. . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 2:30: "Mezquital: Notes About an Ethnocide.". . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 6: "Coup d'Etat.". . . ¶ Feb. 1 at noon: "Abel Gance—The Charm of Dynamite.". . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 2:30: "The Wind" (1928), directed by Victor Seastrom (Sjöström), with Lillian Gish, Lars Hanson, and Montague Love. . . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 2:30: "L'Affaire Est Dans le Sac" (1932), in French, directed by Pierre Prévert; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 6: "The Prisoner of Karlsten Castle" (1916), a Swedish silent film, directed by Georg af Klercker; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 8:30: "Terje Vigen" (1916), a Swedish silent film, directed by Victor Sjöström, English inter-titles; and "Love and Journalism" (1916), a Swedish silent film, directed by Mauritz Stiller, English inter-titles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (794-0630)—Through Jan. 30: A program of films by Benni Efrat. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for time schedules and ticket information. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 1 at 8: A video program by Douglas Davis. Showings at noon, 2, and 4. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Cortez, Méliès, Vertov, Hanoun, Kirsanoff, Noren, Raban, Murnau, Nelson, Mekas, Rice, Smith, Peterson, Broughton, and others. Showings Jan. 26 at 8; Jan. 27-28 at 7 and 9; Jan. 29 at 2:30, 7, and 9; Jan. 30 at 8; Feb. 1-2 at 7 and 9; and Feb. 3 at 7 and 8:30.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—A program of five short films on childhood. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The Barkleys of Broadway (1949)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers together again, with Ginger aspiring to be Bernhardt, and Oscar Levant playing Tchaikovsky as well as Khatchaturian's "Sabre Dance." Tunes include George Gershwin's "They Can't Take That Away from Me." Betty Comden and Adolph Green wrote the screenplay at their buoyant usual best. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 29.)

Bed and Board (1971)—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Claude Jade, as Antoine's bride, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; starting Feb. 3.)

Bound for Glory—As Woody Guthrie, David Carradine has an ornery intransigence that gives the film a core, and the re-creation of the late thirties is superbly lighted and shot (by Haskell Wexler). There's real love in the director Hal Ashby's staging of the incidents, and the entire film shows taste and good will. Though it doesn't build dramatically—it straggles just when you want it to soar—it's by no means a negligible piece of work. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/13/76.) (Coronet.)

The Boy Friend (1971)—Ken Russell turned the Sandy Wilson show into an anti-musical and destroyed most of the pleasure the audience might have had. The glittering, joyless numbers keep coming at you; you never get any relief from Russell's supposed virtuosity. Twiggy sings adequately (though not well enough for the load of singing she's asked to carry), and she dances rather better, but Russell doesn't develop her possibilities, and she remains an appealing blank. (Elgin; Jan. 30-Feb. 1.)

Butterfield 8 (1960)—The John O'Hara novel that seemed perfect for the movies, plus the role that seemed perfect for Elizabeth Taylor—and this is the garish mess it became. Daniel Mann's direction is maybe even worse than the Charles Schnee-John Michael Hayes script. With Laurence Harvey; Dina Merrill, doing a noble wife to end all noble wives; and a vacuum on the screen that is said to be Eddie Fisher. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 28.)

Carrie—The best scary-funny movie since "Jaws"—a teasing, terrifying, lyrical shocker, directed by Brian De Palma, who has the wickedest baroque sensibility at large in American movies. Pale, gravel-voiced Sissy Spacek gives a classic chameleon performance as a repressed high-school senior whose energy is released only telekinetically, and Piper Laurie plays her deep-voiced, sexy fundamentalist mother. With John Travolta, Nancy Allen, Amy Irving, and William Katt. (11/22/76) (Guild; through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ U.A. East; starting Jan. 28.)

Chloé in the Afternoon (1972)—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director, Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of nonsexual affairs, is a lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor, and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 1.)

The Confession (1970)—Costa-Gavras's beautifully detailed demonstration of how Communist leaders at the Stalinist show trials in Czechoslovakia in 1952 were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a fine non-egotistic performance. In French. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; Feb. 1-2.)

Cousin, Cousine—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (Paris.)

Cover Girl (1944)—The plot is a shambles, and there's a prolonged flashback that is almost ruinous, but this big, bright, Technicolor musical from Columbia has a lot to recommend it: Rita Hayworth, Gene Kelly, Phil Silvers, and songs by Ira Gershwin and Jerome Kern, including "Put Me to the Test," and the slurpy but irresistible "Long Ago and Far Away." Kelly and Silvers are a better team than Kelly and Hayworth, though she does look sumptuous, and her big smile could be the emblem of the period. The cast includes Lee Bowman, Otto Kruger, Jinx Falkenburg, and dozens of celebrated models. Charles Vidor directed. (Regency; starting Feb. 2.)

Les Créatures (1966)—Michel Piccoli plays a writer with a pregnant wife (Catherine Deneuve, looking inhumanly beautiful) who has lost the power of speech; Eva Dahlbeck is a hotelkeeper. Complicated, full of gamesmanship and subplots, and maybe only for those who like to play chess—if for them. Agnès Varda wrote and directed. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 31.)

Crime and Punishment (1970)—A first-rate Russian version of Dostoevski's great novel about Raskolnikov and the murder that he executed almost as if to explain an already existing sense of guilt. Raskolnikov is played by Georgi Taratorkin, a spidery, socket-eyed figure in a black stovepipe hat, and Porfiry by the famous, correctly bland-faced Innokenty Smoktunovsky. The delicately drunken Marmeladov of Evgeny Lebedev is unforgettable, and the depiction of Porfiry belongs among the very best Russian performances on screen, ranking with those of the great Kachalov that are visible in the records we have of Moscow Art Theatre productions long ago. Directed by Lev Kulijanov, with Dostoevski's own feeling for grotesque detail and for moments of suppressed farce. In Russian. (5/26/75) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 31.)

The Day That Shook the World—With Christopher Plummer, Florinda Bolkan, and Maximilian Schell; directed by Veljko Bulajic. (Festival.)

Deep End (1971)—Drama in a public bath. Jerzy Skolimowski, a gifted Pole in exile who has the Polish black trick of pretending to be less serious than he is, has made a halfway-meant film about a desperate young voyeur (John Moulder-Brown) and an enragingly prissy redhead (Jane Asher). (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 3.)

A Doll's House (1973)—Ibsen's play, sensibly adapted by Christopher Hampton without leaning on the women's lib aspects of the play, which are built in, anyway. Directed by Patrick Garland. Claire Bloom is a ravishingly pretty Nora, taking shelter in the humiliating wheedles and flirtatiousness that finally make her slam the door on husband, children, and the Victorian ideal of femininity. Anthony Hopkins is her aptly torpid husband; Denholm Elliott is Krogstad, wearing pince-nez and mittens. He is a marvellous actor, and this is a memorable study in the savagery of weaklings. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 27.)

Elevator to the Gallows (also known as "Frantic;" 1957)—Louis Malle's first film—a thriller about an attempt at a perfect crime, made in a tense yet velvety style. Jeanne Moreau, who was to become famous the next year in Malle's second film, "The Lovers," is less expansive here; her sullen, sensual mask is just right for this limited but absorbing *policier*, set to Miles Davis's music. The film has an unusual sense of control and style, considering that the plot itself is third-rate; the black-and-white cinematography is by Henri Decae. With Maurice Ronet, Lino Ventura, and Georges Poujouly. In French. (Thalia; starting Feb. 2.)

The Enforcer—Clint Eastwood once again as Dirty Harry, the San Francisco police inspector who is a law unto himself; by now Eastwood appears to be taking Harry's saintliness so seriously that he hisses his lines angrily, his mouth pulled thin by righteousness. Directed by James Fargo, this third in the series doesn't have the savvy to be as sadistic as its predecessors; it's just limp. The film's only distinction is Tyne Daly's warm performances as the policewoman assigned to work with Harry; deliberately unglamorous, she manages to show some believably human expressions of confusion and discomfort. (1/24/77) (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Triplex; through Jan. 27.)

Face to Face—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). The film is a marvellously vivid and thoughtful—and, surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (4/5/76) (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; Jan. 27-29.)

Farewell, My Lovely (1975)—And goodbye to this gorged latest remake of Raymond Chandler, too. With Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Dick Richards. (9/1/75) (Olympia; through Feb. 1.)

Freaky Friday—From the Disney studios, with Barbara Harris and Jodie Foster, directed by Gary Nelson. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Guild, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Jan. 28.)

The Front—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark in the role of Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front. The pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (10/4/76) (Art, 72nd Street East, Playboy, and Olympia; through Feb. 1.)

The Gang's All Here (1943)—Busby Berkeley's own special brand of kaleidoscopic fantasy, turned into psychedelic surrealism by the electric reds and greens of 20th Century-Fox's color processing. Those who consider Berkeley a master consider this film his masterpiece. It is his maddest film, with chorus girls dissolving into artichokes; a banana xylophone; and Carmen Miranda on an avenue of giant strawberries with bananas sprouting from her head. Alice Faye sings the torch song "No Love, No Nothing," and also introduces the "Polka-Dot" ballet, which passes description. With Benny Goodman and his orchestra. (Thalia; through Jan. 29.)

Get Charlie Tully—With Dick Emery, directed by Cliff Owen. (Fine Arts; through Jan. 29.)

Harlan County, U.S.A.—A documentary with a great subject, and with the taste and sensitivity not to betray it. The director, Barbara Kopple, went to live among the coal miners of Harlan County, Kentucky, when they went out on strike in 1973. This film is about an underdog group with its own folk culture, based on the unending struggle with "the owners." (1/24/77) (Cinema II.)

The Hindenburg (1975)—Tame, impersonal good taste doesn't do much for a disaster picture. Robert Wise directed; with George C. Scott, Anne Bancroft, and William Atherton. (1/19/76) (Playboy; starting Feb. 2.)

The Holes—Philippe Noiret and Charles Denner, directed by Pierre Tchernia. (In French, with subtitles, at the Eastside Cinema; through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ In dubbed English at the U.A. East; through Jan. 27.)

How Funny Can Sex Be?—An eight-episode film, with Giancarlo Giannini and Laura Antonelli, directed by Dino Risi. In Italian. (Olympia; starting Feb. 2.)

If . . . (1969)—An odd epic on guerrilla warfare in an English boarding school, combining a cold and queasy view of youth with a romantic view of violence. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. With Malcolm McDowell. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 3.)

In Search of Noah's Ark—With Brad Crandall, directed by James L. Conway. (D. W. Griffith; through Feb. 1.)

Inserts—The script, by the young writer-director John Byrum, is a long one-act play, reminiscent of Michael McClure's "The Beard." The action takes place on one set, which represents a house in Hollywood around 1930, where The Boy Wonder (Richard Dreyfuss), a once-famous director, now shoots stag movies. The plot twists are poorly motivated, and the callow dialogue makes the whole thing seem like a kid's show. With Jessica Harper, and, as the stag-movie star, the talented Veronica Cartwright, who flings herself into her role in the dissolute romantic manner of Jeanne Eagels. X-rated. (3/15/76) (St. Marks Cinema; starting Jan. 28.)

Je T'Aime, Je T'Aime (1968)—The sorry thing about this dehumanized Alain Resnais film, which comes on with heavy self-depreciation as a science-fiction story, is that it has nothing much but gall, raising most of the big issues of the twentieth century and then dropping them with a clang. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 31.)

Jezebel (1938)—Bette Davis at her dazzling best—as a Southern belle who confuses perversity with coquetry. A full-scale demonstration of the talent of a star who can act. William Wyler directed. With Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 1.)

Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000—A whirling political comedy about the seventies' lunatic fringe of people in their twenties and thirties, each with his own answers to the problems of society. The director, Alain Tanner, and his co-writer, John Berger, are willing to entertain possibilities for social rebirth even if they're cracked or pickled. This picture has a miraculous combination of irony and wit, like Buñuel's "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie." With Miou-Miou, Jean-Luc Bideau, and Raymond Bussières. In French. (10/18/76) (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 1.)

King Kong—Colossal, silly, touching, a marvellous Classics Comics movie (and for the whole family). It can stand in one's affections right next to the original version. John Guillermin directed, from Lorenzo Semple, Jr.'s, script; with Jeff Bridges, Jessica Lange, and Charles Grodin. (1/3/77) (Loews Orpheum.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Fine Arts; starting Jan. 30.)

Klute (1971)—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder-melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 28.)

Lady of Burlesque (1943)—Gypsy Rose Lee's murder-mystery novel, "The G-String Murders," cleaned up, with burlesque as an institution considerably tamed. The movie has scenes in which burlesque audiences are stimulated into raucous excitement by the sight of girls clothed practically to the stifling point. Barbara Stanwyck's bumps and grinds are communicated via her face and a few percussion sounds, but she acts with a hard realism that suggests something of the milieu, and Michael O'Shea, who plays opposite her, has a relaxed show-biz authenticity. With J. Edward Bromberg, Iris Adrian, Marion Martin, Gloria Dickson, Pinky Lee, Frank Conroy, and Frank Fenton. Considering how few of Gypsy Rose Lee's racy bits are left, the director, William Wellman, does rather well. (Thalia; through Jan. 29.)

Last Tango in Paris (1972)—There has never been anything else like it. Bernardo Bertolucci directed; the stars are Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider. In French and English. X-rated. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Jan. 28.)

The Last Tycoon—Harold Pinter adapted Fitzgerald's unfinished novel about Hollywood, and Elia Kazan directed the picture, which was produced by Sam Spiegel and stars Robert De Niro as Monroe Stahr. With Jack Nicholson, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Ray Milland, Donald Pleasence, and Dana Andrews. The result is so enervated that it's like a vampire movie after the vampires have left. (11/29/76) (Cinema I.)

Madame Bovary (1949)—Fancy-dress version, starring Jennifer Jones. If you hadn't read the book, you really couldn't guess what it was about from this film, though the script-writer, Robert Ardrey, uses the framing device of Flaubert (James Mason) on trial for corrupting morals by having written it. This M-G-M production was advertised with the slogan "Whatever it is that French women have, Madame Bovary has more of it!," and Jennifer Jones looks surfeited with clothes and handsome leading men, Louis Jourdan and Alf Kjellin (who appears here under the name Christopher Kent) among them, while Van Heflin plays her dull husband. The director, Vincente Minnelli, stages an impressive romantic ball, but the whole movie is hopelessly over-scaled. With Gladys Cooper, Paul Cavanagh, Eduard Franz, Gene Lockhart, George Zucco, and John Abbott. (Also made as "Unholy Love" in 1932, and by Jean Renoir in 1934.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 30.)

A Man's Castle (1933)—Spencer Tracy and the lovely, big-eyed Loretta Young in a Depression idyll about an independent-minded man who takes in a homeless waif and falls in love with her—one of Frank Borzage's heavily sentimental yet magically romantic movies. With Glenda Farrell, Marjorie Rambeau, Walter Connolly, Arthur Hohl, and Dickie Moore. The script is by Jo Swerling, the cinematography by Joseph August. (Regency; Jan. 30-Feb. 1.)

The Man Who Fell to Earth—Nicolas Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully composed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed man (David Bowie) who comes to earth from another planet in search of water for his drought-ridden world. He has learned Cockney English by long-range television, which makes him an even odder alien in Middle America. Rip Torn is good as a burned-out professor of chemistry. (6/7/76) (New Yorker; through Feb. 1.)

The Man Who Knew Too Much (1935)—This Hitchcock thriller about a kidnapping and an attempted political assassination features

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Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, Nova Pilbeam as the kidnapped child, and Peter Lorre (it was Lorre's début in English-language films), and it has the director's ingenuity and flair and sneaky wit. The best scenes—especially an assassination attempt at Royal Albert Hall—are stunning, but Hitchcock seems sloppily unconcerned about the unconvincing material in between the tricks and jokes (a fault that persisted in the later, stodgier version, which he made in 1955, in color, with James Stewart and Doris Day). (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 2-3.)

Marathon Man—William Goldman's book—a visceral thriller about a Nazi ring of thieves in New York—seemed a lead-pipe cinch to make audiences almost sick with excitement (the way "The French Connection" did); it's "Death Wish" with a lone Jewish student (played by Dustin Hoffman) getting his own back from the Nazis. But the director, John Schlesinger, opts for so much frazzled crosscutting that there isn't the clarity needed for suspense. The only emotion one is likely to feel is revulsion at the brutality and general unpleasantness. With Laurence Olivier, Roy Scheider, and Marthe Keller. (10/11/76) (8th St. Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

The Marquise of O . . .—Eric Rohmer's word-for-word, gesture-for-gesture transcription of the 1808 Heinrich von Kleist novella manages to miss the spirit just about completely. A bold, funny story becomes a formal, tame film—it's like a historical work re-created for educational television. Edith Clever is skilled and likable as the Marquise, but the droopy Bruno Ganz is miscast as the rapist Count. In German. (10/25/76) (68th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ D.W. Griffith, Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Feb. 2.)

Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (1936)—Frank Capra-style folk humor is better in slightly shorter doses (this runs almost two hours), but there's no use fighting one's enjoyment. Ingratiating is the word for it, and irresistible, too. Gary Cooper is the sincere greeting-card poet who comes to the big city; Jean Arthur is the wiseacre newspaperwoman who starts out by making a public joke of him and then falls in love with him. Robert Riskin adapted the Clarence Budington Kelland *SatEvePost* story. The cast includes George Bancroft, Lionel Stander, Douglass Dumbrille, Ruth Donnelly, Emma Dunn, Mayo Methot, and Raymond Walburn. (Regency; Jan. 30-Feb. 1.)

Mrs. Miniver (1942)—M-G-M's wartime salute to gallant England, engineered to make the audience choke up. The theme is the gentry under fire, with, at the same time, some regard for the old nobility and a smile for the quaint antics of the servants under stress. Greer Garson is the excruciatingly proper paragon-heroine, courteous and controlled in every crisis, and Walter Pidgeon is her husband. William Wyler directed this generally offensive picture, adapted from a novel by Jan Struther; shamelessly, it ends with the heroic characters singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," in a partially destroyed church. With Dame May Whitty, Teresa Wright, Richard Ney, Henry Wilcoxon, Helmut Dantine, Reginald Owen, and Peter Lawford. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 1.)

My Life to Live (1962)—Anna Karina as a shopgirl who drifts into prostitution. Jean-Luc Godard employed some innovative techniques of exposition; some work superbly, others seem mannered and foolish. Memorable, though erratic. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 2-3.)

Network—Television, Paddy Chayefsky says, is turning us into morons and humanoids; people have lost the ability to love. The cast of this messianic farce includes Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Peter Finch, Robert Duvall, and Ned Beatty, and they all take turns yelling at us soulless masses. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/6/76) (Sutton, and Paramount.)

Open City (1944)—This brutal melodrama about the Roman underground resistance to the German Occupation is famed for the extraordinary immediacy and the almost documentary look of Roberto Rossellini's direction, and for Anna Magnani's magnificent performance. In Italian. (Thalia; Jan. 30-Feb. 1.)

The Pink Panther Strikes Again—Inspector Clouseau's clenched-jaws politesse is a joke that has run its course. Playing the role for the fourth time, Peter Sellers is required to imitate himself, and his fish-eyed deadpan is joyless. The director, Blake Edwards, sets up promising situations, and then the payoffs are out of step; after the first half hour or so, the film loses momentum. (1/17/77) (Gramercy, Columbia II, and Trans-Lux 85th St.)

Providence—With Ellen Burstyn, Dirk Bogarde, John Gielgud, David Warner, and Elaine Stritch; directed by Alain Resnais. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema 3.)

Pumping Iron—About the art and sport of body-building, with Arnold Schwarzenegger. Directed by George Butler and Robert Fiore. (Plaza.)

Roberta (1935)—Astaire and Rogers; Irene Dunne singing in white foxes and satin; and Randolph Scott, Helen Westley, and Claire Dodd. The apparatus is a bit heavy, but the Jerome Kern music includes "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" and "Lovely to Look At." Best of all is the dance to "I'll Be Hard to Handle." William Seiter directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 29. . . . ¶ Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 30-Feb. 1.)

Rocky—A low-budget winner—a romantic fable about a Philadelphia palooka who gains his manhood, written by and starring muscle-bound Sylvester Stallone, who is repulsive one moment, noble the next. The picture is poorly made, yet its naïve, emotional shamelessness is funny and engaging. John G. Avildsen directed; with Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith. (11/29/76) (Murray Hill, Columbia I, 86th St. East, Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea—From the late Yukio Mishima's book. Sarah Miles plays a beautiful young widow cursed with an angelic-faced son who is a member of a club of sadistic schoolboys. The boys not only cut up a cat alive but calmly murder the sailor—Kris Kristofferson—whom the boy's mother means to marry, because they feel that his decision to become a landlubber husband has broken his sacred compact with the sea. This very Japanese and violent idea of a religious pact has been transferred to, of all places, Dartmouth, in Devon, with its tea shops and benign, mannerly colonels. (4/26/76) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Jan. 27.)

Secret Agent (1936)—Not altogether successful Hitchcock version of Somerset Maugham's spy thriller, "Ashenden," but it has a bright, quick, fresh touch, and it's fascinating partly because the two male leads, John Gielgud and Peter Lorre, are so ill used. Gielgud looks like a tailor's dummy for Leslie Howard, and Lorre plays a cheerful little killer who speaks with a Mexican accent and wears a single earring. With Madeleine Carroll and Robert Young. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 2-3.)

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution—A civilized light entertainment, with Nicol Williamson's Sherlock Holmes and Alan Arkin's Sigmund Freud pooling their deductive skills to solve the mysterious kidnapping of one of Freud's patients (Vanessa Redgrave). Chief among the performers, who seem to be having an actors' holiday, is Laurence Olivier, in high form as the criminal mastermind Prof. Moriarty; the others include Robert Duvall as Dr. Watson, Joel Grey, Anna Quayle, Samantha Eggar, Georgia Brown, Jeremy Kemp, and Charles Gray. Nicholas Meyer adapted his 1974 best-seller; Herbert Ross directed. (11/1/76) (Beekman, Quad Cinema, and Little Carnegie.)

Shoot—With Cliff Robertson and Ernest Borgnine, directed by Harvey Hart. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Jan. 27.)

Silver Streak—Some studio executive must have looked at the script, seen that most of the action was on board the train from Los Angeles to Chicago, and said, "Who the hell travels by train?" The movie starts by offering excuses for why the characters are on board. Jill Clayburgh, Gene Wilder, and Richard Pryor are nineteen-seventies performers trapped in this fake thirties mystery-comedy, which is so inept you can't even get angry: it's like the imitations of sophisticated entertainment that high-school kids put on. Arthur Hiller directed, lamely; Colin Higgins wrote the script, which features pathetic double entendres. This movie also includes a callously unfunny gag—a plane buzzing a flock of sheep. (1/17/77) (Loews Tower East.)

Small Change—Truffaut's series of sketches on the general theme of the resilience of children turns out to be that rarity—a poetic comedy that's really funny. There's a serious side (the story of a mistreated boy) that's a failure, and Truffaut's view of childhood innocence has elements of middle-class preciousness, but the jokes make the film worth seeing. In French. (10/4/76) (Waverly.... ¶ Embassy 72nd St; through Feb. 1.)

A Star Is Born—The Streisand-Kristofferson musical version—sentimental, without being convincing for an instant. Those in the mood for an emotional extravaganza can swoon, weep, and giggle, too. Directed by Frank Pierson. (1/10/77) (Baronet, and Ziegfeld.)

The Story of Adèle H. (1975)—François Truffaut's finest film since "Jules and Jim," and his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. In French. (10/27/75) (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; starting Feb. 3.)

Swept Away (1975)—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (9/22/75) (New Yorker; through Feb. 1.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Playboy; through Feb. 1.)

The Thief of Paris (1967)—Jean-Paul Belmondo in Louis Malle's slow-paced, romanticized view of the state of mind of a nihilist thief in late-nineteenth-century France. This thief hates the bourgeoisie, yet is so successful he becomes part of it. Malle shows none of the seaminess of thievery; this is a study of compulsion, and though it's well shot by Henri Decae, it lacks substance and is tedious. With Geneviève Bujold. In French. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 27.)

Two-Minute Warning—With Charlton Heston, John Cassavetes, Martin Balsam, Beau Bridges, and Marilyn Hassett; directed by Larry Peerce. (Playboy; starting Feb. 2.)

Two Women (1961)—A young widow, Sophia Loren, takes her teen-age daughter out of wartime Rome to her native village and then starts back home too soon; both mother and daughter are raped by Moroccan soldiers. Emotional, even shattering, but far from depressing. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Eleanora Brown, directed by Vittorio De Sica. In Italian. (Thalia; Jan. 30-Feb. 1.)

Voyage of the Damned—This movie is based on the actual 1939 voyage of the S.S. St. Louis with nine hundred and thirty-seven German-Jewish refugees aboard, yet there is not a single moment in the star-packed epic that carries any conviction. As the lines drone on—paced with a sledgehammer—you may feel you could die for a little overlapping dialogue. But with this material you can't even have the frivolous pleasure of derision. Seeing Faye Dunaway cast as a Jewish woman who can't turn her husband on, you should be able to laugh, but how can you? As the ship's captain, Max von Sydow acts with some distinction; most of the others—Oskar Werner, Malcolm McDowell, Katharine Ross, Janet Suzman, Maria Schell, Victor Spinetti, Julie Harris, Wendy Hiller, Orson Welles, James Mason, et al.—are crippled by the banal lines, written by Steve Shagan and David Butler, and the atrocious direction of Stuart Rosenberg. (34th St. East, and Loews Ciné.)

Where Does It Hurt? (1972)—With Peter Sellers and Jo Ann Pflug, directed by Rod Amateau. (Olympia; starting Feb. 2.)

A Woman Is a Woman (1961)—A parody-imitation of an American musical: an experiment that Godard, fortunately, never repeated. With Anna Karina, Belmondo, and Jean-Claude Brialy, and all too damned cute. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 3.)

Z (1969)—How a political murder is made to look like an accident. Costa-Gavras's extraordinary thriller is based on recent Greek history. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. In French. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; Feb. 1-2.)

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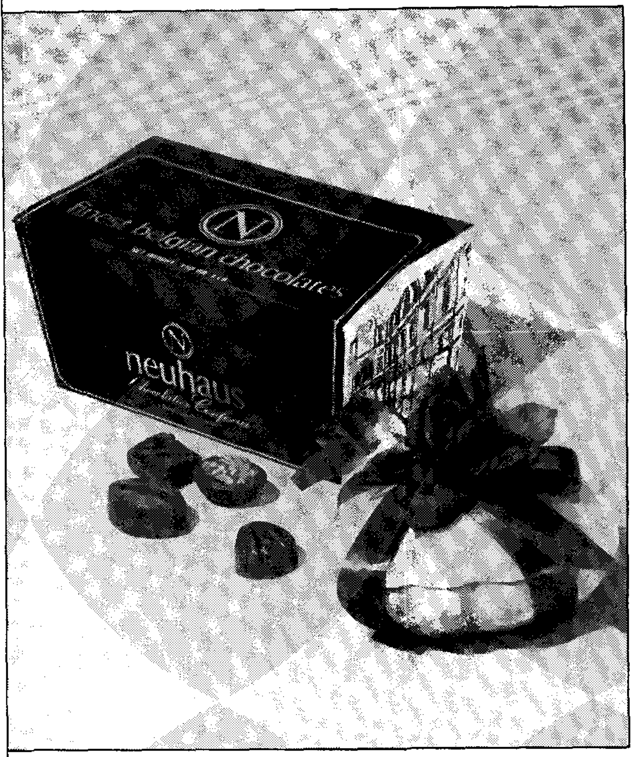

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A New England correspondent has sent us these notes, jotted down after a winter-afternoon visit to Narragansett Pier, Rhode Island:

It was a bright, sunny day. Snowy fields glittering outside my window. Lots of birds in the bird feeder. The sky perfectly blue, and the air as cold and clear as water in a mountain brook. A lovely interval between the storms we've been having this January. My phone rang. A friend said she'd heard that a man fishing down at The Pier had seen a penguin sitting on a rock. I doubted it was a penguin, but I was curious. I got in the car and drove the four or five miles from my farm to The Pier. On the stone fishing jetty, I parked beside a van. A tall young man—mustache, watch cap, denim jacket, bluejeans, binoculars—was looking out at something in the water. He said that it wasn't a penguin—that it was an oil-covered seabird, probably a murre. Standing on a rock with its wings stuck to its sides, it had looked like a penguin. Now it was back in the water. He couldn't figure out any way to catch it. He had no boat, and even if he did have one the bird could dive and get away. The young man said that his name was Jim Herrmann, and that he was a biologist. We watched the bird bobbing on the water. There was almost no surf. Sometimes waves roll in here and crash against the seawall, but on this summer day of winter there were only shiny wavelets lapping the rocks. Herrmann said that the bird wouldn't last long. Another storm was due, and anyway the bird would starve in a few days. The little waves were washing it closer to us. It looked serene and graceful. No distress. It was eerie to see it float without complaint—or any sign that it was doomed. Herrmann felt bad about leaving it there, he said, but he guessed there was nothing he could do. He turned to go. I couldn't leave quite yet. Suddenly, a series of larger waves came along. They washed the bird toward the rocky shore. I called to Herrmann, and he came back. The bird was at the edge of the rocks. A bigger wave came. I don't know if the bird scrambled ashore or was tossed, but it disappeared among the boulders. Herrmann's hopes revived. He said that maybe the bird was wedged in a crevice. If so, he might be able to get it. He climbed down among the boulders and along the shore. I followed. Then the bird reappeared—it had got up on a rock about fifty feet ahead of Herrmann and just a few feet from the water's edge. It stood up straight on the rock with its wings hanging down, looking very much like a penguin. It seemed to be trying to soak up warmth, but, even in the bright sun, the air was icy. Herrmann dropped behind a rock, so as not to startle the bird back into the water. Then he crept along—slowly, cautiously—stalking it. I followed. It was exciting. Like a kid's game. When the bird turned our way, we stopped dead and waited. The bird hopped and struggled up to a higher rock. That was good. Now there was room for Herrmann to get between it and the water. He took off his jacket and balled it up under one arm. The bird was looking nervous now. Turning its head this way and that. Herrmann moved fast. He reached his goal—the narrow space between the bird and the slippery, weed-covered rocks where the sea lapped. Then he threw his jacket over the bird and dived after it, like a football player covering a ball. He shouted in triumph, and got to his feet, holding the bird bagged inside his jacket. When I got to him, he was grinning. "Gee whizz!" he said. "I did it. At last, I saved something." The bird was a quiet lump inside his jacket. We picked our way back to smooth ground. Herrmann stopped and opened the jacket a little. I saw the bird's dark-gray head and pale breast, its slender bill. Its bright bird eye closed and opened, closed and opened. Herrmann said he would take the bird to the Norman Bird Sanctuary, in Middletown, to be cleaned. I congratulated him, and went back to the car.

Since it was such a lovely day, I decided to take my dog for a walk on the beach at the other end of Ocean Road. I drove under the arch between the Towers, designed by Stanford White, which are all that remains of Narragansett's heyday as a watering place. In the nineties, it had a casino and a bathing pavilion. My grandmother used to come here in a horse-drawn carriage. The casino and the pavilion have been replaced by what our town officials consider suitable for a seaside "playground"—parking lots and an apartment-and-shopping "complex." However, the beach is still one of the most beautiful beaches in the world. I parked and walked along the sand, and my dog dashed about in great joy. On the mile-long stretch of beach, half a dozen other people were walking, with children and dogs racing around them. A flock of sandpipers mined the sand at the water's edge. No oil on them, apparently. They flew easily when I approached. I looked out at the far-stretching flatness of the sea, which ended in a sharp line at the horizon. It was totally empty out there. I wondered how far out it was to the place where a tanker with thirty-eight sailors from Taiwan and eight million gallons of oil sank recently. I had heard someone on television surmise that most of the oil would stay solid in the cold depths, like a giant glob of Silly Putty, and roll around for years on the ocean floor. The Chinese sailors, floating peacefully dead, wouldn't last nearly so long. Sailors are more biodegradable. I thought of the rescued bird. It linked me to that scene more compellingly than any of the words I'd read or heard spoken about the disaster. I wondered how many days the bird had swum and floated and endured to reach our shore with its message from way out there. As I was walking along thinking about this, I heard a roar, and a blue sports car carrying three young men whipped through the gate opening onto the beach. The car zoomed across the frozen sand and roared along, swaying and sashaying. As it passed me, scattering snow and sand, smashing down small dunes, just missing a dog, I saw the young men's faces. They were having a wonderful time. That glimpse told me that the bird had brought its message in vain.

AFTER a long period of silence, the friend we have come to think of as the Angry Man has written us to make another observation or two on public policy:

Whichever bureaucrat invented the windchill factor should be sent outside without his mittens. If there's anything I don't want to know after I've summoned up the courage to go to work in three-degree weather, it's that the windchill factor is making the three-degree weather feel like twenty-below-zero weather. How did we end up with a government that spends our tax money to pay people for concocting ways of persuading us that we're even more miserable than we thought we were? Why is it that cost overruns on bomber production are the only sort of information the government makes any effort to keep to itself these days? It's getting so I can't eat a simple hot dog without having some Bureau of Something-or-Other tell me what percentage of it is not beef but newt eyes or frog tails. They don't bother to pass laws prohibiting the use of newt eyes in hot dogs, of course, they just rant about it. When they tell me on some gray August morning that the air in this city is "unacceptable," they don't follow up the information with any suggestions of alternate substances I might use for breathing that day. And don't think the windchill factor is the only method the meteorological people have devised for tormenting the general public. In the Midwest, they've taken to badgering innocent citizens with something called the tornado watch. I happen to have grown up out there—not far from where the tornado snatched up Dorothy Gale to deposit her in the Land of Oz—and the last few times I've been back for visits I've heard so much talk on the radio about tornado watches that I suspect that some people now consider it an act of courage in some seasons to come up out of the cellar for meals. There don't seem to be any more tornadoes than there were when I was a child (and I can remember only one besides Dorothy's)—just more tornado watches. What I'm trying to say is this: We have enough catastrophes that really happen, without being warned all the time about the ones that don't. These fancy warning systems are just another thing for the bureaucrats to be wrong about: the watched tornado doesn't roil, and the only temperature that really feels like twenty below zero is twenty below zero.

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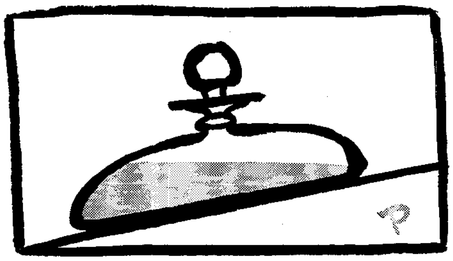
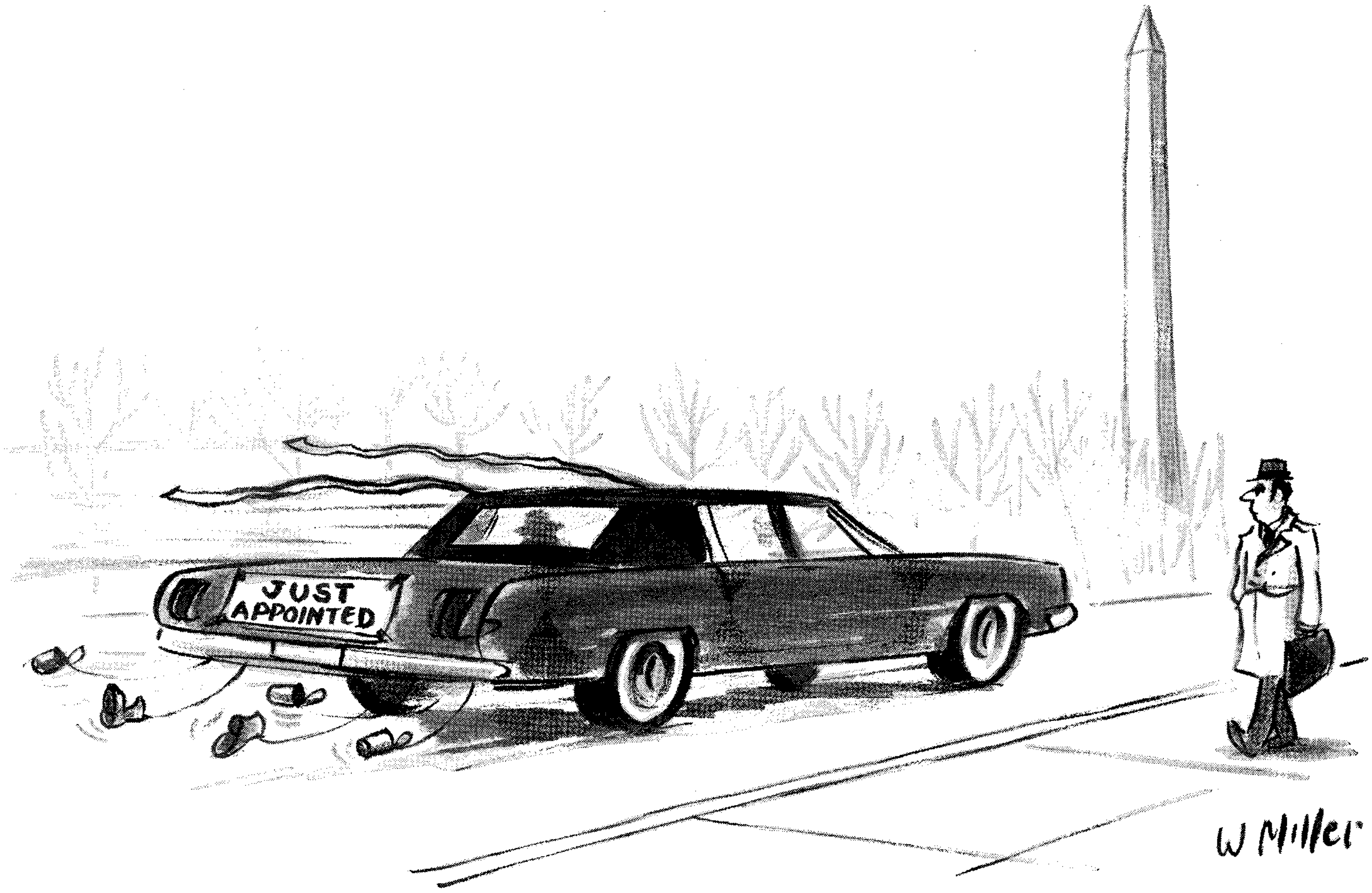
Ceremony

BETWEEN the Super Bowl and the Inauguration, we managed to squeeze in attendance at another conceivably major event of the early new year: an appeal to the world, from the summit of the Acropolis in Athens, to save the Parthenon and the other shrines standing on what in Greece is often called the Holy Rock. It seems that the Parthenon, the Erechtheum, the Propylaea, and the Temple of Athena Nike, or what remains of them, are gravely threatened by a variety of forces of disintegration. Between 1913 and 1931, for instance, well-meaning but misguided caretakers embedded iron bars in some of the fragile ruins; the bars have rusted, and the oxidation has caused expansion and cracked the surrounding marble. Human feet tramping across the area—some three million pairs of them a year now—are having their own debilitating effect. But the worst damage has come from pollution. The population of Athens has gone way up—to over two and a half million at the latest count—and in the last fifteen or twenty years the sulphur-dioxide emissions from residential oil heaters, automobiles, and factory stacks have done dreadful things to the cherished twenty-four-hundred-year-old marble buildings. "It's the same disastrous effect you get from putting vinegar on chalk," we were told at the scene by Gérard Bolla, a deputy assistant director-general of UNESCO who is its man in charge of the world's cultural heritage.



This is not the first time, of course, that public concern has been expressed about the state of the Acropolis. In 1969, UNESCO urged the government of Greece to take ameliorative steps before it was too late, but that was the government of the colonels, and they were mostly interested in preserving themselves. In 1974, after their downfall, the new government named Constantine A. Trypanis its Minister of Culture and Sciences, and he at once set up the Working Group on the Preservation of the Acropolis Monuments. With its blessing, he had the three statues remaining on the west front of the Parthenon gently detached and installed in the adjacent Museum of the Acropolis. This fall, Mr. Trypanis besought UNESCO—which was already helping with the rehabilitation of such venerated sites as Carthage and Borobudur—for technical and financial assistance, and at a meeting in Nairobi in November the agency pledged all-out support. This, if everything goes according to expectations, will involve the collection and expenditure, over a five-to-ten-year period, of fifteen million dollars, much of it earmarked for detailed studies not only of the monuments themselves but of the holy bedrock on which they perch. Particularly difficult will be the precise location of the invisible reinforcing bars (gamma-ray photography will be used), their removal (a task as delicate as dentistry), and the substitution of bars made of a non-corroding alloy (titanium alloy, probably). Also, the Greek government hopes to be able to persuade those of its citizens who live near the Acropolis to heat their homes with a fuel that creates less pollution.

This month's ceremony at the Acropolis was exceedingly low-key: no bands, no flags, no costumed native dancers, not even much of a crowd. It took place on a cold, damp, gray morning. (As the Director of the Acropolis, George Dontas, had noted sadly in September at an International Symposium on the Deterioration of Building Stones, held in Athens, it is very rare nowadays to find in wintertime one of



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the city's legendary clear blue skies.) Mr. Trypanis presided; speaking in Greek, he said that "the buildings of the Acropolis of Athens, no matter how fully they express the spirit of the nation and of the period which created them, belong to the whole of humanity and are a symbol of the liberty of man as the peoples of the world see it today." He thereupon introduced the guest of honor and chief fund-raiser, the Director-General of UNESCO, Amadou-Mahtar M'Bow, who, being Senegalese, spoke in French. "The Acropolis is in danger," he began bluntly. Observing that "the treasures of the Acropolis testify in the highest degree to the creative genius of man," he appealed to the conscience of the world and asked for contributions to a special UNESCO fund from nations, foundations, museums, and individuals, including schoolchildren.

Both men's remarks were rendered in three languages—Greek, French, and English. During Mr. Trypanis's Greek-to-French, Professor Emily Vermeule, the eminent Harvard archeologist, squinted at the western end of the Parthenon and told us, "In this light, you can see the curvature—it's bending right up in the middle." Trying vainly to see it for ourself, we did see a single workman emerge from the Parthenon and, leaning against one of its dwarfing columns, take in the proceedings from that lofty vantage. During M. M'Bow's French-to-Greek, we bowed to three diplomats from the People's Republic of China (would they soon, we wondered, be asking UNESCO to help restore the Great Wall?), and said hello to some Australian schoolgirls, who just happened to be visiting the Acropolis that morning.

At a reception for M. M'Bow and others downtown in the Hotel Grande Bretagne—itself by now a revered antiquity of sorts—we chatted with Mr. Trypanis, who looks like an English don, and who, indeed, taught Greek literature and language for twenty-five years at Oxford, before doing a seven-year stint at the University of Chicago. "Believing in democracy, I came back to Greece only when democracy was restored," he said. "You know, one has the false feeling that classical monuments do not perish. Alas, they do. It's the sculptured parts that suffer the most dramatic damage. If you compare recent photographs of the frieze of the west front of the Parthenon with photographs taken ten years ago, the difference is shocking—hands and arms and horses' legs just falling off or melting away." He said that the sculptures still *in situ*—the three remaining original caryatids of the Erechtheum, for instance—would be enshrined in a new museum, to be built at the base of the Acropolis as part of the current undertaking, and that the old museum would be torn down.

Was there any chance that Greece might get the Elgin Marbles back from the British Museum?

"I wish we could," Mr. Trypanis said. He went on to say that the fund-raising drive just launched had already produced a million drachmas (thirty thousand dollars) from American Express, three pounds from a Scottish schoolmaster, ten marks from a German woman tourist, and ten dollars from an American high-school class. Contributions in the United States, he added, can be made, tax-deductibly, through the International Fund for Monuments, a private organization based in New York.

We had a final few words with the Director-General of UNESCO, who, although he once taught classics and history at the University of Dakar (he was also for a while his country's Minister of Education), had never before been to Athens. M. M'Bow said he had been profoundly impressed by the Parthenon.

Driver

Olen Lee Welk, of Big Sandy, Texas, who has been chosen National Truck Driver of the Year by the American Trucking Associations, would have to be considered a strong candidate for World Truck Driver of the Year or Intergalactic Truck Driver of the Year if such competitive categories existed. We say this with no feeling of prejudice against any other nation's or galaxy's Truck Driver of the Year but because Olen Welk is as good a talker as he is a truck driver—and an index of his driving skill is that during the past forty-one years Mr. Welk, a heavy-haul specialist, has covered three and a half million miles without, as they say in the trade, "a single preventable accident." We had a chance to gauge his talking skill when he came to town a couple of days before the Inauguration and invited us up to his suite in the Waldorf-Astoria. Mr. Welk and his wife, Hazel, arrived in New York after spending several days in Washington, where he was presented with a large trophy and a lapel pin signifying his new honor. Next to this pin he wore a tiny gold peanut pin, which he said he had bought "just to smart off." Mr. Welk went on to say, "In Washington, we did the White House tour on Tuesday, and on Wednesday the Federal Highway Administrator gave me the trophy. It's a real nice trophy. I left it in Washington, and they're going to ship it to me in Big Sandy. We stayed at the Statler Hilton—or, what's it called, the Capital Hilton. They changed the name on us while we were staying there."

"We must have spent fifty dollars on peanuts in that town," Hazel Welk said. "On Saturday, we bought a whole bunch for our grandchildren. We paid a dollar a can. Then we remembered we'd forgotten some of the grandkids, so we went back on Sunday to buy some more, and the only cans we could find cost a dollar-ninety-nine. Can you imagine? We ended up getting peanuts for nine grandchildren— No, twelve grandchildren— No, all fifteen, plus the great-grandkids."

"Better drunk than never, right?"

"Well, it doesn't matter now," said Mr. Welk, " 'cause we're not gonna buy any more."

Although Mr. Welk had been to New York before, while on the job, he admitted that chances were good he would get lost at some point during this visit. The idea didn't appeal to him very much. "Every time I come here, I feel just like a lost chicken from Texas," he said. "First time was maybe 1942 or '43. I was delivering a bunch of pecans, unloading 'em right in front of that store—Massey's? Oh, yeah, Macy's. And policemen were all over me to get that shipment unloaded and move my truck quick. That trip was more trouble than I care to think about. That was back when I was driving for a couple of different freight lines, before I went to work for the C & H Transportation Company, in Dallas. Back then, me and Mahauley (that's what I called all my trucks, Mahauley, except for the one that I drive now, which is the Red Racer *or* Mahauley)—me and Mahauley hauled cotton and dog food, logs and lumber, crossties and blackberries. Those years, we ate a lot of water bread and water gravy. Then, in 1952, I went to work for C & H. I've done very well since then. I bought a truck from C & H in 1954, and I owned five more until 1968. Then I stopped owning trucks. Even though I don't own the Red Racer, I still bring her home and park the cab in the front yard after I've dropped off my trailer at the terminal. My first trip out for C & H lasted six weeks, and I haven't had one that long since. I've been to just about every state except Alaska and Rhode Island."

"And Hawaii," said Mrs. Welk. "Don't forget Hawaii. Our son was there in the Marine Corps."

"That's how I got my CB radio handle—the Hawaiian Hitchhiker," Mr. Welk explained. "See, my son sent me this ashtray from Hawaii shaped like a foot." He took a piece of paper and drew a picture of a misshapen foot with an enormous big toe. "Down here at the heel, it's made of lava, and the main part of the ashtray is in the big toe, and down in the sole of the foot I've got it lettered 'Hawaiian Hitchhiker,' in white shoe polish. It used to sit right next to me in the cab of my truck, but now I leave it at home. I was afraid it might get broken."

Mr. Welk talked about his family—six children, the fifteen grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren—and his plans, which include continuing to drive trucks twenty-two years longer, until he's eighty-five. He also expatiated upon the differences between "overdimension" freight loads and "legal" loads. At one point, he drifted back to his childhood, and his school days in Garland, Texas, where, he claimed, one of his fellow-students was Clyde Barrow, the bank robber. "Clyde wouldn't mind his parents too well," he said, "so they sent him from Dallas over yonder to Garland to school. Jewel McCracken was our teacher, and everyone minded her. Clyde was the only kid in the school that had permission to smoke. One day, we got to playing together, because Clyde had gone outdoors for a cigarette and I was coming back from an errand. We found an old basketball and bounced it in the mud a few times and then started bouncing it off the schoolhouse wall, and pretty soon Miss McCracken came out and made us take wet paper towels and clean up that whole wall where the ball left marks. Clyde wasn't a bad kid in school—just kind of mischievous. Slapping kids up the side of the head—that sort of thing."

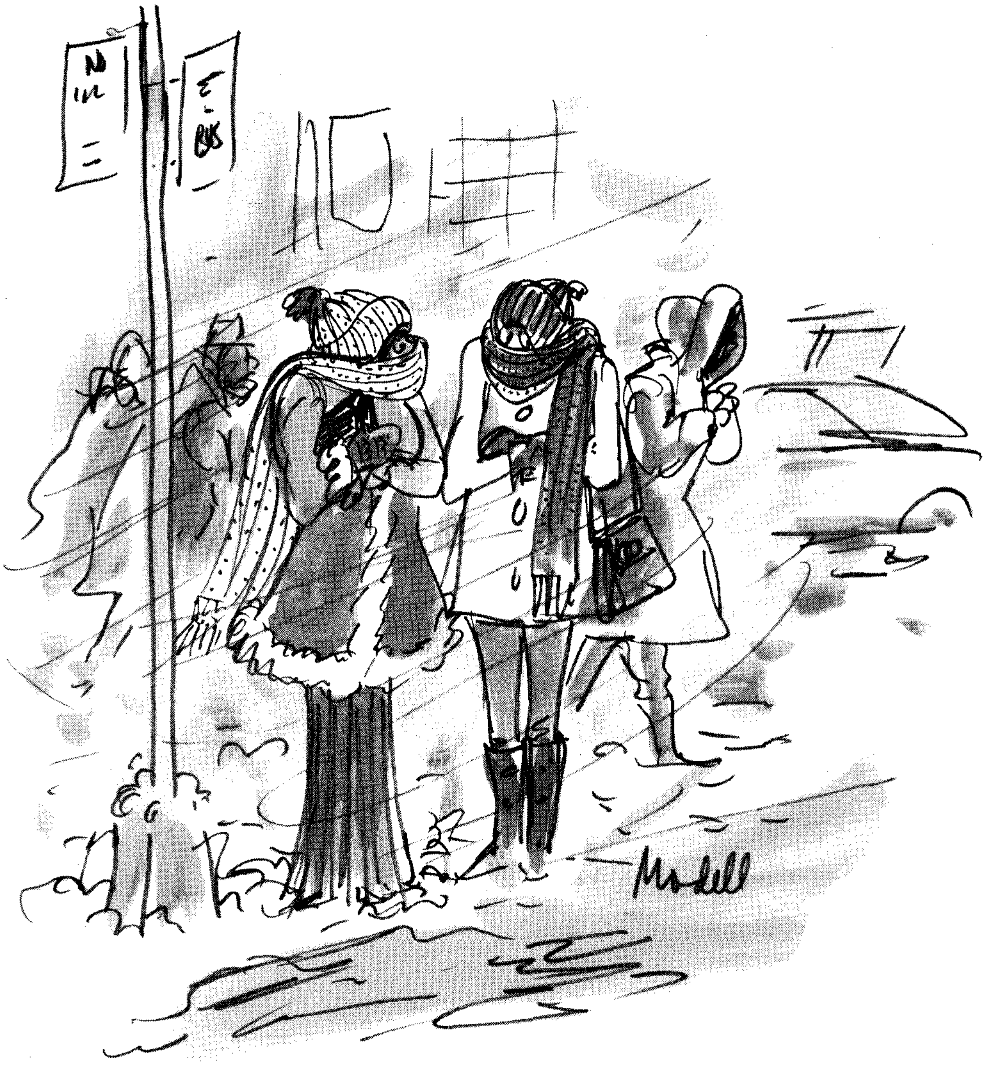
After a pause, Mr. Welk glanced around his hotel suite. "How's this hotel?" he said. "Pretty fancy for a truck driver and his wife from Big Sandy, Texas, wouldn't you say? Our only hotel back home is real dilapidated. Nobody uses it anymore. The Texas & Pacific and Cotton Belt railroads cross at Big Sandy. That's what puts the town on the map. There isn't really any river there, although Big Sandy Creek feeds into the Sabine River."

As Mr. Welk tipped his chair slightly in the sunlight, we noticed that he looks a bit like Buddy Ebsen, the actor. When we mentioned the resemblance, he said, "Yeah, I know that. That reminds me—we went to see that play 'Sly Fox' last night, with George C. Scott."

"He was terrific," said Mrs. Welk. "I'd seen him on the TV but never in person."

"I used to drive with him back in the early days," Mr. Welk said.

"Now, don't you go telling any fibs," warned Mrs. Welk, and he didn't tell any more.



"That's the second time she's passed us without so much as a hello."

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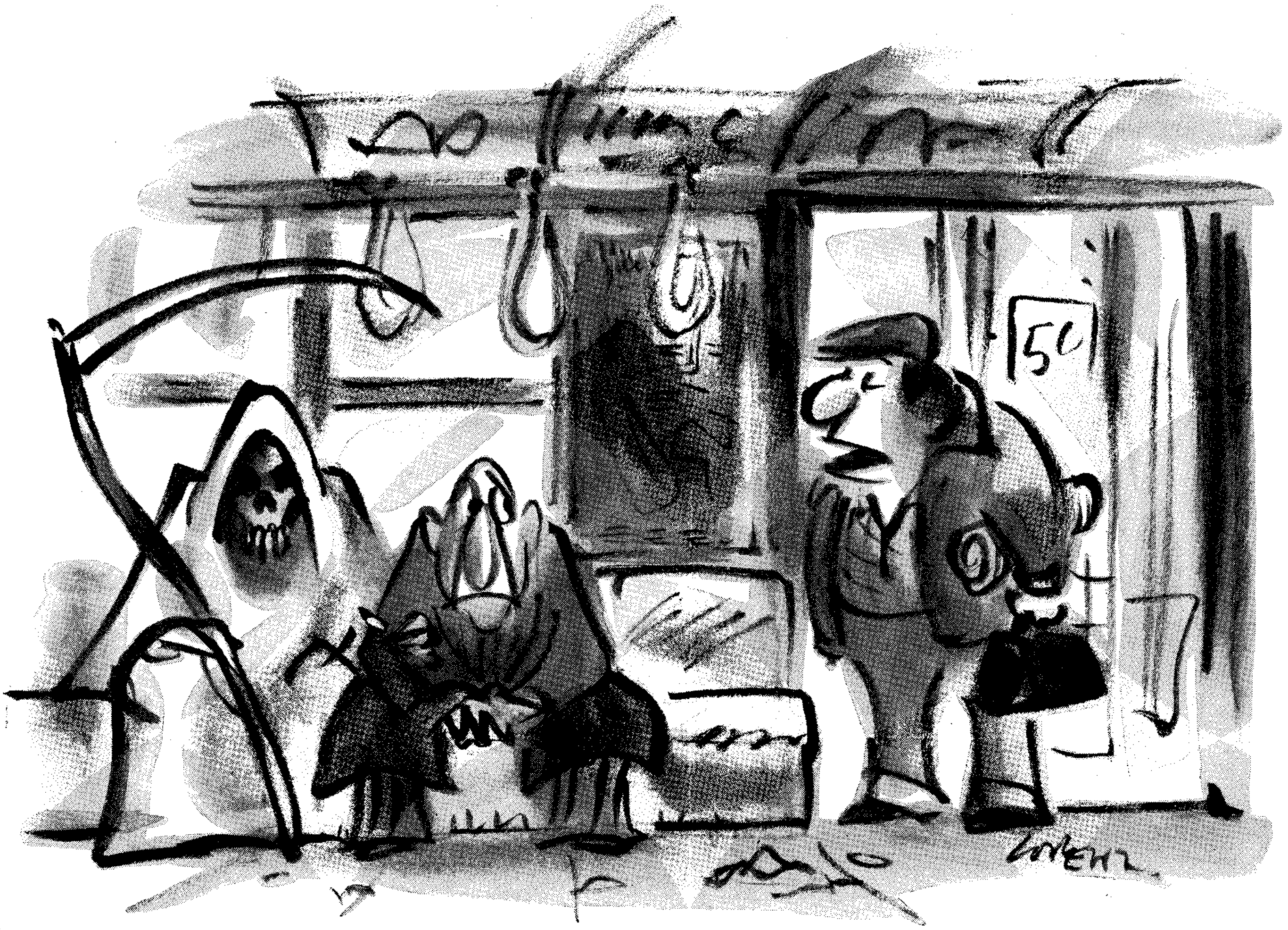
Pop

WE went to the opening of the Songwriters' Hall of Fame Museum, Archives, and Library, at 1 Times Square, last week and found a lot of people milling. The Hall of Fame, which occupies the building's eighth floor, is a fluorescent-lighted, red-carpeted, white-walled place that is filled with memorabilia having to do with pop songs and show tunes. As we entered, Hoagy Carmichael was playing a lazy rhythmic pattern on Fats Waller's old upright. We made our way through a chattering, cocktail-drinking crowd and looked at some exhibits, which included a pair of dancing shoes Gene Kelly wore in "An American in Paris" (they look well worn), the first megaphone Rudy Vallée used in Maine (it looks decrepit), Ted Lewis's clarinet and cane, Johnny Mercer's typewriter, one of Victor Herbert's high desks (he sometimes stood while composing), George Gershwin's complicated desk (it has a built-in wastebasket and a pencil sharpener), a guitar played by Mary Martin in "The Sound of Music," a portrait of Eubie Blake, three Oscars, an Emmy, Jimmy Durante's hat, a self-portrait by Frank Loesser, and the sheet music of songs like "Moon River," "I'm Popeye the Sailor Man," "The Way We Were," "Happy Days Are Here Again," "To Each His Own," "This Land Is Your Land," "The Sidewalks of New York," "For Me and My Gal," "Once in Love with Amy," "Hound Dog," and "M-O-T-H-E-R."

After saying hello to the composers Gerald Marks and Johnny Marks (who are not related) and the lyricist Howard Dietz, we fell into conversation with Jule Styne, who wrote, among other things, the music for the musicals "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," "Bells Are Ringing," "Funny Girl," and "Gypsy." Styne was in an ebullient mood. "If I seem tired, it's because I was up late last night," he said. "I'm booked in for two weeks at the Rainbow Grill. Popular music is one of the few cultures we have, you know. We adopted painting, opera, and so forth from the other side of the ocean, but jazz and the popular song—that's our music. The Songwriters' Hall of Fame should project this idea in behalf of our songwriters, just as the Baseball and Football Halls of Fame do for our athletes. And the tradition that is celebrated here is being carried on by younger composers today. When I was sixteen, playing piano in Chicago, Vincent Youmans walked up to me and told me I ought to write songs. I said I would *never* write songs—that was for old people. Well, look what happened."

Styne was whisked away to pose for



"Hey, Mac! Is this the RR train to Astoria Boulevard?"

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photographs, and we began talking with Harold Rome, the composer and lyricist of "Fanny" and also of the 1937 Labor Stage production of "Pins and Needles." He told us that he was working on three new shows. "It's all I know how to do," he said. We then spoke with Sammy Cahn, who wrote the words of such songs as "Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen" and "I Should Care," and who is the president of the National Academy of Popular Music, the organization that created the Songwriters' Hall of Fame. Cahn told us that he hoped it would be housed someday in a building all its own. Next, we spoke with Oscar Brand, the folksinger and songwriter, who is the curator of the Hall of Fame. Brand told us that the idea for such a museum arose a couple of years ago, and that the Hall of Fame is intended as a place where songwriters can get together as well as a place where visitors can use the exhibits, library facilities, and audiovisual materials.

Brand was spirited away to take a phone call. We began talking with Meredith Willson and his wife, Rosemary. Willson told us that they had attended a performance of his show "The Music Man" in Warsaw a few years ago. "At the end, everybody started shouting '*Autor! Autor!*'" he said. "I was shouting '*Autor!*,' too, until Rosemary poked me in the ribs and said, 'Idiot—that's you.' "

Hoagy Carmichael walked over. He was dressed all in blue, and he looked pensive. "You've got to go down to Del Mar in the summer when the races are on," he said to the Willsons. "You can have some *real* fun there. It's the best place in the whole world. It's got the best weather in the whole world."

"We will," said Mrs. Willson.

We saw Irving Caesar heading for the door, and we collared him quickly, before he could leave. He is a sprightly-looking man in his eighties, and he was wearing a gray suit, a red sweater, a red necktie, and a red-and-white striped shirt. Across the room, a player piano broke into a version of "Rhapsody in Blue" that had been made from a performance by George Gershwin himself. As the music filled the Hall of Fame, Caesar began to talk. He talked about the early days of the popular song and the early days of the movies, and about Richard Rodgers, Cole Porter, Victor Herbert, and Vincent Youmans. "Vincent and I wrote 'I Want to Be Happy,' for 'No, No, Nanette,' in about fifteen minutes," he said. "It took us less than that to write 'Tea for Two,' and I wasn't even in the mood. He pulled me over to the piano. He said, 'Hey, Caes! I've got a great tune.' I didn't want to hear it. He said, 'Do a dummy, then—just give me any old words.' He played a melody, and I began singing, 'Picture you upon my knee,' and then I stopped and said, 'This is terrible.' He said, 'No it isn't, Caes—it's great!' George Gershwin and I wrote 'Swanee' in about fifteen minutes, too. I remember that we were in his place, up around Amsterdam and a Hundred and Forty-fourth Street. There was a song called 'Hindustan' that was popular then. It was a one-step, and we decided that *we* ought to write a one-step. George sat down and began playing da-da-da-da-da-da-da-dum-dum, and I sang, 'I've been away from you a *long time*,' and that's about all there was to it. When we wrote songs in those days, it seemed as if we'd known them all along."

QWERTYUIOP

The days draw out, the days draw in
(Chop-cherry, chop-cherry, black within),
When will my endless night begin?

URSULA put down her hairbrush and stared at her face in the glass. It was a plump, smooth face, with nothing remarkable about it except a resolute chin. Its reflection assured her that she had made another poem—the first in five days, just when she was beginning to despair. She took the block of lined paper, wrote it down, and considered it. It was one of her best—sarcastic and passionate. But did it say everything as emphatically as it should? Should there be a thump? She wrote it down again and changed the last line.

O God, when will my endless night begin?

With the impetus of a postscript, another poem, cynical this time, darted into her head:

I gave up God when I was nine
(Gooseberry, gooseberry, gooseberry wine)
But put my trust in his name to weigh down a line.

This took a little longer. Finally she copied the one and the other in the careful printing hand she kept for poetry, added the date, and put them in the casket-shaped box which had once held expensive chocolates. She finished dressing and went downstairs to confront her twelfth birthday.

December 31st was a hopeless day to be born on—ten days before she went back to school, ten days before she had anything worth attending to. It was dregs; no one would give her a typewriter so soon after Christmas. There was nothing much to be said for St. Sylvester, either, whose day it was. She had looked him up in the Calendar of Saints in the school library. He was a pope, he tried to establish a general peace, he was venerated at Pisa. She intended to go to Pisa, but it was Shelley she would go for, not poor old Sylvester.

Father was in the hall, putting on his raincoat. He gave her a kiss, and said, "Many happy returns, my pet. I must be off." The door slammed behind him. Mother and Uncle Terence were sitting at the breakfast table, killing time with toast. A bulging parcel in Ursula's place held the woollen jersey Mother had been knitting and hiding for weeks, and a coral bracelet. Uncle Terence handed her a shop-tied oblong. Inside was a manicure set. Mother flushed. Uncle Terence gave her a look and grinned. He was her brother, old enough to be her father, and lived with them as a paying guest. Among her school friends Ursula referred to him as P. G. Pig.

Presently Mother got up and began to collect the dirty china. Ursula also got up. Sooner or later on this ghastly day she would have to make her bed. But Mother intercepted her, saying, "Come and help me wash up."

She stood at the sink, rinsing and rerinsing a coffee cup, biting her lips and arranging her expression. When she spoke, it was in her holy voice. "Darling, there's something I must tell you about—"

"Yes, I know. Judy Hollins has got hers already."

The coffee cup slid under the suds. After a pause, Mother began to laugh. "So I've put a packet in your underclothes drawer. Funny sort of birthday present."

Escaping to her bedroom, Ursula sat on the rumpled bed. Life was like that. An hour ago, the four walls had enclosed a kingdom, hers by right and unassailable. Now they gaped on shabbiness and familiarity, and they were papered with those interminable old pink rosebuds. There would be more pink rosebuds on her birthday cake. Year after year Mother had decorated them with pink sugar rosebuds. Sometimes they were quite successful, at other times smudged. She looked at the alarm clock—another of Uncle Terence's hateful presents. She had forgotten to wind it. But the whole house was an alarm clock. There was Mother, drudging with the Hoover; there was Uncle Terence, turning off the radio at the beginning of the Morning Service. How was she to get through this interminably dreary day—drearier now, because it had begun to rain.

There was a knock on the door, and a voice saying, "Am I disturbing you, Miss Ursula?"

"It's Arkie, my darling Arkie!" Ursula leaped up and flung herself into a damp embrace.

"I had to look in on you, Miss Ursula, to wish you your happy returns. So I caught the early bus—"

"Oh, Arkie, you must have got up at dawn!"

"—happen a bit earlier—so as to have a sight of you before I go on to the lady I work for now. There's a poodle dog there, too—pedigree—but not to compare with old Dragon. Stand back, love, and let me have a look at you."

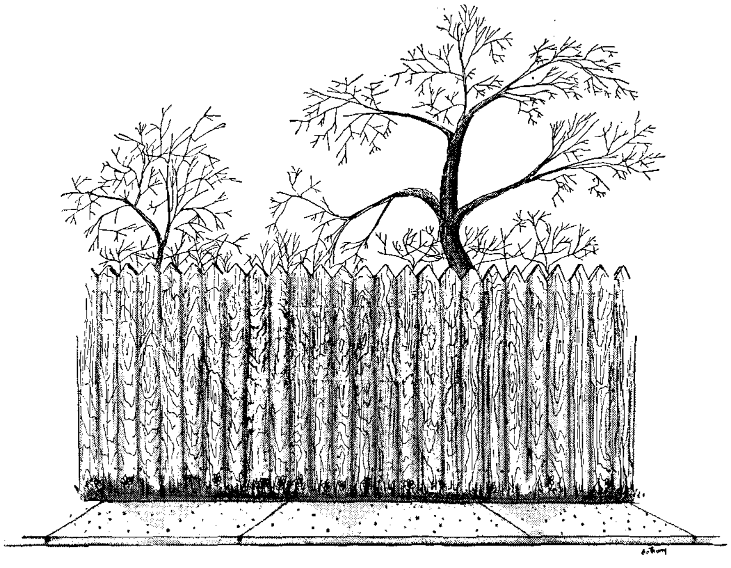
Ursula stood back, remembering not to stoop.

"To think you're a year older this very day. You'll be a lady in no time. But don't study too hard, ducks, lying awake all night with your book-reading. Take life easy while you have the chance."

"Darling Arkie, you've saved my life. It was being such a horrible birthday till you walked in."

"Bound to be even come odd, love—like kippers. I've brought you a little remembrance."

They sat side by side, snuffing the uncorked lavender water and recalling Dragon's exploits, while Mrs. Arkenthwaite's professional eye travelled over the room. Before she left, she made the bed. Byron, too, had his old charwoman, who was faithful to him when everyone else deserted him. It was clear to Ursula that when she went to Pisa Arkenthwaite must accompany her.



AT lunch, after the falling pound, Arkenthwaite was the subject of conversation. "The house was so clean we might have been living in the depth of the country instead of Manchester. Terence, do you remember her pork cheese? And Ursula, do you remember the holystone patterns she used to make on the kitchen floor? Professor James said they went back to the ancient Britons. Why did she go? I don't know what made her."

"I do. She couldn't stand the way Uncle Terence left his bath towels lying about for her to pick up."

"A family trait," said Uncle Terence. "But at least mine aren't filthy."

"More apple pudding, either of you?"

Uncle Terence shook his head, so Ursula ate a second helping as slowly and ostentatiously as she could, folded her table napkin with exactitude, and left the room with dignity. Halfway upstairs she remembered that the knitted jersey, the bracelet, and the manicure set were still lying unclaimed. Poor Mother had enough to put up with without her feelings being wounded by an apparent ingratitude for all that knitting: the jersey and the bracelet must be collected, the manicure set conspicuously ignored. She descended. Leaving the room with dignity, she had omitted to shut the door. Their voices were raised. One could not call it eavesdropping.

"The adjective was justified."

"I'm not talking about bath towels. I'm talking about the way you nag at the child. You never miss a chance to say something unpleasant, and then you grin at me as if I were your accomplice. Of course she notices. You mean her to notice. She's sensitive."

"So am I."

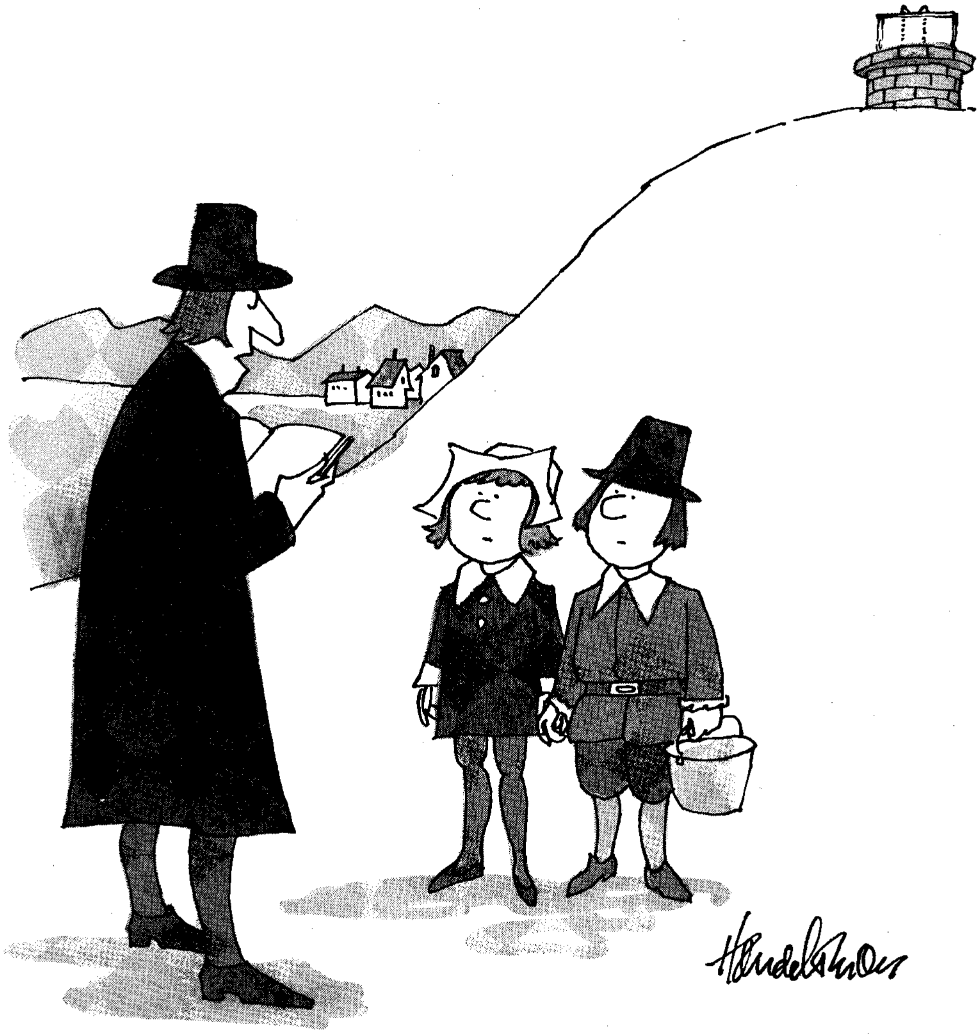
"Pooh!"

Mother swept out of the room, holding the tray, and collided with Ursula. Inflamed with chivalry, Ursula picked up two broken pudding plates and some cutlery, and said leave the washing-up to her.

When she had washed everything in sight, paying particular attention to the tines of the forks, and exhausted two dishcloths, and polished the glasses, and swilled the sink and the draining board, she turned round. Mother was sitting sprawled on a kitchen chair, seeming entirely absorbed in breathing. "Angel," she said absently, and went on breathing. Ursula saw herself single-handedly dealing with heart failure—where were the smelling salts, or did one burn feathers, and where were the nearest feathers?—when Mother drew a sharp breath, sat up, combed her fingers through her hair, and said, "I've been thinking."

"Oh, good!"

"Yes, I've been thinking. What you and I both need is to get out of the house and have a dash of luxury. So I invite you to a birthday tea at the Vienna Tea Room. I'll ring up a taxi at quarter to four."



"I hereby pronounce you Jack and Jill. You may now go up the hill."

THE Vienna Tea Room was dusky, spacious, unresonant; it was what a church, if thickly carpeted and draftproof, might be, and never was. If Mother hadn't been sitting opposite, though she was actually making no demands, it would have been possible to compose a quite different sort of poetry—less outright, not sarcastic at all:

On a little gilded chair
Sit subterraneanly and drink sweet Lethe

In blank verse, probably.

"What about a meringue? Or another slice of *Sacher Torte*? Grand Viennese families had a *Sacher Torte* delivered every day."

"How did you know?"

"That sort of thing sticks in one's head. Now it will stick in yours."

. . . and drink sweet Lethe . . .

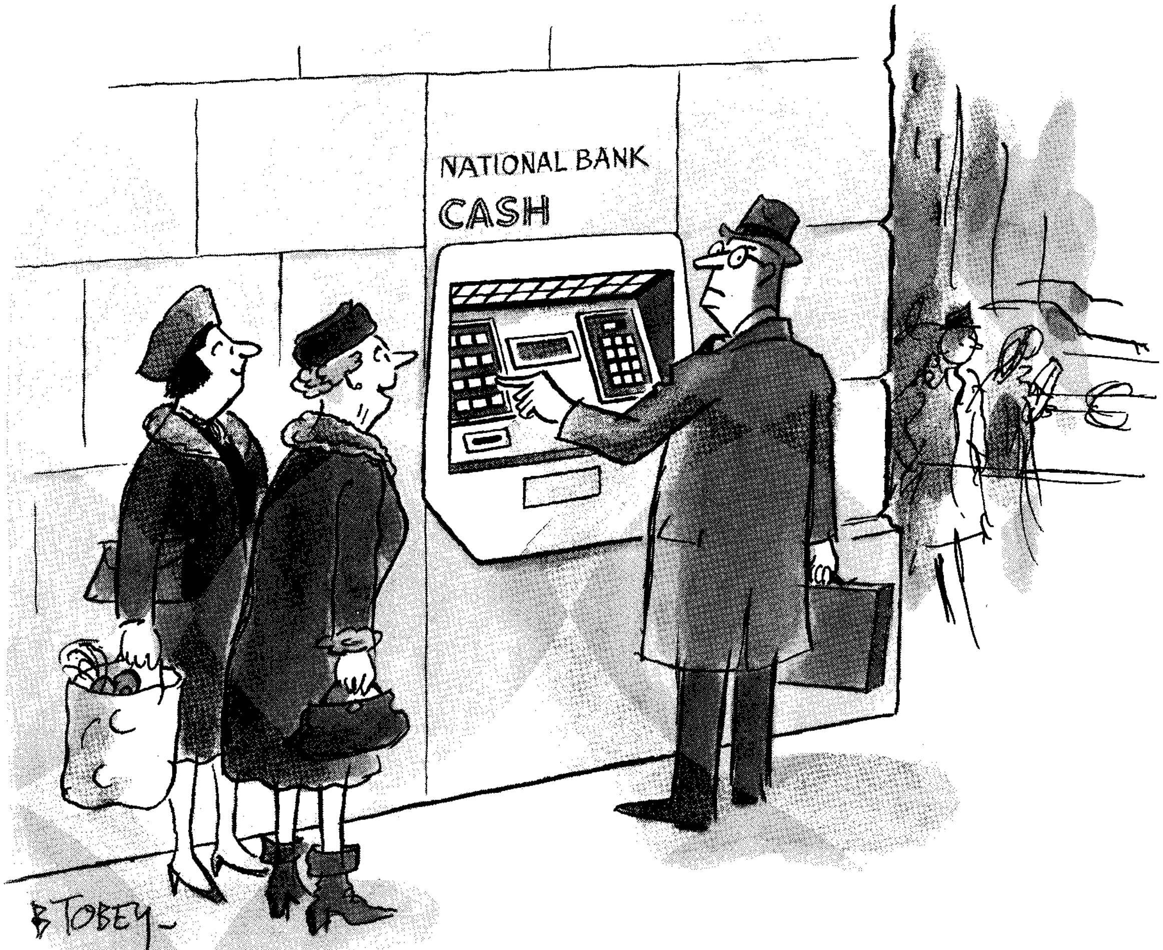
"You must have had a rather different life when you were young."

"I always had Terence. I hated him as a child as much as you do now. Poor Terence! He's always had something wrong with him, something vexing him—migraine, stomach ulcers. Did you know he was married? She was charming, and then went off with another man while he was having an operation. When he came out of hospital, no Susie."

"Is that why we're stuck with him?"

"The odd thing is, your father really likes him."

When they left, the rain had stopped. The wet streets shone between the dark, clifflike housefronts. The traffic speeded, skidded, bellowed like angry beasts. It felt dangerous, not like Manchester. I shall never be the same again, Ursula thought. I shall never be able to



"Do you mind if we watch?"

• •

call myself my own again. I shall never go to Pisa, never write another poem, never have a typewriter, never see a poem in print. I only wanted the typewriter because magazines think poems in handwriting are by children. I let myself feel interested in Mother, I almost felt interested in Uncle Terence; now I'm trapped. I shall always have to go on feeling interested in them, sorry for them, wound up with them. She heard her feet, step for step with her mother's feet, on the wet pavement.

She had almost decided to be a nun, when her mother stopped. Ursula stopped with her. Mother was hailing a taxi.

"I've just realized how late it is. Your father will be back at any moment, and there's dinner to get."

The change to the unhuman speed of a taxi changed Ursula's outlook. An earlier poet, a Mrs. Greville, had written a "Prayer for Indifference." It was in the school library, and had a lot of verses; when she was back she would look it up and read it more carefully. For indifference was what mattered, indifference was the answer; not to be upset or caught out or involved or understood—above all, not to be horribly, pawingly, understood. Praying was nonsense, of course. No truly indifferent person would pray; he wouldn't need to. His indifference would have insulated him against being sensitive, being annoyed, being interrupted. It would set one above all the daily idiocies—above or apart. Probably apart; keeping oneself to oneself, mysteriously aloof, quellingly calm and polite. Vowed to indifference, Ursula enjoyed the superior sensation of being in a taxi, and was calm and polite when they were caught in a traffic jam and Mother began to fuss about time and dinner.

"At last!" Mother said as the taxi approached the house.

"If we had gone on walking, it would have taken longer."

The taxi drew up. Father also had come by taxi. It was driving away and he was mounting the doorsteps, holding something at the length of his arm. They went in together.

"Here's your birthday present, young lady. Don't drop it. It's heavy." He retrieved it from her grasp and laid it on the hall table. Even before she guessed, she knew. She watched him unclasp the case, lift it out.

QWERTYUIOP

"Oh! Oh!" The second "Oh" was a yelp.

Embarrassed by the sight of her face, smitten expressionless by ecstasy, he began to explain as though he were in guilt and must exculpate himself. "You ought to have had it this morning, but it wasn't ready when I went to collect it yesterday evening. It's secondhand, you see, and I told them to give it a thorough going-over to make sure it was in working order. There's a spare ribbon in the case, and a book of directions, and a brush for cleaning the keys. And paper and carbons. Everything. After dinner I'll show you how it works—which knobs do what. And tomorrow you can start away. Tap-tap-tap!"

He raised his voice. It would be better if Terence did not hear her being so emotional. "You'll find it useful later on, too. There's always work for a typist, especially if she can spell and punctuate. Not so many can nowadays. Even if you don't learn shorthand and take an office job, there'll always be stuff you can do at home—typing people's novels and poems and so forth. It's my belief that every third person in Manchester is some kind of author. We're a positive nest of singing birds."

He was bound to talk like that, she thought, being a parent. She knew better. —SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

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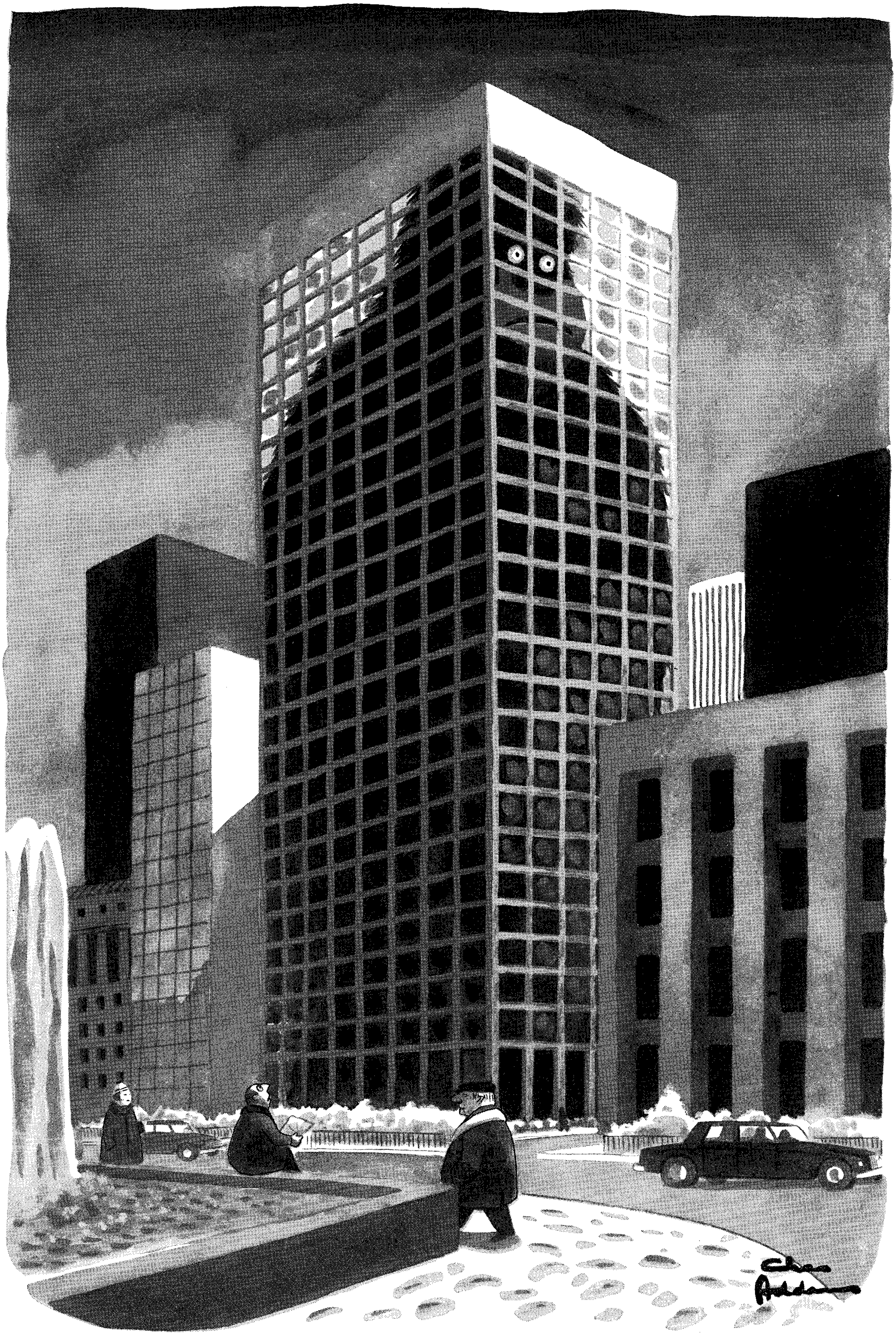
Unless we make it clear that there are serious diplomatic costs associated with such action, other matrons will assume that they can develop nuclear weapons with impunity.—*Senator Charles H. Percy in the Chicago Tribune.*

Indira Gandhi and who else?


Chas Addams

IDIOMS

NOW that my parents are old, I dread the prospect of their dying the way I dreaded it as a child, when the loss of one or the other always seemed to me to be imminent. My mother used to have weak spells that left her moaning and weeping, and afterward she had to be put to bed. I suppose it was a question of being both tired and discouraged, but in the world where she grew up tiredness and discouragement were inadmissible, and so she developed these alarming symptoms, which she called a heart condition.

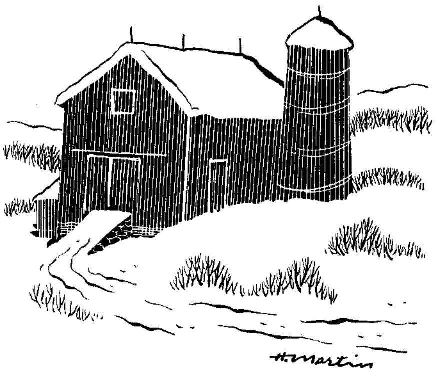
My worries about my father centered on the Second World War. I was afraid he'd be drafted and sent to Europe and killed there or listed as missing in action, but as it turned out he was never called up. Instead, a front of another sort opened at home. My father, too, had begun to be sick and tired of the limitations of his life, and his struggle against them took the form of betting on horse races. He lost all interest in our family, and my fears for his life changed to the fear that he'd leave us. Eventually he did, but after six months he returned, though he and my mother never resolved their quarrel with each other. It entered permanently into our lives, like matters of taste or domestic routine.

Rosemary, my middle sister, was the hardest hit. She became unstable, going from school to school, job to job, friend to friend, boyfriend to boyfriend. Grace, who's the oldest, left home and got married when she was twenty-two. As for me, I looked around and saw that there were people who didn't dwell under any such cloud as we did and I became preoccupied with these people and the way they lived, down to the smallest detail. The pictures on their walls, the slipcovers on their furniture, the dishes on their tables—all of it mattered to me and mattered a lot in the long run, for at some point my envy turned to ambition; or at least that's how I explain to myself why I became a decorator. It was a way of making an impression on a world where my parents, by virtue of their failure to get along, had no entrée. I was ready to leave them and their troubles behind but I wasn't taking into account the magnetism of family feeling, whatever its quality, and in fact I've never got beyond the pull of my parents' love and unhappiness. It's they who'll leave me behind one of these days, in the ordinary way that used to terrify me and now gives me a different cause for anxiety.

"IS everything all right?" my sisters and I ask each other after one of us has just been home. There are two or three things that can start trouble, the same two or three small things that have always started it. My mother might have been talking to one or another of her brothers and sisters, who are conceited, clannish people and make her discontented. Or my father could have paid a visit to his favorite sister, Adele, whose company makes the rest of us like strangers to him. Or he could have been drowning his sorrows. Or my mother could have been housecleaning, exhausting herself and driving my father mad with the smell of furniture polish and the sound of the vacuum cleaner. Why should my sisters and I take these things so to heart? Other people seem to build up a resistance to their family situation, but Grace and Rosemary and I can still be laid low when the old quarrel erupts, as if even now our lives depended on coming from a good family, having a happy home.

Yesterday when I visited my parents everything was all right except for a few sharp words just after I arrived. My father was sitting at one end of the sofa with the newspaper; at the other end was my mother, reading her prayer book, wearing a lavender wool shirtwaist dress. She was also wearing sneakers that belonged to my father, who was once persuaded to buy them for the beach, though he never put them on. It was quite a sight—my mother in sneakers. I can't remember ever seeing her so much as throw a ball, let alone take part in a sport; it's years since she even walked to the supermarket. I had to laugh, and then to pretend the laugh was meant not to criticize but to encourage: "You look nice and comfortable in your sneakers."

My mother wasn't fooled. "Someone might as well get some use out of them," she said both defensively and offensively.



My father was wearing gray flannel trousers and a red plaid shirt and he looked at least ten years younger than his age, which is seventy-six. After a minute he raised his eyes from the paper and said, "I came across a phrase the other day—'*Reader's Digest* mentality.' Is that a common expression?"

I said, "I don't know." My mother's sister Marie gets the *Reader's Digest*, and my father can't stand Aunt Marie.

He said, "But there must be such a thing, don't you think, as the '*Reader's Digest* mentality'?"

There is, of course, and my aunt is a perfect example, but I said, "Don't ask me." I resented his trying to line me up on his side and I wondered, as I have before, about the nature of his affections. He seems never to have investigated them, never to have noticed the various inflections of his own heart, and when he's called on to say how he feels he uses ready-made expressions. It's not as if he had no way with words. He's a witty man but when it comes to his feelings he resorts to clichés. "My children mean everything to me," he'll say, or "My family comes first." Recently he told me, "I'll never be able to thank you for what you've done." This was a few weeks ago, after we'd had a glimpse—or, as Rosemary called it, a dress rehearsal—of the scene we'll play in earnest one of these days.

At one o'clock on a Tuesday afternoon my mother telephoned and said in the measured voice that's so reassuring and so misleading, "I don't like to disturb you, Connie, but I thought I'd better tell you that Daddy's just been taken to the hospital."

The week before, he'd slipped on the ice and cracked a rib, having gone out for the paper very early in the morning in his bedroom slippers. On account of his carelessness he got no more than the required sympathy, and I felt guilty about this now that it appeared there were complications. "Has the rib got worse?" I asked my mother.

She said, "Apparently it's not the rib at all."

In my experience, catastrophe—the real thing—is always heralded by just some such unexpected twist. I braced myself. "Not the rib?" I said.

"It doesn't look like it. When he sat down to lunch he was white as a sheet. He said, 'I don't feel so well,' and he went in and lay down on the bed. The next thing I knew he was calling me from the bathroom. The bowl was full of blood, and when I helped him back to bed he said, 'I

"Damn it, Baxter, I'm a busy man, but, all right, just this once—'Who's there?'"

don't want to worry you but I think this is it.' I called an ambulance and got him to the hospital, and Dr. Bowen put him right into Intensive Care." Her voice came to rest on those last two words. My mother loves authority and its citadels. The bank, the hospital, the supermarket, department stores, school, church—she feels equally safe in all these places and, feeling safe, she also feels confident. For me, confidence is a matter of confronting the worst.

I said, "It sounds like at least an ulcer."

Mother said, "I've called Rosemary. She'll be here any minute."

Rosemary lives near my parents. I said, "What about Grace?" Grace lives in Baltimore.

Mother said, "I thought I'd hold off till there's something definite."

"When will that be?"

"I'm to call the hospital at two o'clock."

"I'll be up as soon as I can." I caught the one-fifty-five train. Riding past the slums and on into the soothing vistas of Westchester County, I thought of my childhood fear of being orphaned. I'd believed that without a father or mother I'd have no future, that I'd be emotionally stunted and, for all practical purposes, prevented from moving on into real life, but the fact of the matter is, any wholly or partly parentless people I've known have displayed a far greater aptitude for reality than I, who seem to lack the basic technique or perhaps the right approach. But I work at it, and here was the proof, here I was—a daughter on a speeding train, moving toward a bedside. What could be more true to life?

When I got to my parents' apartment, Rosemary and my mother were sitting in the living room with their coats on. From this I jumped to the conclusion that my father had died, but there were no red-rimmed eyes, no one was at a loss for words, and so I had to backtrack. "What's happening?" I asked.

Rosemary said, "I called the hospital half an hour ago. They told me he was resting."

"Whatever that means." I began unbuttoning my coat. I felt a little let down. Tragedy isn't preferable to mere trouble, but there's something to be said for having to rise to an occasion as well as deal with it.

"I imagine they've given him a sedative," Rosemary said. She's a literal person. Her green eyes are distractingly clear. Her short, reddish-brown hair curls naturally around her face. She has a ready smile and she cries easily, and when we're together she's usually mistaken for the younger. I strike people, by comparison, as distant and I also have an air of responsibility that's especially noticeable when I'm around Rosemary. Even when we were growing up I was the dependable one, the child who always put away her toys, the little girl who learned to iron and to cook before her older sister, the young woman who knew what she wanted to do and did it. But the balance has a way of shifting in families, and usually in the interest of the truth. When she was thirty Rosemary decided to go to law school, and her life took a turn for the better. Now she's married and lives in Mamaroneck and is in practice there with her husband. And it's my turn to be worried over. I'm the one who in fact inherited my father's streak of perversity. I'm choosy about the jobs I'll take on and I prefer to work at my own pace, so the living I make is precarious.

My mother said, "Did you have your lunch, Connie?"

I said, "Not really." I'd bought a bar of chocolate in Grand Central Station.

"Let me make you a sandwich," she said.

"How are we fixed for time?" I glanced over at Rosemary in a way that said *We've got to talk*. From the time we were children, my sisters and I have been exchanging these distress signals.

Rosemary said, "Actually, we're running late."

I said, "Let's get going then."

HOSPITALS have a mortal dullness along with their deadly glamour. The sick are pitiable in their boredom as well as in their pain—or so I thought until I visited my father in Intensive Care. It was a big room with a row of beds along one wall; opposite the open beds there were a number of glassed-in booths full of electronic equipment, and my father lay in one of these. There was a wonderful stillness about him, which the machine monitoring his heart and the tubes attached to his arm seemed to feed rather than intrude on. His fine, straight hair was spread out and thin-looking against the pillowcase. His eyes were closed; his lips were parted, and his mouth a little caved in. On his left wrist was a plastic identification bracelet that struck me as the right touch, for he bore no resemblance to his real, chipper self. He'd become an old man—any old man. After a minute or two he sensed our presence and opened his eyes and looked at us with such terror and sweetness that my heart went out to him. He's someone who asks for very little in the way of attention, and what comes to him even in the normal course of events he doesn't know what to make of. We moved over to the bed and kissed him, one by one, like communicants. "How do you feel, Frank?" my mother asked.

"I'm awfully tired." He smiled apologetically. "I suppose it's all the tests," he said.

"Are there any results yet?" Mother asked.

"Not that I know of." His eyes closed and then opened again. "I guess I lost a lot of blood," he said.

"You've had four transfusions," said my mother.

"Holy smoke! That's a lot of

blood." He smiled again. "For a little guy like me." He has no great opinion of himself, maybe even no particular thoughts on his own relative merits, which could be why he was never successful. Success, after all, requires a certain amount of self-importance, and he's too reasonable to have any illusions along that line.

Mother said, "Do you need anything?"

He said, "I wish I had my glasses."

She said, "Aren't they in your shaving kit?"

"Are they?" He looked confused; he began fingering the bedclothes.

"I thought I stuck them in there." Beside the bed was a low metal cabinet where my father's belongings had been put. Mother got down on her knees and began going through his things. When in doubt, in need, in sorrow, in anger, in frustration my mother will act. To be helpless is the closest she can come to despair, and when she got to her feet empty-handed she was wild-eyed. "You don't really need your glasses, do you?" she asked my father.

"I might get hold of a newspaper," he said.

"I'll drop them off," said Rosemary.

A pretty young nurse came into the booth and looked at us suspiciously. "How long have you been here?" she asked.

I said, "Just a few minutes."

"He's very weak." The nurse felt for my father's pulse. "I think you'd better leave."

My mother leaned over the bed. "Shall I call Adele?" she asked my father.

For a minute he looked irritated and a little less sick, a little more himself. "No, don't do that," he said. Adele, companion of his youth, partner in a hundred private jokes, would have been out of place in that cramped and businesslike cubicle. We who'd shared his bad times were the ones who belonged there, and the consciousness of this weighed on us and made us sharp with each other on the way back to the apartment.

My mother said, "If anything happens, Adele would want to be there."

I said, "Who knows?"

Rosemary said, "What have you got in the house in the way of food?"

"Will you be staying for supper?" Mother asked.

"I ought to go and see how Jake's fixed," said Rosemary.

"Why couldn't Jake come and eat with us?" My mother knows why or at least she should know—my sister's husband is Jewish; he observes the dietary laws to the letter, and though Mother makes an effort at keeping special pots and dishes, she gets things mixed up, and Jake is nervous at my parents' table.

Rosemary said, "I think I'd better check in with him and then come back."

"What about you, Connie?"

"I'm staying." It occurred to me that over the next few days I might be having quite a few suppers with my mother.

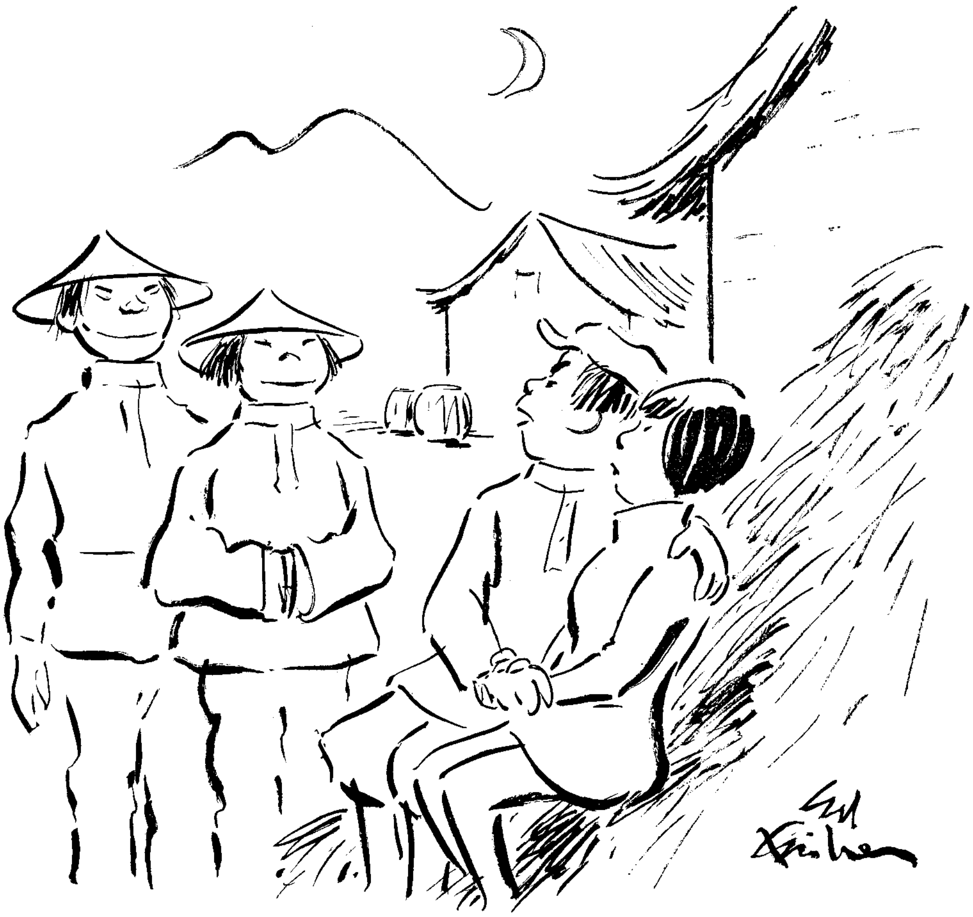
"Would you rather have fried chicken or lamb chops?"

I said, "I don't care."

That was how it went as we drove through the hard sunlight of that freezing winter afternoon. When we reached the apartment, Rosemary said, "You run in with Mother and get the glasses, Connie. I'll wait in the car."

I said, "O.K., I'll only be a minute." But I was several minutes. The glasses weren't where my father usually leaves them, on the end table in the living room. Mother headed for the kitchen. I went into the bedroom and looked through his pockets, then through his chest of drawers, but I had no luck. I tried the desk and as I was shuffling through the mess of papers I accidentally overturned a small cardboard box. There was the sound of a multitude of small objects falling in all directions; I bent over and began picking things up. There were two shoehorns, a folded yardstick, two hard candies wrapped in colored cellophane, four pencils worn down to stubs, a tarnished souvenir tie clasp, a pocket magnifying glass, a brass drawer handle in the shape of a daisy, a moldy gum eraser, an American-flag lapel pin (the most mystifying item in the collection; my father's patriotic but not rabid, and not in the least ostentatious), half a dozen rotten rubber bands, masses of paper clips, a penknife, and a strip of photographs of himself taken in a coin-operated machine. The photos were slightly overexposed, and the bleached look on his face reminded me of the look he had now in the hospital. It was the look of someone facing a gun or a ghost. I picked everything up and dumped it back in the box. My mother came into the bedroom with the glasses. "They were on top of the refrigerator," she announced, as if to say "Where else?"

"I'll drive back with Rosemary and bring them up to him. It'll save time," I told her, but this was the chance my sister and I were waiting for, and we took a few minutes to sit in the car re-



"You know the saying, Comrades: Two's company, three's a crowd, and four is a gang."

viewing the situation. Usually when we talk things over we dwell on the past, rehashing the events of our parents' lives that have led to this or that crisis, but my father's condition forced us into the future. Things will be changed by his death—or by my mother's. The survivor will probably go and live with Rosemary. I worry about this, but she was philosophical that afternoon. "There isn't any other way, really, and it'll be all right," she said. "Jake is so wonderful. The problem will be to keep him from being too indulgent. He has very tribal ideas about old people."

"Tribal?" I said, but I knew what she was getting at. Jake is an idealistic man, full of kindness and noble principles.

"He thinks they're sort of sacred," Rosemary said sheepishly.

I groaned. We both couldn't help laughing. "All the same, it doesn't seem fair," I said.

But we were premature with our speculation. When I went up to my father with his glasses, the doctor was there and he said, "I was just telling your dad he seems to be O.K." Dr. Bowen has a cast in his left eye which gives the effect of a twinkle, and it made me think he was making light of things for my father's benefit, but no, he was perfectly serious. "Nothing showed up on the X-rays," he went on.

"What caused all the bleeding?" I asked.

"He said he took a lot of aspirin for the cracked rib. That, combined with the painkiller we gave him, probably brought on acute gastritis."

"Gastritis?" It struck me as too trivial a term to apply to my father's dire symptoms, to the shocking change in his appearance, and, by extension, to the emotional workout my mother and my sister and I had been given.

"That's an inflammation of the stomach lining," the doctor explained.

I turned to my father. He looked relieved and embarrassed. I said, "How do you like that?"

He was a good patient but a high-handed one and he complained very amusingly about everything, especially the food. The first two days he was given nothing but antacid solution; then it was soup and jello. By that time he was ravenous, but when he was finally offered a menu and allowed to choose from it the lamb cutlet turned out to be ground lamb served in a paper cup, the peas were puréed, there was no salt and pepper, no gravy. He took to making up his own order and scrawling it across the card: "I'll have a ham sandwich with mustard on rye bread." Or "Give me a T-bone steak and some French-fried potatoes." I'd have thought this behavior would antagonize the nurses, but when I visited him I was impressed by the way he was treated. No one talked down to him or patronized him; instead they acted as if he were a well man, and an unusual one, and the day we took him home they asked that he come back and visit them. "Not on your life," he said. "From now on I go out of my way to avoid this place."

There was no holding him. The next day he was out and about, but I stayed home for nearly a week. It wasn't a bad time, all things considered. My mother has had to learn, over the years, to curb the generous impulses that come most naturally to her, but with a convalescent she lets herself go, and though my father hates fuss he'd had a good scare, and it made him tolerant; he accepted the eggnogs and the cups of beef broth and the chicken sandwiches with fairly good grace. Still, I was glad when I could get back to New York. I left after dinner on a Thursday. My father drove me to the train and, as we drew up to the station, he said, "I'll never be able to thank you for what you've done, Con." I shrugged it off as I usually do when he comes out with these things, but then I turned to say goodbye and I was struck by the look on his face. It showed an appreciation of his position and of mine which was surely beyond words and it made me question my own attitude. Is there any great virtue, I asked myself, in trying to put things well? For whose sake am I continually doing that—isn't it a matter of pleasing myself? And why should my father be required to strain after words of his own if the ready-made sentiments satisfy him? They lack originality, but the personal element is there, as it was there, however obscurely, in

THE PIGEON SHOOT

(Ireland)

When I was taken aside that day
I had the sense of election:

They dressed my head in a fishnet
And plaited leafy twigs through the branches

So my vision was a bird's
At the heart of a thicket

And I spoke as I moved
Like a voice from a shaking bush.

King of the ditchbacks,
I went with them obediently

To the edge of a pigeon wood,
Deciduous canopy, screened wain of evening

We lay beneath like effigies.
None came, but I waited silent

Among briars and stones, or whispered,
Or infringed waterlogged cobwebs

If I moved a muscle.
"Come back to us," they said, "in harvest,

When we hide in the stooked corn,
When the gundogs can hardly retrieve

What's brought down." And I saw myself
Rising to move in that dissimulation,

Topknotted, masked in sheaves, noting
The fall of birds—a rich young man

Leaving everything he had
For a migrant solitude.

—Seamus Heaney

• •

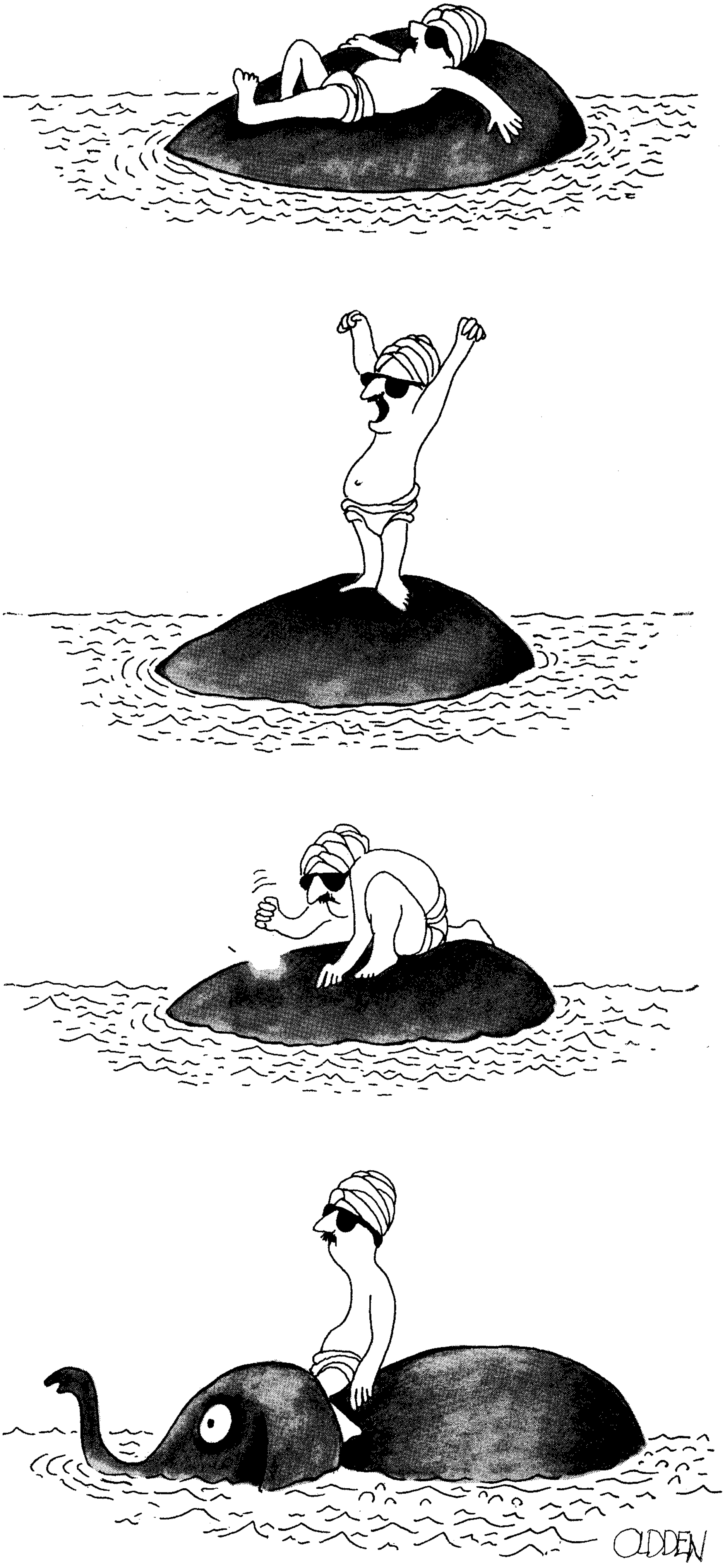
the objects I found when I overturned the box on his desk. I leaned over and kissed him and said, "Take care of yourself."

I was five minutes early for my train. It was cold out, but I stayed on the platform rather than in the waiting room, where it was stuffy. It was a beautiful evening—clear and still, with a sky full of stars—and I had a sense of returning to the world, that world I'd been so anxious to flee to when I was younger. It occurred to me that when my parents die my life will truly be stunted, for my thrilling flight will then be broken—I'll have no one to flee except myself, nothing to escape from except the confines of my own body. But for the present I'd been given a reprieve and as I waited for my train I had the old vague awareness of possibilities to be explored and time at my disposal. I was aware, too, of an affinity among the three or four other people on the platform and myself. That we were travelling in the middle of the week and at an off-hour showed that we all meant business of one kind or another—the woman with the overnight case who was nervously smoking a cigarette, the middle-aged man holding on to a musical-instrument case that was as tall as he was, the sailor who came out of the waiting room with a duffelbag on his back. Not a joyride among us, I thought.

In the middle of the platform there was a bench with an empty place that I decided to take advantage of. The girl I sat down next to was reading a book, a French grammar open to a lesson on idioms which began with a paragraph of explanation. An idiom, it said, can be an expression that's peculiar in itself by virtue of its grammatical construction, such as "You had better go." Or an expression may be idiomatic in that it has a meaning that can't be derived as a whole from the combined meaning of its elements. There were three examples, three separate sentences with their translations. The French vocabulary was easy enough, but indeed I couldn't derive the meaning from the combined meaning of its elements and so I took a look at the English. I found that the three sentences added up to something, a set of ideas that fell somewhere between syllogism and non sequitur—on the one hand methodical, on the other hand inspired:

There will be moonlight tonight.
It will be necessary to leave early.
There will always be problems.

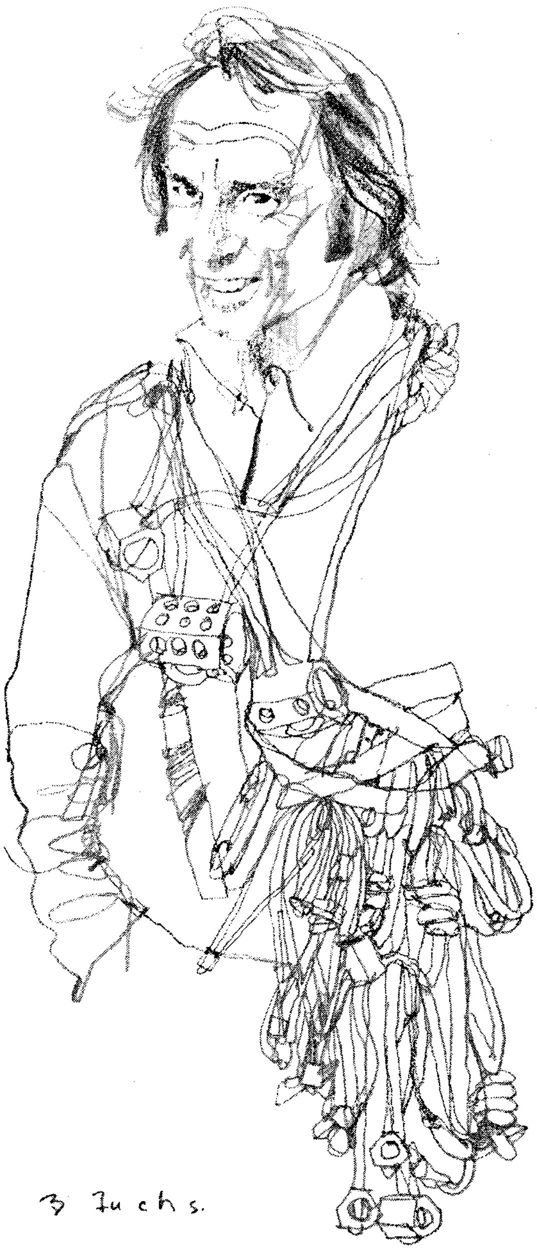
—Elizabeth Cullinan



PROFILES

ASCENDING

DEVOTEES of mountain climbing say that Yvon Chouinard, a thirty-eight-year-old climber who lives in Ventura, California, cannot get his hands on a piece of mountaineering equipment without instantly trying to think of ways to improve it. Chouinard has been climbing as often as possible, wherever possible, since he was sixteen years old, and today he is regarded as one of the greatest active mountain climbers in the world. He has done what is known among mountaineers as extreme climbing—often first ascents—in Canada, the United States, and Mexico, and as far south as Patagonia. He has made fifteen climbing trips to Britain and the Continent. He has climbed in New Zealand, on Mt. Kenya (where some of the guides used the metal climbing loops known as carabiners for earrings), and in the Himalayas of Pakistan. A list of Chouinard's first ascents would be almost endless, but one of the most notable was made in October of 1964 with Thomas Frost, Royal Robbins, and Chuck Pratt, all well-known California climbers. This was the ascent of the North America Wall of El Capitan, in Yosemite National Park—an area so called because in the middle of the wall is a large section of black diorite whose shape is roughly like that of the North American continent. The climbers spent ten days on the wall with nine hanging bivouacs—nine nights in hammocks suspended horizontally from the rock face, and with only down jackets for warmth. Harder climbs have subsequently been made in Yosemite, but when Chouinard and his friends climbed the North America Wall it was regarded as the hardest rock climb ever done anywhere in the world. The four men managed to haul two hundred pounds of food and sixty quarts of water along with them up a rock face that is three thousand feet high and absolutely vertical.



Yvon Chouinard

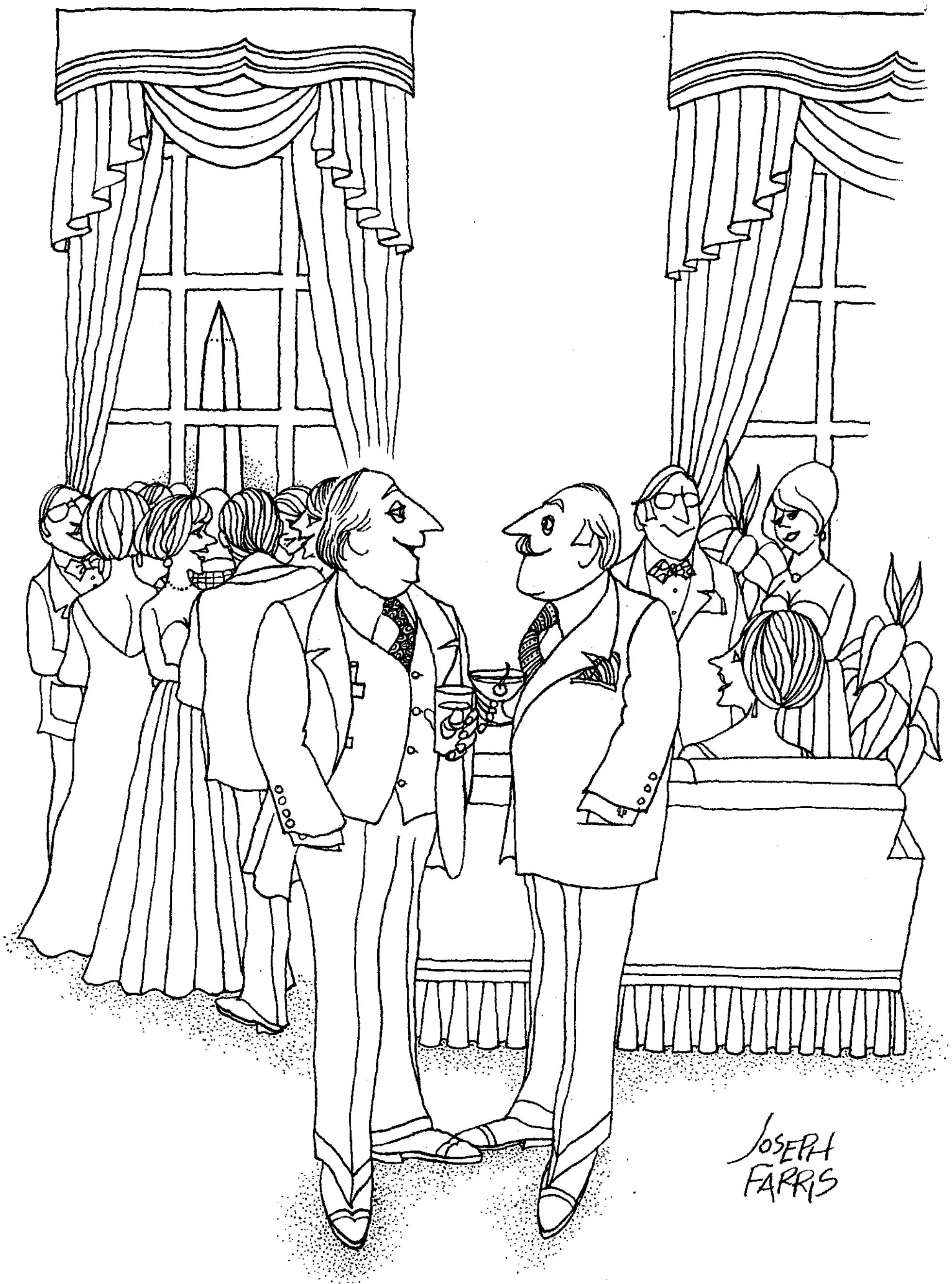
Quite apart from his extraordinary record as a climber, Chouinard has the reputation of being a virtuoso in the design of equipment. Alone or in collaboration with Frost, who was his business partner from 1966 until 1975 and then retired, Chouinard has systematically redesigned almost every piece of equipment used in climbing. His company, the Great Pacific Iron Works, in Ventura, has become one of the largest manufacturers of climbing equipment in the world, and this year Chouinard expects more than two million dollars in gross sales of climbing gear—both hardware (nuts, ropes, ice axes, crampons, carabiners, pitons of all sorts) and software (climbing pants, shirts, sweaters, packs).

The improvements that Chouinard and Frost have made in the design of climbing tools over the years have always had their start in some difficulty that the two men encountered in adapting existing equipment to their own climbing. The number and variety of their innovations are as dazzling as the list of their climbs; among their designs are the Chouinard-Frost ice axe and the RURP (Realized Ultimate Reality Piton). The design of the ice axe grew out of an attempt by Chouinard in 1968 to learn the French technique of ice climbing. Essential to ice climbing are crampons—downward-pointing metal claws to be strapped to the soles of climbing boots. In 1908, a British climber named Oscar Eckenstein developed a ten-point design that became widely accepted, and in 1931 an Italian guide and blacksmith named Laurent Grivel modified this design by adding to it two prongs pointing forward from the toe. The change enabled the climber to mount steep ice with front-pointing—driving the two forward prongs into the ice with hard kicks and climbing the ice as one would climb stairs. This technique, which came to be known as the German method, is especially suitable for the eastern Alps, where the climber encounters what is known as water ice. Water ice is frozen water that has been running—a frozen stream or a waterfall. It is brittle and extremely hard. In the western Alps, the ice that is encountered is glacier ice, which is compacted snow and is much softer and more porous. With the French technique, the climber on steep glacier ice ascends sideways, the feet placed firmly parallel to each other and at right angles to the inclination, making as much use as possible of the ten bottom points of the crampon. To maintain his balance, a climber using the French technique drives his ice axe in point first, like an anchor, above his head—a position that the French call *piolet ancre*. Chouinard, who was climbing in Europe when he tried to learn this technique, found that unless the ice axe was placed perfectly it tended to come out of the ice as soon as one began to climb. In 1968, he wrote an article on ice climbing—with photographs by Frost—for the Sierra Club journal *Ascent*. He noted, "The designs of most of the modern ice axes have evolved into all sorts of grotesque forms with weird handles, serrated and cupped adzes, ice-pick spikes, and other abnormalities that make them more suitable for assassinations than for climbing ice. I could write an entire treatise on the subtle forms and lines of the correctly made *piolet*. Try and use the average axe in the *piolet ancre* position and you will find that as you start putting weight on it, the pick will probably pop out and hit you in the eye. I had to forge my own axe before I realized that the French technique was *not* impossible to learn."

Indeed, after almost being hit in the eye a few times Chouinard borrowed every kind of ice axe that was then being used and went out on the Bossons glacier, in the Chamonix Valley of France, to see which axes worked best and why. He then designed his own model, and Frost, who has a bachelor's degree in aircraft engineering from Stanford and is an excellent draftsman, drew up the design. In the Chouinard-Frost model, the pick is replaced by a curved blade with deep serrations. The curve is designed so that it is consistent with the arc made by the arm when the axe is swung. This axe sticks into ice of any hardness and requires some effort to remove, yet it also works well for cutting steps—the purpose for which ice axes were originally designed. The Chouinard-Frost ice axe, of chrome-nickel steel, is manufactured by an Italian cutlery firm, and sells for about sixty dollars. All modern ice axes make use of the basic Chouinard-Frost design. In addition, the modern ice climber uses a second axe—a mini-axe, or ice hammer—held in the other hand. One of these implements is used as an anchor while the other is being driven into the ice above. At all times, the climber is held to the ice at three points—some combination of ice axes and crampons.

The Realized Ultimate Reality Piton grew out of an abortive attempt in 1960 by Chouinard and Frost to climb the west face of Kat Pinnacle, in Yosemite. On this face, there are no cracks large enough to hold ordinary pitons, which are metal spikes or wedges topped by a loop that a rope can be strung through. Since a crack must normally be at least a sixteenth of an inch wide to accept a piton, what was needed was something that could be hammered into incipient cracks. The RURP, which is made of chrome-nickel steel, is half an inch long and weighs half an ounce; it looks like a slightly thickened razor blade. Despite its small size, it has held substantial falls, although the Iron Works catalogue warns, "A good deal of practice is necessary before one can become proficient and confident in the use of the RURP. It is a good idea to practice placing them on a boulder and standing in étriers"—ladders made from loops of webbing or with metal rungs suspended between two nylon ropes—"to see just how little a RURP will hold." Chouinard estimates that this year the Iron Works will sell three thousand RURPs, but he is convinced that most of them are being bought for souvenirs or watch-fob ornaments or the like. In any event, since 1972, when the first substantial company catalogue appeared (the company was then known as Chouinard Equipment, and it changed its name when it incorporated, in 1973), Chouinard has done everything he could to discourage the use of pitons altogether, in favor of the climbing implements known as chocks, which are small pieces of metal wedged, not hammered, into cracks to hold ropes. Unlike most pitons, they are easily removable. In 1971, Chouinard became an apostle of "the clean-climbing ethic," and if he had his way there would be few circumstances in which a rock climber would be allowed to hammer a piton into a rock and leave it there.

According to Doug Scott, a British climber and the author of "Big Wall



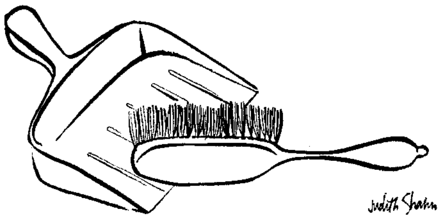
"Since we think alike, why don't I put all my assets in a blind trust managed by you and you put all your assets in a blind trust managed by me?"

Climbing," a definitive history of the climbing of great mountain faces, the use of the chock began in 1926, on a climb of Clogwyn du'r Arddu, a rock face in Wales. The climbers carried chock stones—small rocks—which they wedged into cracks in the wall. Around these stones they looped short pieces of rope, or runners, to which, for protection, they attached carabiners—D-shaped aluminum snap-gate links that allow a rope to be attached to a piton or a chock or a runner without untying the rope or threading it through—and strung a rope as they climbed. By the nineteen-forties, it was common practice for British climbers to stuff their pockets with pebbles from local streams before heading for the crags. There is a railroad in Wales that runs close to Clogwyn du'r Arddu, and climbers would trudge along the tracks before making an ascent. From time to time, a large nut would detach itself from the railway tracks, and in the early nineteen-fifties climbers began picking these nuts up and making use of them. The nuts were better than the chock stones, for a rope could be fitted through the hole, and the metal stuck solidly to the rock. In the early nineteen-sixties, a British blacksmith named John Brailsford began machining metal wedges of various sizes, which were even better than the railway nuts. By 1967, these wedges were fitted with wire loops, and the modern version does not differ from them greatly in basic design.

Chouinard began using chocks—his first ones were made from aluminum aircraft nuts—back in 1959 and 1960, while he was climbing in the Tetons, but it was more than a decade later that he became a really strong advocate of them. Scott quotes a response to a letter that he wrote Chouinard in 1970 asking him about the attitude of Yosemite climbers toward this technology. Chouinard replied, "I've found nuts very useful on artificial climbing"—climbs that require the use of pitons or other aids for progress or rest—"when the rock is very poor. . . . But I would never substitute a nut for a piton in a normal situation. I've climbed with nut fanatics like Robbins, who insist on using them. . . . I can assure you he spends twice as much time . . . placing them [as] if he just nailed it." Not long after that, however, Chouinard discovered that pitons in Yosemite were ruining the rock. Pitons can destroy delicate cracks in rock, and some climbs—in regions in California like Yosemite, where it is customary to remove pitons—have been ruined by piton scars. The cracks become perforated, like the edges of a postage stamp. Chouinard has said, "I always thought of rock climbing as a completely harmless sport—one that did not hurt anyone. But I came to realize that it could do great harm to the rocks." Small cracks that could once take only RURPs now needed large pitons, and soon new cracks developed every few feet. The rock was simply being beaten to pieces.

When Chouinard and Frost changed their technique, they began to manufacture a wide variety of chocks. The present Iron Works catalogue lists fourteen sizes of hexentrics—chocks shaped like irregular hexagons, which can be wedged into the rock at various angles. It also lists sixteen sizes of stoppers—chocks with pyramids at the ends. There are five sizes of tube chocks, as long as six inches, which are for large cracks. And there are five sizes of crack'n-ups—tiny, anchor-shaped chocks used instead of RURPs for clean climbing in incipient cracks. Chouinard estimates that a serious rock climber should have about twenty chocks, of different sizes and shapes, along for an average artificial climb, and perhaps sixty for a major face. For a time, some of the younger climbers accused Chouinard of a certain hypocrisy, claiming that he had used pitons on all his hard routes but was now recommending to them strange and perhaps unproved practices. As an answer, in 1973 Chouinard and a Washington climber named Bruce Carson (who died during an ascent in India in 1975) climbed the Nose route on El Capitan taking only chocks along—not pitons. This is one of the hardest rock climbs in Yosemite, and the two men completed it with no serious hitches—a feat that seems to have quieted the skeptics.

The 1972 Chouinard catalogue is



HEAVY SNOWFALL IN A YEAR GONE PAST

Heavy snowfall in a year gone past
hammered the sudden edge
of the house foundations
to a rounder world,
a whiter light after the end of day.
My favorite coat, a petty fake,
hangs after the seasons,
a beaten animal grinning buttons.
It became quite real to me
and now is matted on a hook.
How far away what mattered
has flourished without me
along the tasty road in the wood:

clark, clark, the hidden birds call,
or do wrong, do wrong, someone
do wrong, snapping apples
from out in the woodside, telling
their father's names   pie cannonrude
barkwithfist   brendanbewithcherries . . .

It is a vast field
where snow will fall again.
Is the vast field ownership
or a presence of mind?

While they are young
the old provide;
the moon gets full and looks down judging
not the maze of anger
but the fury
at the wasted years,
at the waste of the tender snow.
Wasted, wasted, the birds crackle,
wasted on you.

—LAURA JENSEN

• •

"All right, saints, that's your cue. Come marching in."

• •

regarded by climbers as something of a collector's item. It sold for a dollar, and ten thousand copies were printed. Not a single copy is left in the Chouinard office. On the cover is a sixteenth-century Chinese scroll painting, "Landscape in the Spirit of Verses by Tu Fu," by Wen Chia, and among the contents are quotations from a variety of notable intellects. Page 1 has a magnificent photograph of the east face of the Moose's Tooth, a mountain in Alaska, over which is printed a sentence from Albert Einstein: "A perfection of means and confusion of aims seems to be our main problem." To prevent any confusion of aims, there is an excellent fourteen-page instructional section, written by the well-known Sierra guide and alpinist Doug Robinson, on how clean-climbing equipment is to be used. Using chocks requires a more intimate relationship with the rock than hammering in a piton does. Often two or more chocks must be stacked together to provide enough of an anchor point, and frequently several such anchor points are used in conjunction—like the trusses of a bridge—to strengthen the system. All these matters are thoroughly discussed in the catalogue, along with, of course, the characteristics of the equipment—and prices are not forgotten. The whole thing so much resembles a small book that it has been reviewed as one. Writing in the 1973 edition of *The American Alpine Journal*, published annually by the American Alpine Club, the climber and photographer Galen Rowell asked, "What is a commercial catalogue doing in the book-review section?" He answered, "It contains more information on the ethics and style of modern climbing than any other publication in our language."

HAVING been a mountain climber for the past three decades, and having encountered Chouinard's reputation both in this country and abroad but never the man himself, I decided recently to go to California to meet him. When I called him to arrange the visit, he said that he would pick me up at the Ventura County Airport, and added, "Stay at the house. We have visitors all the time and live on the beach. It's not bad." When I arrived, I was greeted by a short, rugged-looking man in bluejeans and a wool shirt. Like many of the world's best mountain climbers, Chouinard is short—perhaps five feet five. (The Sherpas of Nepal are, on the average, about five feet three.) And, like all of them, he is exceedingly strong. Every first-rate climber has powerful hands and fingers. Though climbing is done primarily with the feet, strong hands are essential for manipulating ropes and other gear, and they are an extra safety factor in areas where footholds are uncertain. For a man of his size, Chouinard has large hands. He has a broad, open, tanned face.

We got into a well-worn car and, after a drive of twenty minutes, arrived at a white wooden cottage whose back door was only thirty-five feet from the ocean. Chouinard's wife, Malinda, whom he met some ten years ago when both were mountain climbing (they have been married for six years), has had to put up a small wooden gate on the back porch to keep their son, Fletcher, who is almost two years old, from following his father out to sea. The beach on which the Chouinards live is known in southern California as one of the best beaches for surfing, and each morning at sunrise Chouinard gets up to examine the quality of the waves. If the waves look good, he dons a black wet-suit and selects one of two translucent surfboards he has stored on the ceiling beams of his living room. The boards have keels like shark fins, and there is a safety cord to attach the board to a surfer's leg, to keep it from running away if he takes a spill. When I was there, gray whales were migrating south to Baja and could be seen spouting behind the congregating surfboard riders. From time to time, the phone rang in the living room, and Malinda gave out information to surfing friends who were not in a position to inspect the waves.

Probably because Chouinard has spent so much time on expeditions, he does a good deal of cooking. He is now learning Japanese cookery, and soon after I arrived he began to study a cookbook to find out how to prepare a substantial fish in Oriental style. After dinner, which featured the fish, and

"I'm writing my autobiography, to set the record straight."

• •

was excellent, I asked Chouinard if he would tell me something about his life and about how he had discovered the mountains.

"I was born in Lewiston, Maine, on November 9, 1938, of French-Canadian parents," he said. "We lived in Lisbon, Maine, a town that was almost evenly divided between French-Canadians and Yankees. Until I was seven, I went to a parochial school, where everyone spoke French. In fact, until I was eight I couldn't speak English at all. When I was seven, my father, who was a plumber, moved the family—I have two older sisters and an older brother—to Burbank, near Los Angeles. He has asthma, and he came out here for his health. They put me in public school—an English-speaking school—and I couldn't speak English. It was traumatic. I can understand how Puerto Ricans and Chicanos feel about going to an English-speaking school. It's rough. After about a week, they took me out and put me in a parochial school, where I got along a little better. The teachers spent more time trying to get me to talk. But I became sort of a loner—a wise kid. All through that period, I was spending my time out of school outdoors in the hills—the Hollywood Hills and the like. Before the other kids were even allowed to cross the street, I was taking my bike and riding for miles to sneak in to private lakes to go fishing. My big dream was to become a trapper—my French-Canadian background—and I read every book about trapping I could get my hands on. I spent all my time either outdoors or reading about the outdoors. I couldn't adapt to high school at all. I had a few friends. All the geeks. Couldn't dance, scared to death of girls. We joined a club—the California Falconry Club—and spent our time looking for hawks' nests and trapping hawks and banding them for the government. There were some adults in the club, who taught us things and kept an eye on us—particularly Robert Klimes, who was a schoolteacher. But it was a man named Don Prentice, another member of the club, who first taught us something about climbing. We had been climbing hand over hand on ropes down to these falcon aeries on the ledges of cliffs. But he taught us how to rappel—to wrap the rope around one's body and slide down on it. We just went crazy over that. We thought that rappelling was the greatest thing in the world. I'd go out for hours and practice rappelling. We used to hop freights that went from Burbank to Chatsworth, at the other end of the San Fernando Valley. The trains had to go uphill there, and we'd jump off. There were some big cliffs at Chatsworth, and every weekend we went out there to practice rappelling. We kept pushing the limits of rappelling. We'd take a hundred-foot cliff and instead of rappelling down it in twenty hops we'd see how few hops we could do it in. We developed all-leather outfits, huge leather pads and everything, so that we could do these hot, burning rappels—just smokers—in one or two hops."

"It was lucky nobody got killed," I said.

"I nearly did get killed," Chouinard said. "I went out in the desert with a friend—Ken Weeks, with whom I did a lot of climbing later—to a prairie falcon's aerie. There was this tremendous overhanging cliff, more than four hundred feet high, and I tied three ropes together. The hanging rope was so heavy I could hardly pull it up with my arms to feed it through to rappel. Weeks grabbed the rope and wrapped it around his body and stuffed himself behind some boulders so that he could hold me. He was a tremendously strong guy. I had some rope slings around my neck, and when I hit the first knot it wouldn't go through the slings. My arms were so tired from lifting the rope that I couldn't pass the knot through. I just hung there in midair with the rope wrapped around my body. I finally reached the point where I couldn't hang there anymore. I couldn't stand

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it. I was going to count to ten and then let go. I started to count and got to eight and the knot came through—popped through. I slid down to the ground and went into convulsions, because my body had been so tense. Weeks, who hadn't known what was happening, found me, and said I had been hanging on the rope for three and a half hours. It was one of the closest calls I have ever had. That was the end of the rappelling. Now I hate rappelling. I'll down-climb anything before I rappel it. At the time, we thought that rappelling was the whole thing. When I was sixteen, I went out to Chatsworth one weekend and was rappelling down the cliff and there was a guy from the Sierra Club climbing *up* it. I couldn't believe it. Well, Don Prentice showed us a little about climbing—how to use ropes, and so on—and we began to climb up to falcon aeries instead of rappelling down into them."

I asked Chouinard if there had been many climbers in California at that time—in the first half of the nineteen-fifties.

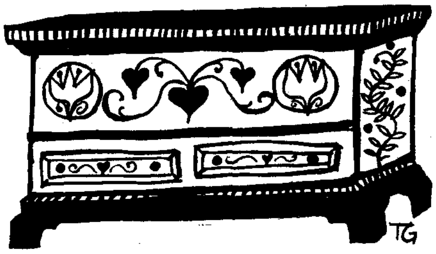
"No. There were just a handful," he said. "Those were the days of wearing tennis shoes for rock climbing—there were no climbing boots, or anything like that. In fact, even five years later, if you were hiking along in a mountain area and you saw the footprint of a cleated sole, that meant a climber, and if you caught up with him you probably knew him or you both knew the same people. I got in with the rock-climbing section of the Sierra Club in Los Angeles, along with people like Royal Robbins, Bob Kamps, Mark Powell, and T. M. Herbert. Another strong climbing group was in San Francisco. They had Al Steck, one of the best American climbers, and Chuck Pratt and Warren Harding, and people who had climbed in Europe and had kept up with what was going on. In Los Angeles, we were cut off from that group. They were doing their climbing in Yosemite, and we were doing a lot of ours at Tahquitz Rock—a big rock near Palm Springs, about a thousand feet high. But it was a good area and produced some fine climbers. Between that and Chatsworth, we got to climb all the time."

At this point, the conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Fletcher, now learning to walk, who attempted a delicate traverse along a living-room couch. He misjudged a maneuver between two cushions and sat down on the floor, looking puzzled. "Fletcher, you are a turkey," Chouinard said. Fletcher stood up shakily and continued.

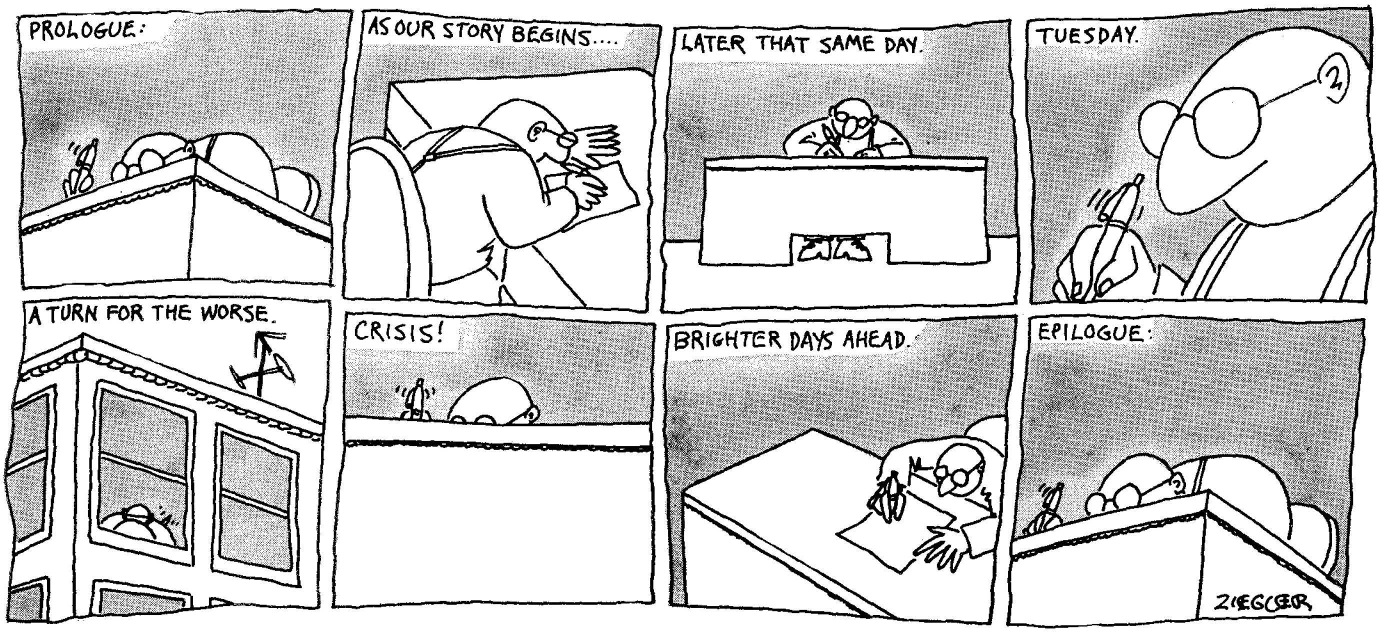
Chouinard went on, "When I was in high school, I rebuilt an old 1940 Ford sedan—the engine and everything. The only classes I could stand were the auto-mechanics and shop classes. I was a pure geek—the worst—and I couldn't stand to be among people. In the auto-mechanics class, I'd just get on my creeper and crawl under a car and spend the whole class there. So I rebuilt this old car. That is when I really broke away. I remember the feeling of driving in the desert, in hundred-degree temperatures, with all those Oldsmobiles and Cadillacs stopped by the side of the road with their hoods up—overheating—and I was just tootling right by them. That summer, I drove out to the Wind River Range, in Wyoming—the Green River Lakes area—to meet Don Prentice and a few others. We were going to do Gannett Peak, which is the highest mountain in Wyoming—my first real climb. Well, there were no guidebooks, and we didn't even know which peak was which. Then when we found Gannett Peak, which was nearly fourteen thousand feet, we couldn't decide what route to take. I thought we should go up a face, and they wanted to keep in the gullies and go off in another direction. So we split up, and I soloed the face. I never dreamed that mountains were that big. I couldn't believe it. Everything looked so short, but it went on for hours and hours. As far as I know, that was a new route on Gannett Peak, but, God, I don't know where it is—somewhere on the west side. I remember doing some hairy things, not knowing what I was doing. I had some Sears, Roebuck boots on, with no cleats, and I got up onto the snowfields near the summit—these big snowfields that drop off for thousands of feet. A thunderstorm coming on. I was really psyched out, but somehow I got out of there."

It is unusual—to put it mildly—for someone to do a solo first ascent on a maiden climb. "From the beginning, you must have been very gifted at climbing," I said.

"Yes," Chouinard said. "I was sixteen, but all I had been doing for nearly sixteen years was climbing trees and hiking. Climbing was just natural to me. In fact, I went from the Wind Rivers directly to the Tetons, also in Wyoming, for my second climb. I couldn't find anyone who wanted to go with me. At that time, the only people who were travelling around to do any climbing were college kids. Climbers in California rarely got out of California, and Colorado climbers rarely got out of Colorado. The only people who got around were guys from places like Dartmouth, Harvard, and Yale. They had climbing clubs back East, and they would go West every summer. Still, when I got to the Tetons I couldn't find anyone to climb with. I had no experience, and the climbers there didn't want to fool with me at all. Finally, I got in with a couple of guys from Harvard or Dartmouth or somewhere. They were going to do a climb known as Templeton Crack, on Symmetry Spire. The crux pitch is a chimney crack—a three-sided slot where you wedge your body in and inch your way up. It is a very disagreeable climb. The crack is covered with slime, and early in the season—late June—it was about the worst thing they could have picked. Anyway, we were climbing along, and I was making believe that I knew what I was doing. They roped me up in the middle. We got up to the crux pitch, and the lead guy went up and came down, went up and came down—he really didn't want to do it. Then the other guy went up and tried it, and he couldn't do it. So they looked over at me and said, 'It looks like you're going to have to do it.' They roped me up first and said, 'Here are the pitons.' I didn't even know what pitons were. So I just faked it all and went up there and did the thing—my second climb. Pretty lucky there. You can make a lot of mistakes. And so in the next few years I went into the Tetons for three solid months every summer."



After leaving high school, Chouinard went to work for his brother, Gerald, who was a private detective employed by Howard Hughes. (Gerald Chouinard has retired from detective work now and is employed by the Great Pacific Iron Works.) One of their jobs was to guard a yacht sixteen hours a day for several months. Hughes was thinking of buying the yacht, but before he bought it he had to inspect it, and before he was willing to inspect it it had to be germfree. So Chouinard and his brother guarded the yacht to make sure that no one who might deposit germs got on it while Hughes


PROLOGUE:
AS OUR STORY BEGINS....
LATER THAT SAME DAY.
TUESDAY.
A TURN FOR THE WORSE.
CRISIS!
BRIGHTER DAYS AHEAD.
EPILOGUE:
ZIEGLER

• •

was thinking of buying it. Chouinard was also going to a junior college in the San Fernando Valley, and he studied geography there for two years. By that time, he had extended his climbing activities to the Canadian Rockies, where he went with Ken Weeks. "All during those years after high school, I was very, very poor, and so were the people I climbed with," Chouinard said. "We rarely got a square meal. The Alpine Club of Canada had a big base camp, and we knew that when the climbers abandoned the camp they would leave a lot of food behind. So we waited, and carted the food back to where we were, fifteen miles away—loads and loads of potatoes, carrots, and flour. We ate ground squirrels and porcupines and wild grouse. In the Tetons once, we cleaned out some old incinerators—huge concrete incinerators—and lived inside them for the summer."

Chouinard paused, and then went on. "I took a bad fall in the Tetons one summer—the only time I've really got hurt. Bob Kamps and I were trying to do the first ascent of a thing called the Crooked Thumb. The whole wall is overhanging. I had climbed up to a spot underneath one overhang and had then used ropes and étriers to do the overhang. Just above that, there was a slightly overhanging wall. I looked at it and thought I could do it. You have to decide right then and there whether you can or not, because you can't just stop in the middle of an overhanging wall and put up protection. You can't let go with your hands. I took off, and I was able to put in one runner around a rock, but that was all. I got to within about three feet of a ledge and my arms were shot. I was just going to make it. There was a loose handhold. I knew it was loose, but if you pull on a loose handhold in the right direction, sometimes you can use it. That's what I tried to do, and it broke. So I free-fell about a hundred and sixty feet, to the end of the rope. Luckily, it was a small-diameter rope—nine-millimetre. So it took up the shock, and I didn't break any ribs or anything, although I was bruised and somehow opened a big gash in my leg—down to the bone. I was hanging in midair, which would have been a pretty serious thing except that I landed directly level with our last belay spot. I got myself swinging, and I swung in until I could grab some blocks that were there. It was an unbelievable miracle. Kamps rappelled down, and I had to pull him in, the overhang was so great. It was late in the day. It was getting cold—down below freezing. We couldn't go down from there directly, because the wall below us was overhanging, too. And I was wearing shorts. I had thought that we could do the climb in one day. Luckily, we found a little finger traverse that went right along the wall and around a corner and turned into a little horizontal ledge. We were able to creep along it for something like two hundred feet, and that got us off the wall. Then we had to descend the other side of the mountain about five thousand feet into the valley at night—down-climbing snowfields and through brush. That was rough, with my bad leg. When you're going at night like that, you learn to follow your feet—they reach out. They're like eyes. So I could feel the trail at the bottom with my feet when we got to it. I relaxed and was walking along when all of a sudden I hit an aspen stump, right on my sore leg. Oh, man! I just broke down and started sobbing. The next day, I went to see a doctor, and he spent about an hour pulling pine needles and all kinds of seeds and everything else out of my leg.

"That was a really bad experience for me. It took me three years to get my mind back to where it was before the fall—three years in which I spent winter and summer, all the time, climbing. Just travelling all over the country and climbing, climbing, climbing. Taking that fall really made an impression on me. One reason was that I couldn't climb immediately afterward. My leg was bad, and I couldn't climb for about a month. Another reason was that in that climb I had made a decision. I had said, 'Well, I can do that.' I'd gone for it, and it had turned out that I couldn't do it. It would have been different if I had got hit by a rock or something like that had happened—something that wasn't my own doing. Afterward, every time I went climbing and got myself in a similar situation—small holds, face climbing, overhangs—I couldn't control myself. My legs would shake. I'd never been bothered by that before. I used to do some very, very bold leads—a hundred feet up. I couldn't do it anymore. It took three full years before I got it back. But I did."

I ASKED Chouinard how he was earning his living back then.

"I was doing some guiding, and odd

jobs, like haying," he said. It was at about this time that Chouinard borrowed eight hundred and twenty-five dollars and thirty-five cents in cash from his parents to pay for a forging die of a type sold by ALCOA in Los Angeles, which he planned to use in the manufacture of carabiners. "There was this big, fancy building in Los Angeles, and this eighteen-year-old kid—me—walked in with cash to pay for a machine. They didn't know what to do with cash—how to process it. It just wouldn't go through the system. They were laughing. I had it down to the thirty-five cents. Anyway, I got it. I had a drill press and a grinder, and I did everything by myself, just about by hand. You see, up to that time all the climbing equipment here was imported from Europe, but I thought I could make better stuff." The Chouinard carabiner, made of aluminum, has now gone through five design changes.

Next, Chouinard turned his attention to the manufacture of pitons. Up until the nineteen-forties, climbing pitons were made of malleable iron, so that they could be more easily wedged into irregular cracks. These pitons were not meant to be used over and over, and on long climbs dozens of them had to be carried. Then, in 1946, John Salathé, a blacksmith living in Palo Alto, California, worked a radical change in the design of pitons. Salathé, who was born in 1901 in Switzerland, had taken up climbing in California in his middle forties after experiencing a series of mystic visions. Chouinard became friendly with Salathé somewhat later, and he now told me, "Salathé had some kind of weird Swiss religion and was spending all his time reinterpreting the Bible to his own liking. He thought that he was dying from some terrible disease and also that people were trying to kill him. Well, at that time an angel came down to him while he was working at his forge and told him to stop eating meat. This angel said, 'John, look at the cows out in the field. What do they eat?' John said, 'Well, they eat grass.' The angel said, 'That's right, John. Now look at the horses out there. What do they eat?' 'Well,' John said, 'they eat grass, too.' 'That's right, John. They eat grass. And the horses are healthy, and they work all day long. Look at you. You're almost ready to die.' And Salathé became a vegetarian and became very, very healthy. He got more visitations from angels, and they told him to go into the mountains. Salathé and I got along really well together. He knew that I was a blacksmith and that I was making pitons, and we talked about that. But he couldn't communicate with most of the other young climbers at all. In 1964, when Robbins, Pratt, Frost, and I climbed the North America Wall of El Capitan, he came out to watch us. We were just dots—a thousand feet up. There were several other climbers watching from below, with binoculars and spotting scopes. On this wall, you had no idea where you were going. You can't see any cracks from below—no systems. You just have to get out on the climb and go for it. Well, a few of the climbers who recognized Salathé said to him, 'Do you want to use the binoculars, John?' And he said, 'No, I can see them.' He plotted our whole route from down below, I was told later. He would say, 'Ah, yes, from there they will go this way and this way'—and we didn't even know ourselves. With his naked eye he saw the whole route, just like that. And when we came down, he came over and congratulated us. He asked me what we had been eating. I made it sound as if we had been eating only vegetarian foods—nuts, dates, cheese, and eggs. I didn't mention the salami we had along. And Salathé said, 'Ah, that's why you did so well—vegetables.' "

Shortly after becoming a vegetarian, Salathé had joined the rock-climbing section of the Sierra Club in San Francisco, and had begun making rock climbs in Yosemite that were then the hardest ever made in the United States. One of the most extraordinary was his climb of the Lost Arrow Spire, near Yosemite Falls. This is a spire that rises in isolation but whose peak is only a hundred feet or so from the brow of a nearby cliff. It had been considered absolutely unclimbable. Salathé made two attempts to climb the spire from the notch, and on the second one he got to within fifty feet of the summit. He was sure that he could finish the route, but before this happened a four-man party did reach the summit, by a rather strange procedure. They threw a rope over the summit from the cliff and then used this rope to climb the last pitch to the summit; they rigged a sort of aerial tramway with their ropes, and also used it to return to the cliff. Their feat was regarded by most climbers as proof that the upper part of the spire was indeed unclimbable.

Undaunted, Salathé and his climbing partner, a carpenter named Anton Nelson, trained for months, and went as long as possible without water, until they had reduced their water intake to something like a pint a day. On August 30, 1947, they set out from the base of the spire. They reached the summit a hundred and three hours later—after five days and four bivouacs, with only rock ledges to sleep on. "It would have been nothing if there had already been a series of two- and three-bivouac climbs in this country," Chouinard told me. "This would have been just one step more. But I think there had never been more than a one-bivouac rock climb in the whole country. For them to go out and do a four-bivouac climb of that difficulty was like someone going out and suddenly doing a two-minute mile. It was incredible. And Salathé was in his late forties at the time."

Included in the climbing equipment that Salathé and Nelson had along were about eighteen pitons that Salathé had forged by hand. It turned out that the best of these were made of metal from Model A Ford front axles—a tough alloy of chrome, vanadium, and steel. Although Salathé had made these pitons for his own use, they were so good that they revolutionized the construction of the climbing piton. The reason was that these pitons were just the opposite of the classic European piton—they were not malleable. This meant that they could be used again and again. More important, they were much safer than the malleable ones. A piton is usually driven into a crack in a rock at a down-sloping angle. If a climber falls, the force applied to the piton is primarily downward, and, unless the rock breaks, the piton can come out only if it is bent by the force of the fall. The stiffer the piton, the safer it is.

I asked Chouinard whether it was an

angel that had inspired Salathé to make pitons out of Model A Ford axles.

"No," he replied. "It was his experience as a blacksmith. In 1957, when I started my equipment business, Salathé had almost quit climbing, and his pitons were not available anyway. Almost no one in the country was making pitons. So I bought myself a little hand forge—a coal forge—and an anvil and some hammers and some tongs. I got some books and learned blacksmithing, and started making pitons out of chrome-molybdenum steel. All my machinery was portable, so I just loaded it all in my car and made the stuff wherever I was. I'd sell it directly to climbers. About the same time, I took up surfing, so I'd travel up and down the California coast from Big Sur to San Diego, staying in a place for a day or two and hammering out pitons before I moved on to another place to work some more. The same with the carabiners. They were almost handmade, and I had portable vises. I'd hold the carabiners in a vise and file on them or hand-drill them."

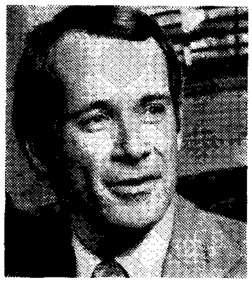
"Could you make a living doing that?" I asked.

"Yes," Chouinard answered. "By that time, there were enough climbers. I'd sell the pitons and the carabiners in climbing areas in the summer, and in the winter, when there wasn't anybody climbing, I'd stockpile them to sell the next summer. I'd move from one climbing area to another, just climbing and selling my gear. I could make two pitons an hour. For years, I used to sit at the forge sometimes eight hours a day making pitons. That was hard work. I sold my pitons for a dollar and a half. At first, there was a lot of resistance to paying that much for them. The European pitons were selling for something like thirty cents. It took quite a few years before people realized how good mine were and that they were worth it." Now most pitons, including European ones, are made of a tough steel alloy.

"It does not sound like an arrangement that would ever make you very rich," I remarked.

"No," Chouinard said. "I had no idea how long it was going to last. I did not think I would make it my life's work. I never knew what I wanted to do, really. I enjoyed travelling, but I never dreamed that I was going to make a business out of selling climbing equipment—although I did know that someday climbing would become popular. I had seen some sports, like skin diving, grow from just a few freaks to an incredibly technological

"New York and I just can't say goodnight."



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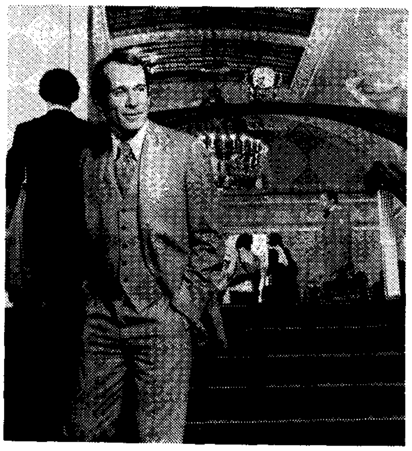

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sport, with millions being made in the business of selling equipment for it. I knew that climbing would be the same someday, even though climbing tends to be a little different from a lot of other sports. It attracts the introverts—the real oddballs. They are the people who stay in climbing. They get into it and stay in it for quite a while. But in the last few years climbing has become an 'in' thing. A lot of college kids take it up, through their outdoor clubs, and just the guy off the street wants to get into it. But they go into it and they get out of it fast, because they soon realize that it's not as glamorous as they thought it was. It's not like athletics, where you get good and do your thing in front of an audience. There are a great many athletes who need an audience to perform to, or need at least one other person—like a partner or an opponent—watching them. In climbing, at the end of the rope there, you're pretty much by yourself, and that burns a lot of people out."

CHOUINARD might have continued to wander in and out of the mountains and up and down the California coast for years, but in the winter of 1962 the Army called him. He was in the Army for two years, including thirteen months in Korea. The previous summer, he had been climbing in Wyoming and Canada, and in the autumn he had continued in the Shawangunks—a celebrated rock-climbing area near New Paltz, New York. "I had a load of hardware with me to sell, and I sold about three hundred dollars' worth," he said. "It was a lot of money for me—a lot of money—and I was going to head back to California with it." He got a "driveaway car"—a car to be driven across the country for someone else. The car kept breaking down before it could be delivered to its owner, in New Mexico. As instructed, Chouinard got it repaired each time and saved the bills. In Boulder, Colorado, he ran into Chuck Pratt, and the two of them continued. By the time they reached New Mexico, they had fifteen cents between them, which they used to buy three candy bars. When they delivered the car, the owner accused them of wrecking it and refused to pay, and also called the police, who gave the two of them five minutes to get out of town. "I had lost all my money," Chouinard recalled. "And I just sat down on the curb there and bawled."

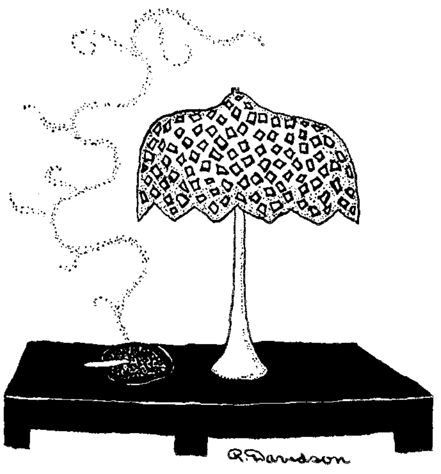
They managed to hitchhike as far as Grants, New Mexico, where they and the driver of the car they were riding in were thrown into jail for three days, because the police thought that the car looked suspicious. By then, it was midwinter. They went on to Gallup, New Mexico, and there they were stranded. "We could not get a ride out of Gallup," Chouinard told me. "It was unbelievable. We were desperate. All the Santa Fe freights keep the doors of the empty railway cars locked, to keep hoboes out." So they found a Santa Fe train that was carrying automobiles. "We checked all the automobiles and found one that had its doors open—a station wagon," Chouinard said. "We got inside—got on the floor and went to sleep. We got as far as Winslow, Arizona, where we were awakened by a flashlight. A railroad bull. He had seen that the windows of the car we were in were foggy—meaning that there had to be someone inside. We were hauled up in front of a judge and told that if we pleaded not guilty to vagrancy we'd go to trial in a month or two but that if we pleaded guilty they'd just check us out and let us go. Well, we pleaded guilty, and they locked us up for eighteen days. They gave us one slice of Wonder bread in the morning and a bowl of oatmeal and a bowl of pinto beans at night with a slice of Wonder bread. Pratt was allergic to oatmeal, so he gave me his oatmeal and I gave him my Wonder bread. He came out of jail weighing a hundred and fifteen pounds; he had lost twenty-five pounds. After a while, they had me working on a garbage truck with some Indians, collecting garbage. That was some trip. To top it all off, when we got home we both were drafted."

Chouinard was sent to Fort Ord, in California, for basic training, and then to Huntsville, Alabama, where he studied guided-missile mechanics before being sent to Korea. At Ford Ord, he was told that he would be issued a three-day pass if he got the highest score in his company, made up of some two hundred soldiers, in a physical-training test—grenade-throwing, pushups, and the like. Such was his dislike of the Army that he did get the highest score. It turned out that some of the climbers he knew—Ken Weeks, T. M. Herbert—had also won such competitions in the Army. "It was not because we were physically superior," Chouinard told me. "It was just because we *had* to have those three days." Before leaving for Korea, he encountered a Korean who said that his brother was the best climber in Korea and that Chouinard should be sure to look him up. This turned out to be nearly impossible.

The Army was not liberal in giving weekend passes in Korea, and the men hardly ever got off the base—in theory, at least. "To get free time to go climbing, I had to cause a lot of trouble," Chouinard said. "So I went on hunger strikes—a couple of quite long hunger strikes—and I refused to follow orders. I purposely acted eccentric—half crazy—until they finally let me alone. I would come just short of being thrown into the brig—just short, and then I'd back off. But I caused so much trouble for the company that the company commander told me to get lost. He put me in with some civilians who were working on missiles. All I had to do was to turn some generator on in the morning and then turn it off at night. The rest of the time, I went climbing."

It had never occurred to me to think of Korea as a climbing area, but apparently it is.

"There is some great climbing near Seoul—big domes and pinnacles, beautiful granite," Chouinard said. "Once I got in touch with the Korean climbers, they kept a set of civilian clothes for me at their house. I had my climbing gear sent over from the States. The climbing routes that existed in Korea then had been established by the Japanese during their occupation. The Koreans learned to climb from the Japanese. All that the Koreans wanted to do was to repeat the old Japanese routes. There was one fellow who had done the same climb seventy-five times. I asked him why he did the climb so many times, and he said that it was his favorite. 'Well,' I said, 'why don't you try some new climbs?' 'What for?' he said. 'We have all these nice climbs. Why should we do any new climbs?' There were such a lot of new routes to be done, and finally we just went out and did them. Once we started, the Koreans really got behind the idea. We did some high-quality climbing—even bivouac climbs—and everyone in the mountains got to know me. It was almost like not being in the Army. So it turned out that Korea, in the end, was a pretty good experience."



When Chouinard was shipped back to the States, the Army sent him to the Presidio, in San Francisco, where he was assigned to maintain a baseball diamond. A climbing friend, Douglas Tompkins, had started a climbing shop not far away, and each morning he would arrive at the base on a motorcycle. He would call up Chouinard's sergeant and shout over the phone, "This is Major So-and-So! Where the hell is that goddam Chouinard? I want him here at the library in ten minutes. *Ten minutes!* Do you hear me?" The sergeant would say, "Chouinard, get over to the library on the double. Major So-and-So wants to see you." Chouinard and Tompkins would then go off on the motorcycle for a day's outing.

Chouinard was separated from the Army in July of 1964, and headed directly for Yosemite, where, with Chuck Pratt and Warren Harding, he participated in a first ascent of the south face of Mount Watkins.

THAT fall, Chouinard went back to making climbing equipment. "I came out with my first mail-order catalogue," he told me. "It was a one-sheet mimeographed price list. At the bottom of the list, it said, 'Don't expect speedy delivery in the months of May, June, July, August, and September.' " That was the climbing season. Until 1965, Chouinard's shop was in the back yard of his parents' house, in Burbank. Then he rented some old tin shacks, also in Burbank, for a total of sixty dollars a month. But he was spending so much time driving back and forth to the beach to surf that in 1965 he decided to move to Ventura, and in 1966 he set up a small shop near a railroad siding there, next to an abandoned slaughterhouse. Now the Great Pacific Iron Works has taken over the site of both the siding and the slaughterhouse. It was at the time of the move to Ventura that Chouinard went into partnership with Frost, who was from Orange County, and with whom he had climbed in Yosemite. "Making hardware was getting a little more complex," Chouinard said. "The demand was such that I couldn't make things fast enough by hand anymore. I had to go into making things by machine—designing sophisticated dies, and so on. That's where

The greening of me! In patterned chiffon.

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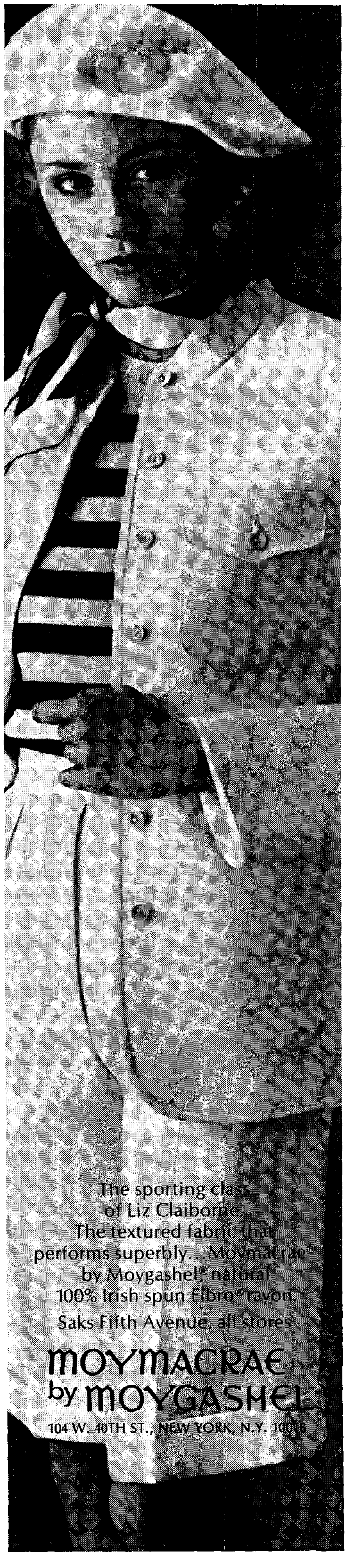

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Frost came in especially handy. He had been an aeronautical engineer, and it was really valuable to have engineering experience.”

Chouinard and Frost began with two or three employees, and there are currently thirty-two. In the early days, the workers were usually itinerant climbers. “They wanted to work for a while, and then they’d take off and go climbing,” Chouinard told me. “Often, we’d hire British climbers who needed a few bucks. It was a very loose organization, and in some ways it still is.” Perhaps the most extraordinary of the British climbers who worked for them was Donald Whillans. Books have been written about Whillans. He was born in Salford, England, in 1933, and got into climbing after the war. In the past, British climbing had been the province of a relatively upper-class segment of society. After the war, however, a number of workingmen discovered climbing as an escape from a life of drudgery, and they became known as “the hard men.” Whillans, a plumber by trade, is the quintessential hard man. He is about five feet three and is constructed like a small tank. As Joe Brown, the first of the hard men, puts it in his autobiography, “The Hard Years,” Whillans’ “tough reputation spread like wildfire in climbing circles.” Brown goes on, “True or false, it had a salutary effect on other people. During the early fifties, for instance, when hordes of climbers slept rough in the Wall End barn in Langdale, Whillans quelled a riot of noise late at night by shouting, ‘Pipe down and go to sleep.’ This order was greeted by indignant comments, such as, ‘Who the bloody hell do you think you are!’ Whillans replied in a whip-cracking voice, ‘Whillans,’ and silence fell instantly upon the rowdy company.”

Chouinard told me a Whillans story that I hadn’t heard before. One afternoon in the nineteen-sixties, he and Whillans found themselves in a small café in the Alps. On the terrace were two substantially constructed Continental climbers with two pretty women. To pass the time, the climbers had taken the parasols out of two heavy concrete umbrella stands and stuck the stands together to make a barbell. They succeeded in lifting it a couple of times, to the admiring glances of the women. At the bar, Whillans had been drinking his pint and watching this performance with growing distaste. Finally, he put down his glass and said, “Right.” He strode out on the terrace and began lifting the barbell up and down, up and down, indefinitely. Chouinard thought that Whillans might continue for the rest of the afternoon, but in time he lost interest and went back inside to finish his drink. The Continental climbers and the women went off in search of another café.

Whillans now confines his activities to lecturing, mainly to workmen’s clubs in Britain. Chouinard sells something called the Whillans Sit Harness—a device made of nylon webbing which a climber wears like a parachute harness. The climbing rope is tied to the harness, so that a climber who falls will not be cut in two by the rope around his waist. Most climbers now wear harnesses of some sort, and these have all but eliminated the kind of accident in which a climber falls, is suspended in midair at the end of the rope, and suffocates within a few moments.

After several months, in which Whillans tried his hand at various sorts of shopwork, Chouinard found that his services could be dispensed with. Whillans retaliated for this affront in his autobiography, “Portrait of a Mountaineer,” by neglecting to mention Chouinard at all, even though he and Chouinard had done quite a bit of climbing together. That is the sort of risk one takes if one crosses people who write autobiographies. In any event, Chouinard’s Ventura business began with a few thousand dollars in sales in 1966 and doubled its sales each year thereafter for five years in a row, and Chouinard decided that he had better look elsewhere for his work force. In 1971, he brought in the first of what eventually became half a dozen Koreans. There are now five, along with an Argentine toolmaker and several Mexican craftsmen. Malinda Chouinard also works at the Iron Works, and so does Vincent Stanley, Chouinard’s nephew and sales manager. It is Stanley who is responsible for one of my favorite lines in the 1976 catalogue, of which thirty-five thousand copies have been distributed. In writing of Mountain Spectacles—goggles that filter ultraviolet light—he notes, "The round shape is tasteful and makes you look like a large fly."

The atmosphere of the Great Pacific Iron Works is rather like that of a large family. Many of the employees live on the beach, close to the Chouinards. When I visited Ventura, the newest employee was Kenneth Deprez, a thirty-three-year-old business graduate of Stanford, who had been at the Iron Works for a couple of weeks. Before that, Deprez had been general manager of Camp 7, a company near Boulder that is noted for its sleeping bags and down jackets. Deprez had the task of introducing modern accounting and business methods into what had been, and still is, largely an informal company. To handle two million dollars in annual sales and all the inventory problems that such a sales volume poses, Deprez has installed a computer and has reorganized things, and he feels that everything will now run by itself. While I was there, a Ventura banker dropped in and was taken for a tour of the premises. It was his first visit, and he appeared to be rather astonished by the extent of it.

To someone like me, with a fondness for climbing equipment, a tour through the Iron Works can be an incredibly satisfying experience. There is a retail shop, in which all the Chouinard-Frost products are displayed and sold. It includes a small climbing library, and a little piton museum, in which there are some original Salathé pitons, some of the early, hand-forged Chouinard pitons, and a primitive RURP. There are row upon row of bright-colored down jackets, tents suspended from the ceiling, sleeping bags hanging from the walls, climbing shoes, ropes, and display cases full of chocks and pitons. Chouinard estimates that someone who wants to get into rock climbing will have to invest two hundred and fifty dollars. The most expensive single item is a good climbing rope. Such a rope is about a hundred and fifty feet long and from nine to eleven millimetres in diameter, and costs between eighty and a hundred and twenty dollars, depending on its length, thickness, and quality. It is made of nylon. A typical nylon climbing rope of a hundred and fifty feet weighs perhaps seven pounds. Modern ropes stretch under tension, and do not break in falls (a prudent climber will retire a rope after it has held one severe fall, however, and, in general, will think about replacing it after a hundred hours or so of climbing), but they can be cut

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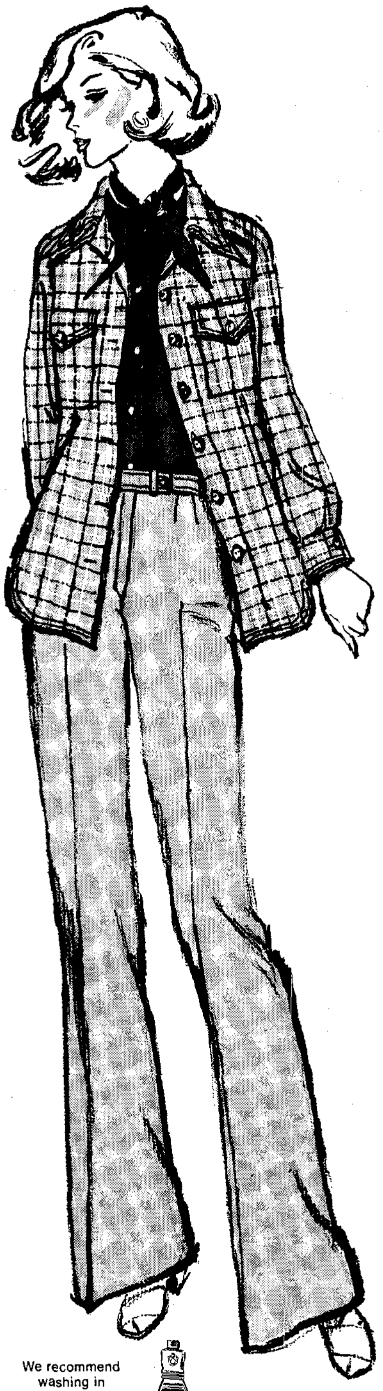

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if they are placed over a sharp edge, like a jagged rock. Ropes must be placed so as to avoid this kind of contact.

Boots suitable for both rock and ice cost between seventy and a hundred dollars, and, next to the rope, represent a climber's biggest expense. A pair weighs about five pounds. Shoes intended only for rock climbing are lighter and cost less. Chouinard, who has himself designed a rock shoe (the Shoenard) for a bootmaker, once remarked that the best boot he knew about for rock climbing was a mountain goat's hoof. It has a hard perimeter, with a soft interior for adhesion. If he could figure out how to duplicate this in rubber, leather, or the like, he said, he might go into the shoe business. In addition to a rope and boots, the serious rock climber will need twenty or so chocks and a load of carabiners and rope slings. There are also items like étriers, for descending on the rope, and similar items, called Jumars, for climbing up the rope. All these, however, are for extreme climbing. In addition, most climbers wear a tough plastic helmet, which protects the head both from falling rocks and from impact in case of a slip. Chouinard profits by selling these products of technology, but in his own opinion the ideal climb is done solo by someone barefoot and in shorts.

After visiting the retail shop, I wandered into the factory, behind it. Chouinard's old portable forge is there, but idle. The machining is done now with stamp dies and presses. A block of metal goes in, a piton comes out. Workers were busy adjusting carabiner gates and ice-axe handles. In one corner stood a wooden board several feet long to which Chouinard had attached a large number of irregularly shaped wooden blocks, to make it resemble a rock face. It was rigged up so that he could place chocks in the fissures in all sorts of combinations, and was designed to illustrate how clean-climbing equipment works. When I saw it, it was full of chocks with bright-colored rope loops through them. (A wise climber will try to color-code his chocks, so that he can spot the right size rapidly.) While I was wandering around, I asked Chouinard about the economics of the climbing-and-backpacking industry.

"It's a funny business," he said. "It started traditionally with very, very low retail markups—twenty or thirty per cent. Now the markup is forty—which is still low—and it has taken a long time to reach that. If a carabiner, for example, were an item for yachting, it would cost fifteen dollars. But it's an item for climbing, so it costs three sixty-five. I don't make any money selling hardware. The best I have ever done in twenty years of business is a net profit of two and a half per cent one year. That's pretty bad. I generally end up with one per cent or one and a half per cent from the hardware. That's why I don't have much competition. Who the hell wants to get into a business where he has to compete with somebody who has already got the market pretty much cornered and is making a profit of one and a half per cent?"

Chouinard shook his head and continued, "It's the clothing that subsidizes the hardware. The dies that we use to make pitons, and so on, cost thousands of dollars, and often I don't get my money back for five to ten years. We want to manufacture old-fashioned hiking and climbing clothes—the kind that never wear out." I had just bought a pair of thick corduroy hiking shorts in the retail shop, and Chouinard said, "Take that pair of climbing shorts you bought. They are made in England. There is one machine in an old mill in Lancashire—a mill that goes back to the Industrial Revolution, and used to run on water power—that turns out that kind of corduroy. Workmen's clothes were made out of it before denim was used. Well, only a handful of old men know how to make the stuff on that machine. Whenever we need some corduroy, seven of them come out of retirement and crank up the machine to run some off for us. You can't wear those shorts out. They'll last forever. That's the kind of stuff we want to make. It will cost more initially, but it will last. The climbing-and-backpacking business is not like the ski business, which is incredible. A pair of plastic ski boots that costs fourteen or fifteen dollars to make sells for a hundred dollars or more. The backpacking-and-climbing business is very ethical—very, very clean—and people are really getting their money's worth out of it. I make a comfortable living. I don't have any money in the bank, but I have a living, and that's all I want out of it."

WHILE I was in Ventura, Chouinard decided one day to go up into the High Sierra near June Lake, not far from Yosemite, to test a new pair of crampons he had designed, and also a pair of ultra-light plastic ski bindings. He asked if I would like to come along. I had no cold-weather gear with me, but he said not to worry—he would find everything I needed around the shop. He added that this would be his first time off in six weeks. I arrived at the Iron Works at noon on the appointed day, and Chouinard presented me with my gear. "This is a new synthetic-filled jacket that some manufacturer wants me to try out, and a lightweight sleeping bag we are thinking of selling," he said. "The jacket looks pretty bad to me, but you can try it." I did, and it turned out to be all but useless in keeping out the cold. The sleeping bag, however, was splendid. Kenneth St. Oegger, a retired cabinetmaker who lives in Santa Barbara, arrived in a Dodge van. St. Oegger is in his mid-fifties and is an avid ice climber. The three of us loaded the gear into the van. Eight hours later, after an extremely beautiful drive up the eastern slopes of the Sierra range, we reached the house of James Collins, in June Lake, a small mountain town. Collins, a big, amiable man in his fifties, is a highway patrolman, an alpinist, and a member of the local mountain rescue service. He has a large, comfortable house, and apparently is used to having an indefinite number of climbers bunk out on his floors. In the course of his various duties, Collins gets around the backcountry a good deal, and in the winter he keeps a lookout for water ice that could make good extreme ice climbing.

The next morning, Collins told us that he had two sites spotted—one near town and the other high up on a pass that leads into Yosemite. He thought that the pass could be tackled in the morning and the nearby climb after lunch. We were joined by Doug Robinson, the professional guide and writer of articles for the Chouinard catalogues. Robinson, who is in his thirties and is about the same height as Chouinard, lives in the Mammoth Lakes area, not far from Bishop, California. He and Chouinard, between them, have accounted for most of the difficult ice climbs in the Sierra.

The day was extremely cold, with the temperature about ten degrees and gusts of icy wind that blew plumes of snow off the tops of the nearby mountains. After breakfast, we headed for the pass in Collins' pickup truck. There was room for only four of us to squeeze into the cab, so Robinson, who was heavily equipped for winter climbing, volunteered to sit outside, in the truck bed. He bundled up in his down jacket, and off we went. We stopped near the

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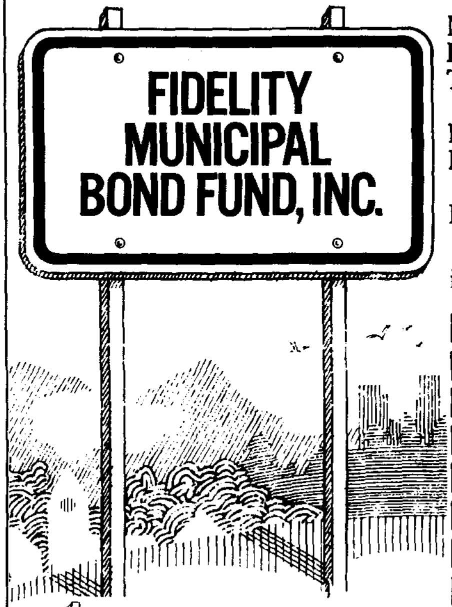
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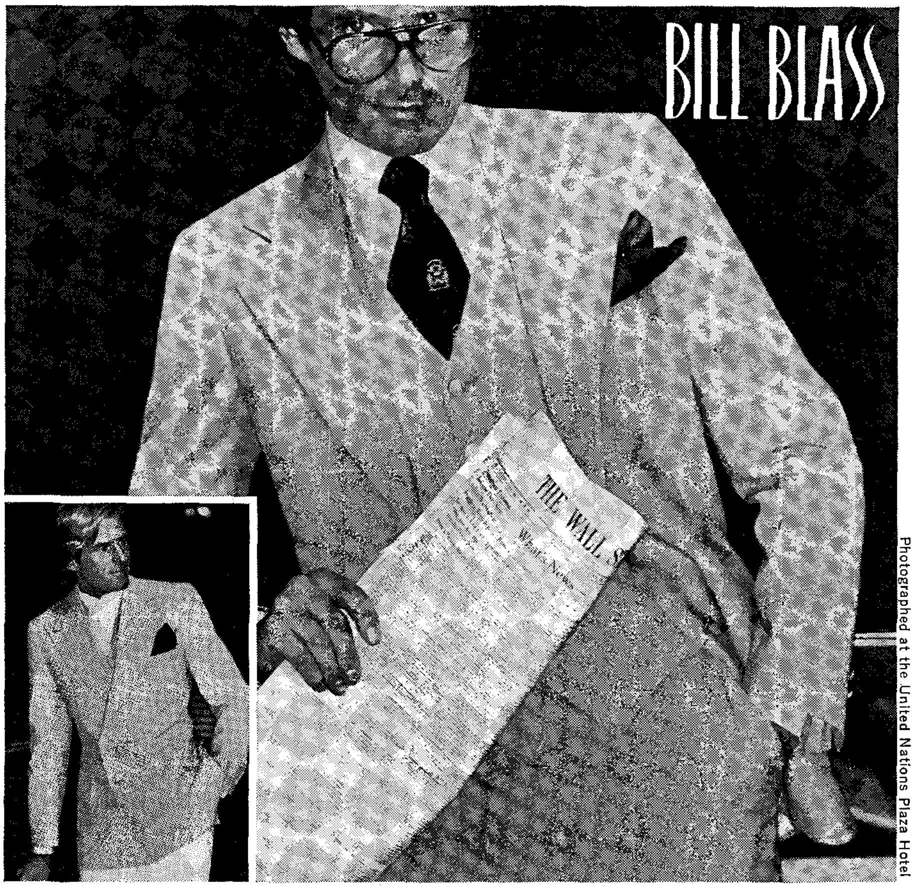

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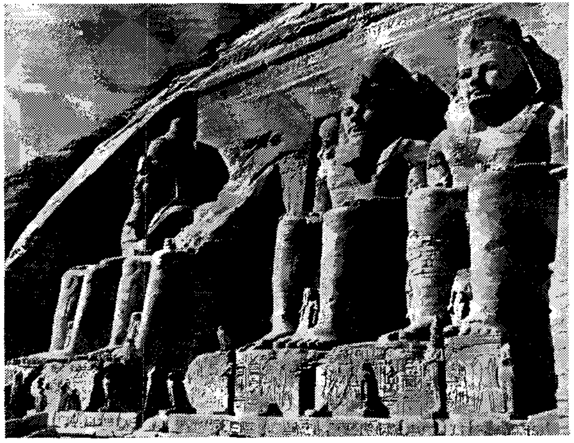

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top of the pass, at about ten thousand feet. The wind was unbelievable; Chouinard and Robinson estimated that there were gusts of sixty and seventy miles an hour. I am not capable of vertical ice climbing in a sixty-mile-an-hour wind, so after they started out I stationed myself a bit down the road, where I could get a view. The four of them descended into a canyon. From the bottom of the canyon, a tiny ribbon of vertical ice led back up to the top. Chouinard, who was the first to tackle it, had an ice axe and a small ice hammer. He hit the ice above his head with the hammer until it stuck. After that, he kicked the front points of one crampon in hard, and did the same with the other foot. He next put in the other ice axe and delicately shifted his weight off one foot and kicked it in at a higher level. He moved up, repeating the process again and again. The ice looked dark blue and nearly vertical. If it had been higher, Chouinard would have put in an ice screw for protection—a piton that is literally screwed into the ice. But his confidence in his technique was such that he simply went on up to the top. I watched anxiously, knowing that there could be no checking a fall on ice like that. Chouinard made it look as easy as walking up a path. When he got to the top, he lowered a rope, so that the others could climb up more easily. I watched for a few more minutes and then, shivering with cold, retreated to the truck. A little while later, I spotted Robinson climbing the icy side of the gully alone, and soon afterward Chouinard and the rest came along and we headed back to June Lake. I was ready for lunch and the warmth of the indoors, but such matters seemed to be far from Chouinard's mind. "My favorite place to climb is Scotland in the winter," he remarked. "The weather is bad every day, and you know it's going to be bad, so you go out in it anyway. Your hair freezes, your beard freezes, and you come home like an icicle. You're always only a few miles from the pub. The climbing is one foot on ice and the other on rock. That's what I really like."

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

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CORRECTIONS

Gordon Rattray, a professional psychic, was reported in The Times Dec. 15 to have said he had been retained by lawyers to select juries and "fix" cases. The sentence should have read that he had been retained by lawyers to help select juries in six cases.—*The Times.*

Well, there! That's a little more like it.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Werewolf, Mon Amour

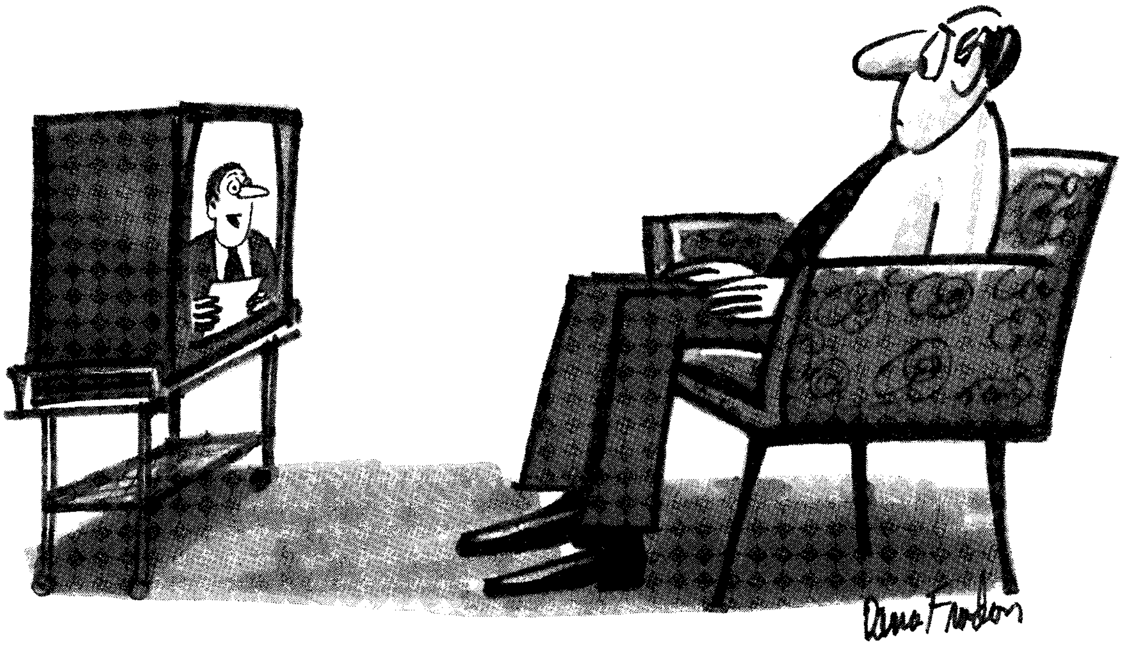
THE first hour of Alain Resnais's "Providence" is so dark it might have been shot by Samuel Beckett's Watt. In the gloom, patrols hunt down an old man; wounded, suffering, and turning into a werewolf, he begs to be killed. This part of the movie is set inside the mind of a dying novelist (John Gielgud); alone at night, in pain, he drunkenly plots a novel about the members of his family, and we see his barrister son, Claude (Dirk Bogarde), his daughter-in-law, Sonia (Ellen Burstyn), his illegitimate son, Kevin (David Warner), and his dead wife (Elaine Stritch) in the guises of his fictional distortions of them. As his characters, they drink chilled white wine while sitting in icy décor, in a nameless, forbidding old city with tall houses like ornate glaciers. Their brittle epigrams reveal—naturally—dank lust, moral rot, and ennui. The novelist sees his son Claude as a pasty-faced, frostbitten prosecutor, Sonia as restless and unfulfilled and Kevin as a saint in the wrong period. He tries them out in different dramatic postures—always at odds with each other, spiteful and disconnected—while old buildings are being toppled and in the outskirts of the doomed city insurrectionists keep up their shelling and bombing. Then, in the last part, the picture moves into the sunlight. It is the novelist's seventy-eighth birthday, and the children come to lunch in his garden, and we see that his night thoughts were delusions and unfounded self-accusations. Claude and Sonia are devoted to each other; Kevin isn't an alienated wanderer; and they are all fond of the old man.

The problem with the structure is that if the sunlit "reality" section is supposed to be the truth, the sooty stuff we've been watching has come out of nowhere—except the Freudian stockpile available to all. If the novelist has whipped up this family fantasy in order to stimulate "the creative process," shouldn't the movie be about *why* he imagines what he does? If this movie is about anything, it's about a dying man who has nothing but contempt for everyone, and the guilt that goes with that contempt. He sees Claude as a spiteful prig who hates him, and imagines scenes with his dead wife as Claude's mistress. The motor of this movie idles, it is true, but the only motor it has is the father's loathing of Claude. This loathing gives the scriptwriter, the playwright David Mercer, a chance to show off his talent for bitchy invective, and Gielgud, master ranter that he is, savors every mean syllable. The apparent indecision on the part of the filmmakers about whether the night and day sides of the film are to match up and reveal what's missing from the half views or whether the novelist is a genial old man—carnal and bilious in imagination only—is a considerable flaw. It stands out, because the script is so intricately planned and overarticulate that every line seems crystallized. That is a bigger flaw.

The movies, which learned to talk late, and often speak casually and colloquially, are too frequently praised for talking the language of the theatre. I don't mean to suggest that David Mercer's script would be a good play—it would be an awful play. But it's worse as a movie that sounds like a play. For a full hour, we sit listening to impossibly elocutionary lines: Gielgud, in bed in red silk pajamas, delivers himself of observations like "How darkness creeps into the blood—darkness, the chill obsidian fingers." Mercer writes like Maxwell Anderson imagining himself as John Osborne; it's corrugated-brow writing. Listening to this class trash, are we supposed to think that the old literary lion whose skull we're inside is a very bad writer? He chortles at his own cleverness while composing lines such as "Do I have to oppose you to reassure myself that I exist?" and "In my own curious fashion I think I've always loved you." Yet can we be meant to laugh at his satisfaction with his own virulence after we've seen Florence Malraux's name on the credits as assistant to the director, and remembered that Resnais is the son-in-law of André Malraux, who died a few months ago after a long illness?

No doubt Mercer intended an edge of florid fatuity through much of the first hour; we must be intended to smile at the archness when the barrister's mistress asks him how he and his wife live, and he answers, "In a state of unacknowledged mutual exhaustion, behind which we scream silently." But who can distinguish between Dirk Bogarde acting arch and just acting as usual? And when the old novelist tells us that "style is feeling," surely Mercer means it, though in an Alain Resnais movie that's the funniest line of all. If the formal elegance of his "Last Year at Marienbad" proved anything, it was that for Resnais style goes it alone.

When you go to an Alain Resnais film, you take it for granted that the only instinct that will come into play is his film instinct—his grasp of technique. Alone among major-name directors, Resnais has little grasp of character or subject; he's an innovator who



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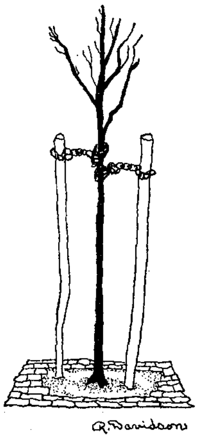
hasn't got a use for his innovations. Most of the giants of film haven't been able to find the form for everything they've got in their heads; Resnais seems to have nothing but form in his. He does some artful editing in "Providence": four people will be in a room and then suddenly the same four people will be in the same room but with a party going on around them, or an empty stadium will be magically filled with people—as if it had happened when your head was turned. What he doesn't seem able to do is to imbue his situations with enough feeling for these tricks to mean something to us—they're just beautiful diddles. And when form takes over and becomes an obsession, it is not just that everything else is absent—everything else is being denied.



Resnais's movies come out of an intolerable mixture of technique and culture. His tastes run to abstract concepts (time, memory) and to musical, literary language enunciated to the nines. (Gielgud's legato is the apotheosis of the Resnais sound track—it's probably as close as one can come in English to the style of French classic tragedy.) In "Providence," Resnais's technique and culture are right out on top for you to admire, and there's nothing else—no spilling over, no earth or blood or uncontrollable terror. Resnais is in such immaculate, distanced control that when Gielgud screams at the pain in his bowels, he could be doing vocal exercises—it's part of a construct. How can the novelist have pain in his bowels when "Providence" has no bowels? Even the werewolf bits—quick views of men growing hairy moss on their hands and cheeks—lose their murky mystery; the novelist's seeing himself as a werewolf, for his sons to slaughter, one out of pity, one out of repugnance, is just tidy psychological gamesmanship. The effect of the pearl-gray tones, the swift, smooth cutting, and the fearful literacy is peculiarly fastidious and static, as if Resnais had amused himself by chopping up a bad novel or a bad play. You feel as if the movie were going to dry up and blow away. I don't know whether it's more difficult for a director working in a foreign language (Resnais is working in English, for the first time) to make a hallucinatory film or a naturalistic one, but the night and day sections are just about equally stilted. The day perhaps more so: the Miklós Rósza music provides horns and woodwinds for happy thoughts—Disney-Debussy.

With John Gielgud and Dirk Bogarde playing father and son, "Providence" *has* to be a comedy. They pair up superlatively—that's what's funny. But it works at cross-purposes with the film's ritzy morbidity—the slashed-open cadaver of a desiccated old man, elderly people being herded together in a stadium, and the anguish of aged werewolves. You can't take two of the most familiar, most stylized actors who have ever lived, put them inside all this darkling imagery, and expect the audience to have a profound experience—a sort of "Wild Strawberries" revisited.

Gielgud has a longer death scene than Camille's; it's the whole movie. Every line in his fat role is an overwrought blooper, and he can't create a character out of what he's been given, yet he whoops it up with a marvellous zest. His polished effrontery makes him a sight to behold, just as it did a few weeks ago on Broadway, in "No Man's Land." These days, he seems to delight in impersonations. He did a takeoff of W. H. Auden in the Pinter play, and here, in the garden scenes, in his rattan chair, wearing an off-white suit, a pale-pink shirt, and a broad straw hat, he does a neat Cecil Beaton. God, how this old knight loves to act, loves the sound of his great singsong. There's lip-smacking joy in his dirty-old-man rant. He's lean and wiry, turkey-faced, a tough old bird—so alive to the kinetic pleasures of play-acting that he bounces through the role, savoring its pipsqueak grandeur. It hardly seems to bother him that the picture is an ice bag; he's *entertaining himself* acting. Bogarde has certainly proved that he knows how to give bad lines a twist, but in this film, which seems to offer him a license to be as warped and disdainful and masochistic as he could desire, he is unaccountably dim. Is he bored to sogginess with playing rotters? Even when his vagrant eyebrow takes off on its own trip, he doesn't have the old gleeful peevishness. As Elaine Stritch's lover, he looks small and bewildered—if this is the point, nothing is made of it. And Stritch acts like a soap-opera tired wife; her baritone could be from housecleaning fatigue.

When you see the list of who is in "Providence," you think, What could link those actors? Nothing does. David Warner had his biggest film success in

"Morgan!," which Mercer also wrote, but here, shrouded in a heavy knit turtleneck, he gives a dejected performance. His role is probably based on Resnais himself—a man who carries equanimity to the edge of dissociation, and beyond, into a sci-fi cool. The Hesse-like sanctity obliterates Warner; except for a moment or two of lofty discourse about the poetry of space travel, he's a passive, blobby spot on the screen. Resnais frequently uses women for the high-couture pretty pictures they make gliding in long skirts, trailing scarves and capes; he likes them to be inexpressive, and Ellen Burstyn, traipsing around in Yves Saint Laurent gowns and a modified Marienbad haircut, appears to be trying to oblige. But his scenic use of her picks up a dullness of spirit under the winsome smiles and fake radiance; attempting to be soft and ladylike, she's custardy. This actress is in the wrong place, and at some level it must have got to her. When she's being blithe and loving in the garden at the end, you can feel the anger underneath—the anger that worked for her in "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore." In "Providence," the track and the images operate in two different realms, leaving a dead space between. Ellen Burstyn's performance seems to be locked in that space. It's not only that her voice seems slightly out of synch but that her acting is a few frames behind—as if someone had slugged her before each take. She could be growing moss, too, in the time it takes her to register a thought.

Everything that doesn't feel right could be explained as intentional. And since Mercer appears to have put together a script modelled on the themes and obsessions of Resnais's earlier films, there is so much tucked in about the intermingling of the characters' pasts and present, and there are so many Freudian reversals, that one could perform miracles of exegesis and think that one was explicating a masterwork. But what you come away with is the pain of a "clever" English play—Borges with chilblains.

—PAULINE KAEL

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[*From the Portland (Ore.) Oregonian*]

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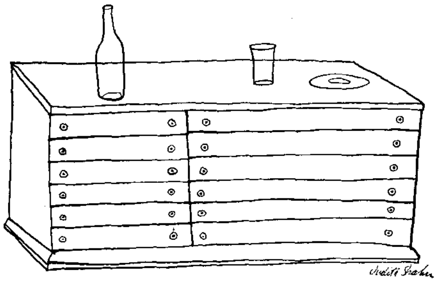
NEW YORK CITY WEATHER EXTREMES

DESPITE the Arctic blasts that we have experienced recently, the climate of New York City, all things considered, is a generally gentle and agreeable one. Its worst feature, perhaps, is the dampness caused by a relative humidity that averages about sixty-five per cent over the year. The annual mean temperature, however, is 54.5 degrees Fahrenheit, and east of the Rocky Mountains few communities in the nation which are as far north have so mild a reading. Precipitation is moderate and is more or less evenly distributed throughout the year. The average wind speed for the period of twelve months amounts only to a gentle breeze of just under ten miles an hour. And over the entire year the city receives fifty-nine per cent of the sunshine possible at this latitude—a value that compares favorably with that of any other region east of the Mississippi River except certain areas in the Southeast, such as Florida.

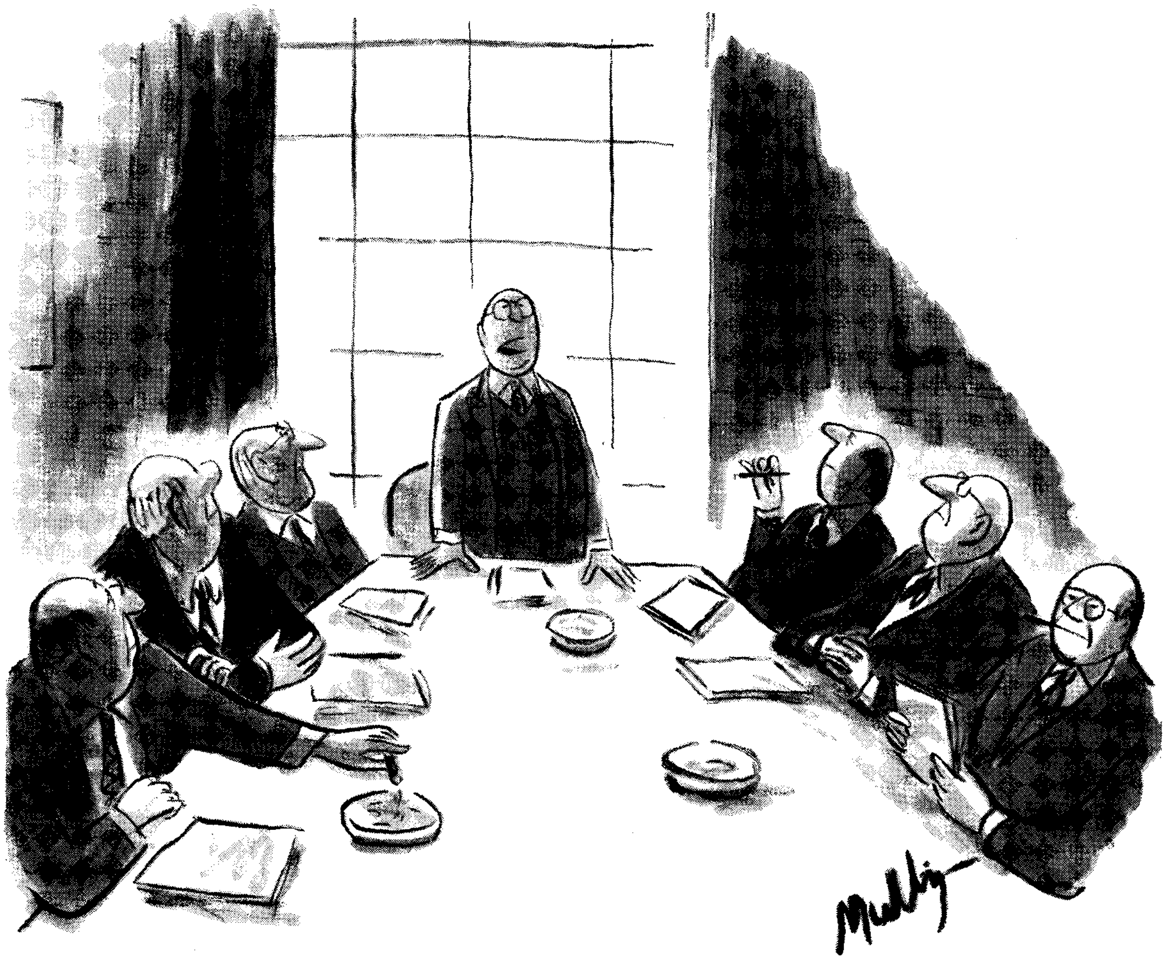
Nevertheless, anomalies do occur. The earliest known were noted in the letters and diaries of the first white men to settle here. But regular temperature observations began in New York as far back as 1788. Temperatures were taken, usually three times daily, by Henry Laight, for whose family Laight Street, in the lower part of Manhattan Island, was named. He continued taking them for forty-eight years. Similar records were recorded by S. J. Warring for the period from 1824 to 1835. The incentives for these men were not meteorological but commercial. Both were connected with insurance companies, and their aim was to note the effect of weather on mortality rates. However, the weather aroused public interest then, as it does now. (An average of a hundred thousand calls are made daily to the Telephone Company's weather number. During the recent cold spell, the figure ran to more than two hundred thousand daily calls, and, on one occasion, to four hundred thousand.) As a consequence of early public concern, another series of weather records was begun in 1826. These were sponsored by the school system of the State of New York, whose observatories were known as the New York Academy Stations. Among the schools compiling records were Erasmus Hall, in Brooklyn (from 1826 to 1873); Union Hall, in Queens (from 1826 to 1864); and the Institute for the Deaf & Dumb, in Manhattan (from 1843 to 1873).

The Central Park Observatory was formally opened in 1869, in the Arsenal, on Fifth Avenue between Sixty-third and Sixty-fourth Streets, at the behest of the State Legislature. It antedated by a few months the joint congressional resolution of February 9, 1870, which brought into being a federal weather service, staffed until 1891 by members of the Army Signal Corps, when the service, by an act of Congress, became the civilian Weather Bureau. The weather service's office here opened in late October of 1870, in the Board of Underwriters Building, at 49 Wall Street, and it remained downtown at various sites until 1960, when it moved to Rockefeller Center, the present home of what has been known since 1970 as the National Weather Service. In 1911, the Central Park Observatory became a part of the federal unit, the arrangement being that the city would underwrite the maintenance of the observatory and the Weather Bureau would provide the equipment and personnel. On January 1, 1920, the Central Park Observatory was moved from the Arsenal to the Belvedere Tower, a gray stone structure set on one of the high points of the Park. Around the Tower are the meteorological instruments whose readings—which gave temperature, dew point, wind speed and direction, and sunshine and precipitation data—are telemetered to the office of the National Weather Service. The relatively isolated site of the present Central Park Observatory has provided over the past half century an admired series of climatological readings, less subject to urban influences than those of most large cities.

A TORNADO can certainly be called an anomaly of New York City weather. It is the most destructive small-scale weather phenomenon known. (Fortunately, the width of its destructive center is not very wide.) Its behavior is rather unpredictable. It occurs when a violently rotating column of air, seen as a dark-colored funnel, approaches the ground from a thunderstorm cloud. Within the tornado's vortex, usually several hundred yards across, the speed of the wind may vary from a hundred to more than three hundred miles an hour. This is a force sufficient to destroy or damage almost any object in its path. The funnel may travel along the ground for only a few feet or for as much as three hundred miles. Then it may retract into the cloud and descend again farther along the storm's route. All continents have tornadoes, but they are exceptionally frequent in Australia and in ours, where hundreds occur annually. In the United States, they are most common in the Deep South and in the broad, relatively flat basin between the Rockies and the Appalachians. Over the last two decades, Texas has led in the number of reported tornadoes. They are relatively rare in the Northeast, but at the end of the last century a genuine one, complete with funnel, visited the northern and eastern parts of the city, following a northwest-to-southeast line. According to Dr. David M. Ludlum, an authority on the history of American weather and the founder of *Weatherwise* magazine, in the midafternoon of July 13, 1895, it struck Cherry Hill, New Jersey, a community just north of Hackensack, and dipped its funnel into Harlem. Only minor damage was reported there. The funnel touched down again at Woodhaven, Queens. To avoid the hailstones that had preceded the twister, the inhabitants had taken shelter in their frame houses. Fifteen of these were demolished and two dozen were damaged; forty persons were injured, and two—a young woman and a child—were killed before the whirlwind moved out over Jamaica Bay, creating a waterspout en route to what is now John F. Kennedy International Airport.



THE hurricane, of course, is a much wider storm than a tornado. Since it normally originates over the tropical oceans, meteorologists refer to it as a severe tropical cyclone. They describe the tropical cyclone at maturity as one of the most intense and most deeply feared storms in the world, sometimes producing winds in excess of two hundred miles an hour, and torrential rains. At least thirty-eight variants of the word "hurricane" are found in different tongues, testifying to the impression the storm has made on human beings. The word itself, originally *huracan*, meaning "evil spirit of the sea," comes from the language of the Taino, a now extinct tribe of Indians that inhabited the Greater Antilles, in the Caribbean, from which so many hurricanes move up our Eastern Seaboard. According to meteorological data covering the past two hundred years, only one major hurricane has directly hit regions that are now part of New York City. The occasion was over a hundred and fifty years ago. On September 1, 1821, a hurricane was moving along its traditional path from Southern waters; over the next two days it would lash North Carolina and Virginia, and move up the coast to New Jersey and New York City. In the two days before the storm struck, the city had repeated and copious showers of rain, accompanied by lightning and loud peals of thunder. The winds were strong and eccentric, blowing first from one quarter and then from another. At 4:40 P.M. on September 3rd, however, coming with enormous but unregistered violence, they settled solidly into the east. This heralded the onset of the hurricane. Not long after, the storm's center hurtled ashore where Kennedy Airport now stands, continued across eastern Queens and western Nassau Counties, and left Long Island at Oyster Bay, heading across Long Island Sound on a line to Stamford, Connecticut. In Manhattan, less than two miles from the hurricane's center, buildings were unroofed, trees were toppled, and chimneys were blown down. Bricks, slate tiles, and glass flying through the air made walking in the streets as perilous as crossing a battlefield. All wharves on the North River were damaged, and only one or two on the East River escaped serious harm. Perhaps the most unusual event was the inundation of the Battery. This may have come about as a result of the low atmospheric pressure of the hurricane, which may have lifted the waters of Upper New York Bay over the seawall guarding the Battery. If this was indeed the mechanism—as it has been in other cases—the occurrence is all the more remarkable, because it happened during a period of low tide. In any event, the force of the hurricane-driven waters swept over the masonry, eventually breached it, and eroded the Battery's earth back to the first line of trees, some sixty feet from the bay.



"First of all, I'd like to scotch the rumor about Yves Saint Laurent's joining our team."

• •

The anemometer had not been developed, so there was no way to measure the top speed of the wind in the 1821 hurricane. An anemometer, rotating cups attached to a generator (the device was developed in 1846 by a British astronomer named Thomas Romney Robinson), measures wind speed by the amount of electricity produced. Until 1954, the city's fastest wind mileage (as opposed to gusts, which the Weather Bureau did not measure before 1960) was recorded at the Central Park Observatory—seventy miles an hour on November 25, 1950, the Saturday after Thanksgiving. This—according to the Beaufort scale of wind speeds, which was invented about 1805 by the British admiral Sir Francis Beaufort—was some five miles an hour less than the lowest hurricane speed. On October 15, 1954, the Weather Bureau's downtown station, then at the tip of Manhattan—in the Whitehall Building, at 17 Battery Place—recorded our greatest wind speed to date: a hundred and thirteen miles an hour, or well into hurricane strength. This was a blast out of the southeast from the skirts of Hurricane Hazel, whose center, even though it passed a hundred and fifty miles to the west of the city, caused much disturbance here. Among other things that happened on that windy day, travel on the Third Avenue El in the Bronx was suspended for some hours because a draft had got under a catwalk along the right-of-way near 163rd Street, torn it loose, and tossed it across the tracks.

A UNIQUE event in local weather history took place on January 10, 1859. In the hundred and eighty-nine years records have been kept here, that was the only day on which the thermometer's reading stayed below zero during daylight. (So far this winter, the temperature has dipped below zero only once—at 8:45 A.M. on January 17th.) Over this span of almost two centuries, there were some

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seventeen thousand winter days, according to the calendar, but only on this one did the usual warming effect of the arrival of daylight fail to send the mercury above the zero mark. A mass of polar air settling down over the region was largely responsible for the phenomenon. The dull, hard bitterness was all the more noticeable because the weather for the past few days had been mild. At Brooklyn Heights, the mercury in the thermometer stood at —9 degrees Fahrenheit in the morning. In upper Manhattan, it was a degree below that. In the early afternoon, the Brooklyn thermometer rose to —3.8 degrees, but before long it dropped again, to —8 degrees. Since the next morning showed temperatures of —6 degrees, the city had below-zero temperatures for more than twenty-four hours. Zero was not reached until noon of January 11th. The cold snap also produced another mark: the reading of —3.8 degrees on January 10th is the lowest high temperature during daylight ever recorded in the city.

NORMALLY, in an entire winter the city receives just a little more than twenty-nine inches of snow. On December 26, 1947, however, 25.8 inches fell in slightly less than sixteen hours: the storm started at about five-thirty in the morning and ended a little after nine that night. It was the city's greatest snowfall in any calendar day. Furthermore, the deluge, called a snow cloudburst by some laymen, was completely unexpected. The forecast for the day called for considerable cloudiness and warmer temperatures, with fresh south to southwest winds. The Weather Bureau explained its error by saying that the snow was deposited by a storm that came in from the Atlantic Ocean, where there were no observers, and, furthermore, it was unusual in that, as a later study showed, it travelled almost due north from about two hundred miles off the Delaware-New Jersey coast instead of travelling northeastward, as most storms do, and moving out to sea. In addition, its rate of motion decreased sharply as it reached the city, and therefore a larger amount of moisture fell from its clouds as snow than would have if the storm had moved along inland at the normal rate. For example, in the hour between 3 P.M. and 4 P.M., rather late in the storm, three inches of snow descended. Such odd behavior, the bureau said, could not have been anticipated, in the absence of reports from observers.

Though the thick blanket immobilized the city temporarily, its presence caused little suffering. People stayed indoors, in the heated surroundings provided by a relatively affluent, twentieth-century society. Christmas leftovers and holiday grocery shipments that had previously been received eased any threat of a food shortage. Still, popular concern was displayed in the number of phone calls placed in the city during the day—more than sixteen million: a record. Air traffic was suspended in the area of the storm, from lower New England to Washington, D.C. At least ten thousand automobiles were abandoned in the streets, and it cost the city more than three million dollars to remove the snow.

That was not the snowiest winter the city is known to have endured, however. In 1843, snowfall records began to be kept at Newark, New Jersey, and these indicate that from then till now the metropolitan area has had no winter as snowy as that of 1867-68. The amounts, by month, in Newark for that winter were: December, 15.5 inches; January, 23.75 inches; February, 14 inches; March, 15 inches; and April, 7 inches—making a total of just over six feet, or 75.25 inches. (This year, with about half the winter gone, the city's snowfall amounts to 16 inches.) Snow measurements in Central Park began in 1867, and they support the Newark readings. The total in the city surpassed that of Newark by a foot. Eighty-seven and a quarter inches fell here. By month, the amounts were: December, 17.2 inches; January, 23.7 inches; February, 16.5 inches; March, 22.75 inches; and April, 7.5 inches.

Only three winters in the city have had more than five feet of snow since the official records commenced: 1947-48, 63.2 inches (the winter of the heaviest one-day fall); 1922-23, 60.4 inches; and 1872-73, 60.3 inches.

THE National Weather Service defines a blizzard as a storm with a wind of thirty-five miles an hour or higher, low temperatures, and enough snow in the air to reduce visibility to less than five hundred feet. A severe blizzard has wind speeds that exceed forty-five miles an hour, a temperature of 10 degrees Fahrenheit, or lower, and swirling snow that reduces visibility to near zero. (The word "blizzard" was coined in this country—according to one account by a Virginian, Lieutenant-Colonel Landon Carter, in the second half of the eighteenth century; according to another, by O. C. Bates, a newspaper editor in Estherville, Iowa, about 1870.) The coldest blizzard that ever struck the city occurred in 1857 on January 18th and 19th. A severe storm that moved up the East Coast from the Carolinas smote our area on the afternoon of January 18th. It displayed all the qualifications of an authentic blizzard: winds of sufficient force to bring down church steeples, temperatures below 10 degrees, and appreciable amounts of snow. An observer reported that the snow began at two-thirty on the afternoon of the eighteenth and ended at five on the afternoon of the nineteenth. Because of winds in excess of forty miles an hour, an accurate measurement of the snowfall was impossible, but an accepted estimate was a foot. The mercury read zero when the snow started, and climbed a few degrees in the next few hours, but by the following morning it was less than 3 degrees Fahrenheit. For most of the more than twenty-four hours the storm raged, the air was filled with wind-driven snow.

The city's most famous blizzard, however, was that of 1888. At the time, Manhattan and the nearby region that in a decade was to become Greater New York had a population of about three million, not to mention those who commuted into the metropolis from New Jersey. All these were affected by the storm, and were eager to talk about their experiences for years to come. Few events in the city's history have loomed so large for so many. Even today, nearly a century later, a reference to the blizzard of '88 is generally understood. The winter of 1887-88 had been the mildest in seventeen years. Early March in town was almost summery. Back yards were greening, and crocuses were popping up. Sunday, March 11th, however, was a gray day. People returned from evening prayers in a chill rain that had started at two-thirty in the afternoon. Temperatures during the day had been in the middle thirties. The forecast for Monday, March 12th, was: "The weather today in New York City and vicinity (including points within thirty miles of the city) promises to be generally fair and colder, preceded by partial cloudiness near the coast. Tuesday, it promises to be slightly warmer and generally fair." The prediction was far off the mark. The reason was that—like the city's heaviest snowfall, almost sixty years later—the blizzard came in from the ocean, where there were no meteorological stations. The weather service, still in downtown Manhattan and staffed by Signal Service personnel, re-

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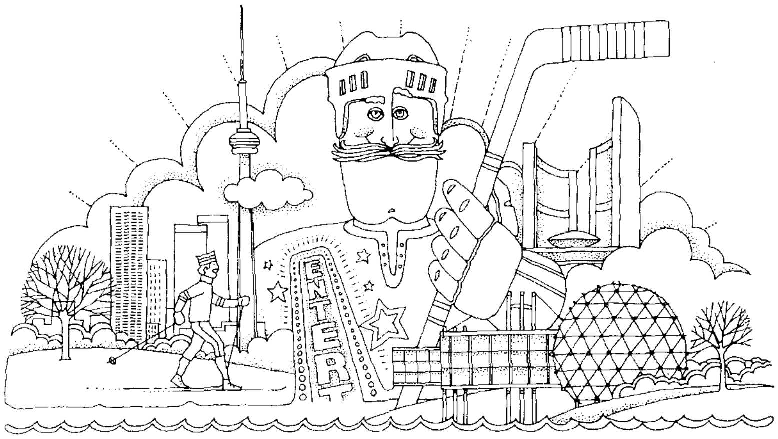

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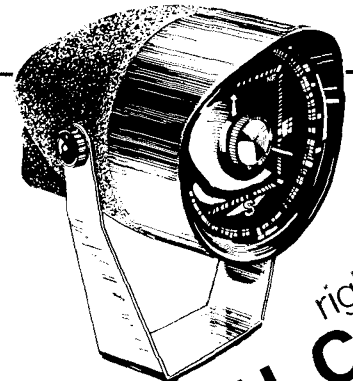

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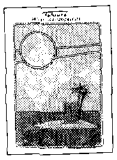

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lied on various sources for the data on which it based its forecasts. Its best information about the seacoast came from the Coast Guard. The bureau then possessed one of the sixty-nine hundred telephones in the city, and its custom was to call the Coast Guard headquarters, at Peck's Beach, in Ocean City, New Jersey, periodically throughout the day for seashore reports received there from observers along the coast, who relayed their information by telegraph or carrier pigeon. But, of course, on the day the forecast was made none of these observers could see the approaching storm, which was miles away at sea.

Monday morning, the large and bustling population of the city and its environs rose to go about its business. At ten minutes after midnight, however, the previous day's rain had changed to snow. By 7 A.M., ten inches had fallen, and the wind outside was howling at blizzard speeds. Nevertheless, most people followed their customary routine, boarding horsecars, the Elevated, or ferries to reach their places of business, making efforts to get the children to school, or attempting to reach nearby stores on foot. But the icy blasts and the snowdrifts, some of them as high as six feet, soon made movement dangerously difficult or practically impossible. Horsecar drivers, daunted by mountainous drifts, unhitched their animals and walked them to the stable, leaving the passengers to shift for themselves. Elevated trains without heat stalled on icy rails. By midnight, the day's fall was sixteen and a half inches. The temperature reached a low of 10.7 degrees and the wind a high of forty-eight miles an hour. The average wind speed for the day was nearly thirty-three miles per hour, which made for a windchill factor equivalent to a calm temperature of 36 degrees below zero. People and horses froze in the streets, and some of the horses' legs were sticking grotesquely out of snowbanks. A guest in a room of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, at Twenty-third Street, reported seeing a veritable rain of sparrows falling dead from the eaves of nearby buildings. Men marooned away from home surged into already overcrowded hotels. Astor House, a hotel on Broadway opposite City Hall, rented its billiard tables at high prices as sleeping spaces. In the teeming ferry depot of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, whose ferries had long since stopped running, a bacchanalian scene continued through the dark hours, particularly ardent in obscure corners. The weather service's *Daily Journal* for that day noted with an understated touch, "The assistants on duty at the office are deserving of the greatest praise for their promptness and most willing efforts under such trying circumstances to keep the instruments in proper working order and [their performance of] all routine duties both in and out of the office reflects credit upon their courage. While in almost every case, business was suspended owing to failure of employees to appear, not a man was absent from this office and all reached here at the peril of their lives."

On Tuesday, light snow ended in the darkness before dawn, began again in the early afternoon, and stopped at just after 7 P.M. Flurries occurred later that night, ceasing just before 4 A.M. on Wednesday, March 14th. Two more periods of snow occurred on Wednesday before the storm finally ended, leaving a three-day total of 20.9 inches, with drifts from fifteen to twenty feet high. The blizzard, which ranged from the mid-Atlantic states northward into New England, caused four hundred fatalities, of which at least a score, including crews of pilot boats, were in the city area. One indication of how thoroughly the storm disrupted city life came from Sister Irene, the director of the New York Foundling Home, at Third Avenue and Sixty-eighth Street. Ordinarily, from three to seven babies were left each day on the institution's doorstep. On March 12th and 13th, no babies appeared.

WEATHERMEN consider a snowfall to be a measurable amount if it is one-tenth of an inch. By this standard, the city's earliest autumn snowfall took place late on October 26 and early on October 27, 1859. Residents arose that morning to find a snow cover of four inches. The greatest autumn snowstorm on record began on October 31, 1810; a trace of snow on that day was followed over the next two days by a total of seven inches, accompanied by subfreezing temperatures. The unusual combination brought sleighs into the streets. The morning of May 8, 1803, saw the latest spring snow: it fell for several hours on a day described as cold and disagreeable, with temperatures slightly above freezing. At eight in the morning, Henry Laight's thermometer showed 34 degrees. Across the river in New Jersey, a resident stated that he cut asparagus that morning in beds covered with snow.

During the year, the city averages

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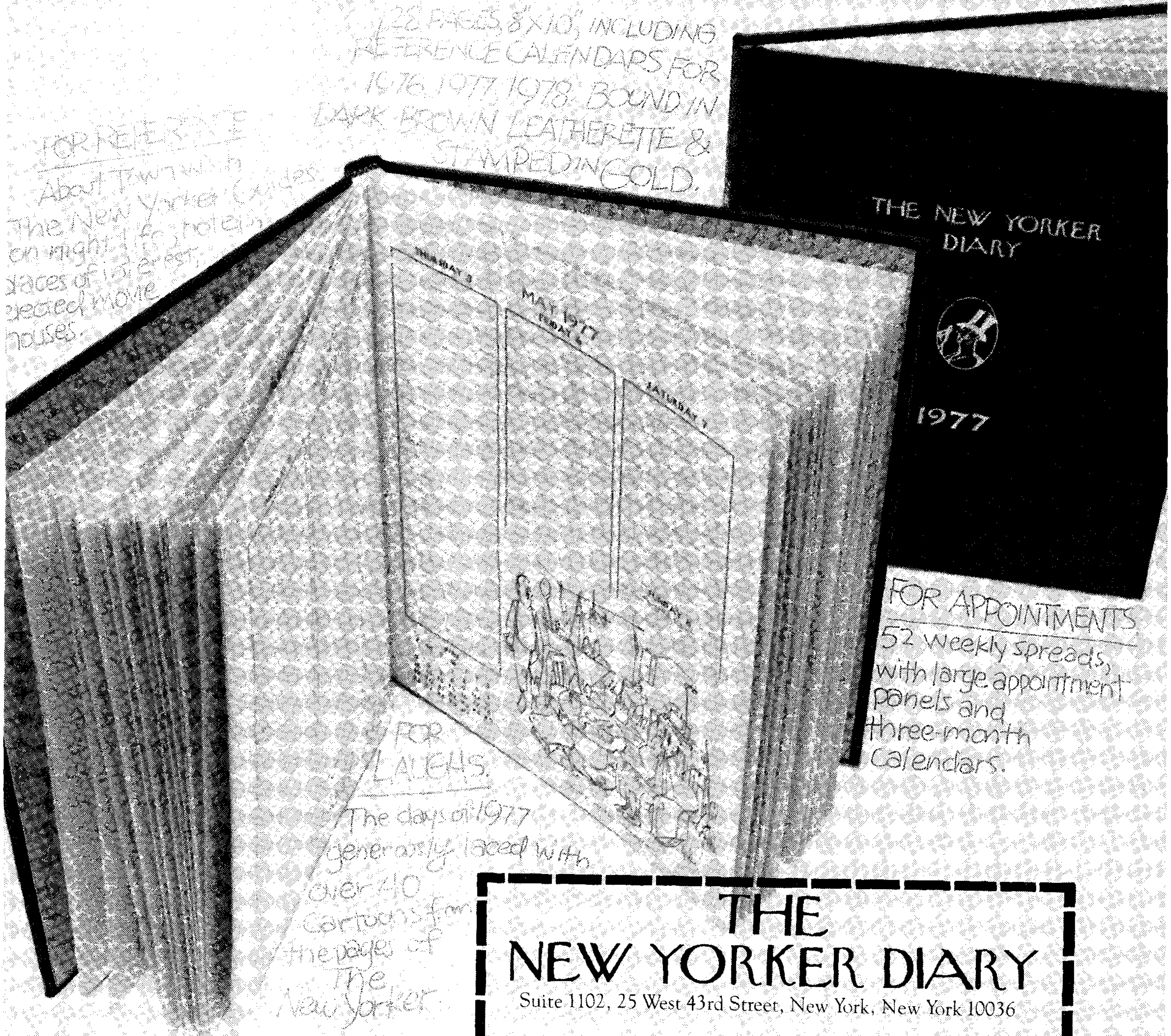

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about forty inches of precipitation, which is mostly rain. On one occasion, a downpour of more than a quarter of the normal annual total provided the city with by far its rainiest twenty-four hours on record. The storm started at seven o'clock on the evening of October 8, 1903, and continued into the next afternoon. In all, eleven and two-thirds inches of water descended on a city completely unprepared for it. Among other consequences, the pavement in front of the Subtreasury Building, on Wall Street, was undermined; a lake fifteen feet deep formed on West Forty-third Street, in the excavation for a new building that was to house the *Times;* and the Central Park Zoo, being in a hollow, was filled with water three or four feet deep. When the rain ceased, the Zoo's deer were found to be wading about in their enclosure up to their bellies, and a bald eagle was discovered drowned in its cage, having apparently fallen into the water below its perch and been unable to rise. The previous record for a day's rain had been eight and three-tenths inches, on September 23, 1882.

THE city's highest temperature came on July 9, 1936—the fourth day of a heat spell. At noon on that date, the mercury at the Central Park Observatory stood at 100 degrees; two hours later it was 104 degrees; and at 4 P.M. it reached the record level of 106 degrees. People lost their rubber heels in the sun-scorched, semi-liquid streets, and in some places the asphalt street surface blistered. At 6 P.M., the mercury had fallen to only 103 degrees, but by midnight, with a breeze from the west, it had dropped to 78 degrees. Thousands of people slept in the parks, which had been kept open for this purpose during the stifling period by Mayor LaGuardia. Thousands more slept on fire escapes. By one o'clock the next afternoon, the mercury had climbed back to 102 degrees, giving the city the relatively rare misfortune of two successive days with temperatures over 100. The normal average for this time of year is in the low seventies. The city's second-hottest day was August 7, 1918, when the mercury rose to 104 degrees. That day's minimum was 82 degrees, the highest low temperature yet noted here.

The coldest temperature reading in the city since 1788 was February 9, 1934, which happened to be the sixty-fourth anniversary of the joint congressional resolution establishing the weather service. Thirty-two degrees is the average normal temperature for February 9th. But in Central Park that day the mercury dipped to 47 degrees less than that, or 15 below zero. Hundreds of people in the city were treated for frostbitten ears and noses. Ten thousand homeless were given shelter in the 69th Regiment Armory, at Lexington Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street. Six hundred and fifty-two fire hydrants froze, handicapping the firemen called to sixty small blazes. And in Brooklyn the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals had to be summoned to care for fifteen steers that collapsed in the street from the cold on their way from a pier to a packinghouse.

While —15 degrees is abnormally cold for the region, it may not have actually been the lowest temperature ever taken here. On January 29, 1780, during an extremely bitter winter, a Lieutenant MacKenzie, of the Royal Engineers, a member of the British forces then occupying the city, noted in his diary that it was —16 degrees. While legend makes much of the hardships suffered during the winter of 1777-78 by Washington's men at Valley Forge, about twenty miles northwest of Philadelphia, the winter of 1779-80, which found them encamped in Morristown, New Jersey, was even more severe. A week before Christmas, there was a terrible snowstorm, described as "half a leg deep and more." The snow remained for eight weeks, and was topped over the ensuing three weeks by three more falls, the final one being a raging blizzard. Thereafter, for over a month it was intensely cold. A city resident, writing in his journal, reported that ink in a bottle two feet from a coal fire froze. The weather caused the occupying British great problems, too. The garrison consumed six hundred cords of wood a week. Detachments of three hundred men with axes were constantly being sent into the woods of Manhattan Island, to hew trees at points adjacent to landings. The harbor was frozen over, and supplies for units quartered off Manhattan had to be conveyed across it by wagon and sleigh. The ice was strong enough to bear the heaviest cannon.

Records of the freezing over of the Hudson River go back to the winter of 1696-97, when mention was first made of its being negotiable on foot. Succeeding winters that saw this condition were those of 1705-06, 1719-20, 1740-41, 1751-52, 1760-61, 1764-65, 1779-80, 1783-84, 1804-

05, 1820-21, 1835-36, 1856-57, and 1874-75. In the city's early days, it was considered great—although obviously dangerous—sport to walk across the frozen river to New Jersey and back. A reason commonly given for this foolhardiness was that the feat would impress one's grandchildren. There were times when hundreds tried it, and in early February of 1836 thousands crossed the river on foot. As a consequence, enterprising food merchants sometimes set up stands and sold hot food and drinks. Meteorologists say that the reason such freezes rarely occur today is not warmer weather. Temperatures, they say, have remained about the same. The reason ice does not form so readily is that in place of the gentle sailing ships that plied the harbor in those days we have power-driven craft, which constantly churn the waters, keeping them in motion. We also have icebreakers available for occasions when a freeze does start nowadays—as, of course, last week, when the ice was very much in evidence. Besides, the Hudson has been made narrower and swifter by the construction of man-made land and piers along its shores. Two additional factors, to which meteorologists tend to give a low rating but which may nevertheless have some influence, are the amount of warm waste water discharged into the river and the effect of heat from the city's buildings.

All of which may be cold comfort to New Yorkers, who have already suffered through a January in which the first twenty days were ten degrees below normal, and are promised more of the same in the weeks ahead.

—EUGENE KINKEAD

•

SEATTLE (AP)—President-elect Carter and the late Franklin D. Roosevelt have many things in common, but Carter will have difficulty redeeming a pledge of an open administration, says FDR's son.

"You can say the house is open and the public welcome, but security men will be checking backgrounds and using metal detectors on members of the public when they come to visit," says Elliott Roosevelt, 66.

Eleanor Roosevelt had no Secret Service protection, nor did Vice President John Nance Garner, who "was so ornery he would have kicked the Secret Service off his ranch," said Roosevelt, interviewed while visiting relatives in Seattle.

"Carter has one essential quality my father had—total recall and a photographic memory," he said. "Both men could read a 40-page briefing book and two days later tell you what was on page 283."—*Sarasota (Fla.) Herald-Tribune.*

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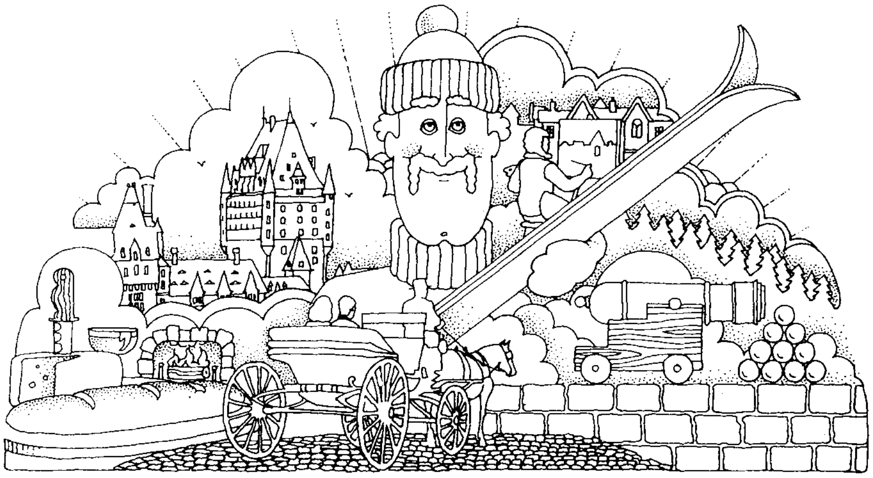

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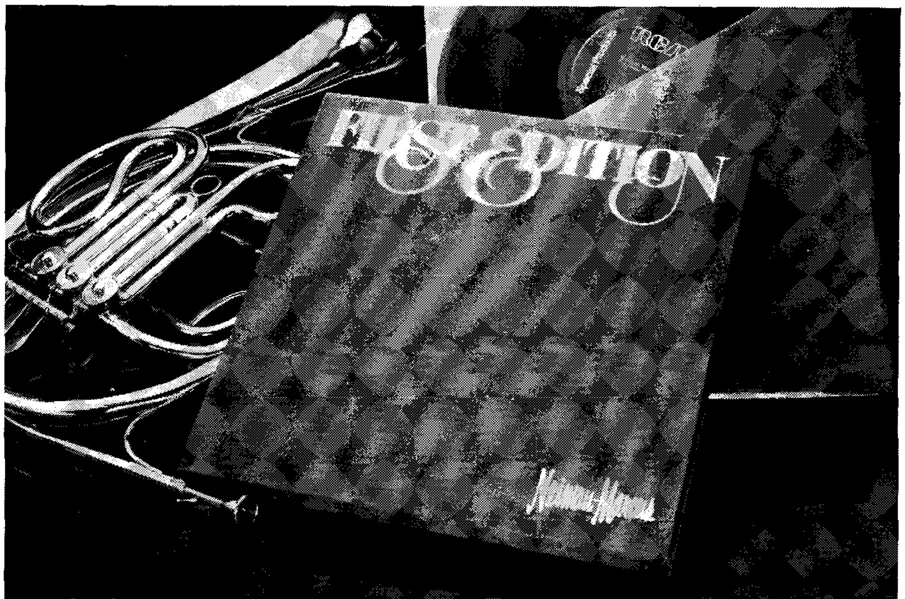

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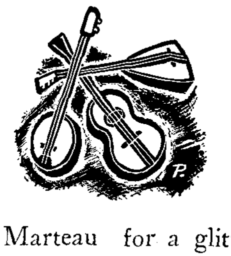
MUSICAL EVENTS

Chance, Death, and Mutability

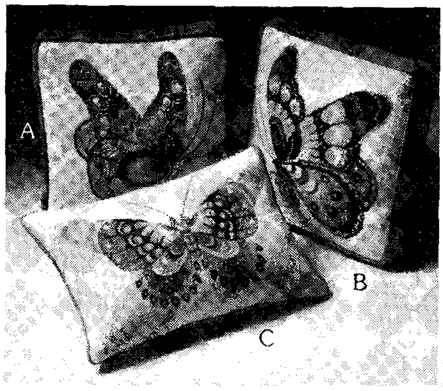
WHEN Pierre Boulez relinquishes the Philharmonic, at the end of this season, and people try to draw up balance sheets of what he brought to New York and what he failed to bring, the second column can be headed by performances of his own music. For Boulez is above all a great composer, and in most of his later works the act of composition continues during his conducting of them. With the Philharmonic he has not done "Pli Selon Pli," that towering orchestral masterpiece of our day, or "Domaines," or the early cantata "Le Soleil des Eaux," or "Le Marteau sans Maître." In fact, at subscription—or, for that matter, at Rug and at Prospective Encounter—concerts he had conducted none of his own music, except for two "Improvisations sur Mallarmé" (movements from "Pli Selon Pli"), until, this month, he introduced his "Rituel" to New York. During the four years that he was chief conductor of the BBC Symphony, Boulez performances of Boulez were frequent. He explains that of the BBC he was not music director, and that BBC concerts are not sold by subscription; at the Philharmonic, of which he *is* music director, he is unwilling to impose his own music on subscription audiences. It is an understandable decision. But as a result Philharmonic audiences have been cut off from a mainstream of contemporary music, and Boulez has wasted much of his and our time on routine and worse than routine executions of standard repertory. Earlier this month, he conducted a deplorable performance of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony (and, before it, Toru Takemitsu's "Arc," a work that was not worth adding to the Philharmonic repertory). A week later, with "Rituel," he led us to the heights.



It is true that by means of phonograph records and sneak tapes of foreign performances an enthusiast can create his own Boulez performances. Yet where Boulez is concerned a recorded performance is likely to be in the nature of a snapshot of a work at just one stage of its life—better than nothing, but a poor substitute for living with, observing, being inspired by the progress of that marvellous musical mind, made manifest in individual compositions that themselves develop and grow from year to year, fold upon fold, and are so closely related one to the next that they seem to be parts of a single magnum opus in progress. Ideas from Boulez's Second Piano Sonata were reworked in his "Livre pour Quatuor," and that quartet, in turn, was reworked for string orchestra as "Livre pour Cordes." At the 1960 ISCM Festival, in Cologne, I heard him play a piano solo that was then a new addition to "Pli Selon Pli," while "Pli" itself was still a work for chamber forces, not the great full-orchestra piece it is now. Four years later, that piano solo had grown into "Éclat," for a glittery chamber ensemble, and was played by the BBC Symphony. The following year, there was a "world première" of "Éclat" in Los Angeles, in the form that excited Stravinsky's admiration (recounted in his "Themes and Episodes": " 'Éclat' is not only creative music, but creative conducting as well, which is unique"). "Éclat" continued to expand, into "Éclat-Multiples," a work now about thrice as long as the "Éclat" of 1964, and still open-ended. In rather similar fashion, Boulez's ". . . explosante/fixe . . ." began life, in 1972, as a page of musical ideas, clusters of instrumental monodies, followed by six pages of suggestions about how they might be assembled. It was one of seventeen "Canons and Epitaphs: In Memoriam Igor Stravinsky," by different composers, published in the magazine *Tempo*. That year, London heard a ten-minute version for flute, clarinet, and trumpet. Early in 1973, the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center presented a half-hour version, more elaborately scored, and intricately equipped with electronic spatial effects. Later that year, in Rome, members of the BBC Symphony under Boulez played a revised, longer version, and a few months after that, in London, they played one longer still.

From which it should be clear that a Boulez score as first set down contains ideas and possibilities that are then explored in performance, and that from such exploration there may result new ideas, for additional or more interesting and exciting ways of handling the original material. And that from a germ in one work another work may grow. Such practices are common enough in musical history. Stravinsky remarked that Beethoven in his piano sonatas "discovers and sometimes maps out the different territories of several future composers, including himself." Joseph Kerman, in "The Beethoven Quartets," noted how a cadence in Beethoven's B-Flat Quartet, of 1825, "helped clarify what, in 1812 [in the allegretto of the Eighth Symphony], had been dimly and much less beautifully present in his mind." Irving Kolodin's "The Interior Beethoven" is largely concerned with such matters. But few great composers—at any rate, since the days of the composer-executants who improvised in public the thoughts that they later set down on paper—have kept pieces "open" for so long. What Handel could do with one of his recurrent melodies, making it flower afresh in new forms through work after work, Boulez does with an "idea"—a structural device, a generative procedure, a way of organizing time or timbre. There is a parallel with Balanchine, who builds one work upon another, and is likely to change "finished" work, rethink passages of it, as he revives it in the living medium of performing artists.

"RITUEL," commissioned by the BBC, was performed by the BBC Symphony under the composer first in April, 1975, and again in November, 1976. (Second-season reprises are important for the understanding of a major new work, both by the players and by the listeners; I wish the Philharmonic did more of them.) The American première was given by the Berkshire Music Center Orchestra, under Gunther Schuller, at Tanglewood in August, 1975. The piece bears the subtitle "In Memoriam Maderna," and commemorates Bruno Maderna, the Venetian composer and conductor, who died in 1973. Boulez has described it as music "for an imaginary ceremony" that is at once a "ceremony of remembrance" in its constant return to the same ideas and a "ceremony of extinction, ritual of disappearance and survival" in its constant alterations of those ideas, which change as memories are apt to change. Like ". . . explosante/fixe . . . ," "Rituel" is a memorial composition. The two works have other things in common, including a precedent in Stravinsky's "Symphonies of Wind Instruments," his memorial to Debussy. Like ". . . explosante/fixe . . . ," the "Symphonies" grew from a brief obituary tribute published in a magazine. (Stravinsky's was a two-page chorale, which appeared in the Debussy number of the *Revue Musicale* in 1920.) "Symphonies" is a work that Boulez is close to (he conducted it at his first concert with the



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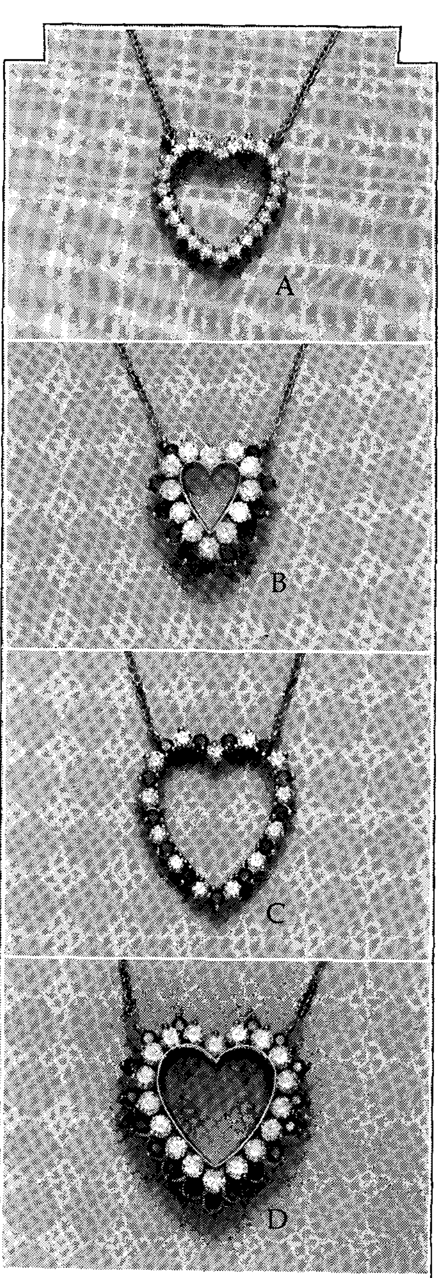
BBC Symphony, and has several times conducted it with the Philharmonic), and in a spoken introduction to "Rituel" he explained that Stravinsky's block structure—and, in particular, his "idea" of long, complicated sounds followed by short ones—provided one stimulus for his own composition. The influence of "Symphonies" on "Rituel" is both sonic and formal, and it was not by chance that works by Debussy and Stravinsky completed the bill at the Philharmonic. ". . . explosante/fixe . . ." and "Rituel" also share a fixed point of reference—the note E flat (which in German is Es, or S, Stravinsky's initial). In the score of the former, it sits at the center of the page, with an archipelago of six monody clusters scattered around it; alternative routes for moving about the page are provided. In the latter, a unison E flat is the note of resolution for the chordal progressions that make up seven of the work's fifteen sections. This E flat, on the first line of the treble staff, limns a kind of "horizon" above, below, or across which the events of the work can be heard to take place.

As a creator-performer, Boulez has long been concerned with the opposed claims of chance and predetermination; with controlling instinct by intelligence; with giving order and lucidity to, while not clipping the wings of, imagination in full flight. Toward the end of his elegant but difficult Darmstadt lectures, published as "Boulez on Music Today," he cites Baudelaire's attempted reconciliation of "lucidity" and "genius," and continues, "Imagination must stimulate intelligence and intelligence must anchor imagination." A thoroughly mastered modern technique is "an exalting mirror which the imagination forges for itself, and in which its discoveries are reflected." Once possessed of it, a musician can act freely and rationally. In the early fifties, Boulez began work on "Structures," for two pianos, and the three pieces of Book I constitute perhaps the most rigidly controlled large composition of our day, in which the sequence of notes, their durations, their dynamics, and their modes of attack are determined by a set of rules and tables drawn up in advance. (The composer left himself free to choose as he went along in which octave to place any note.) Twelve pieces were planned; two more of them, making up Book II, appeared in 1961, and in these there are passages where the tempo and spacing of events are now left to the performers to decide. He had entered his freer period. As an epigraph to the score of "Pli Selon Pli" he set a line of



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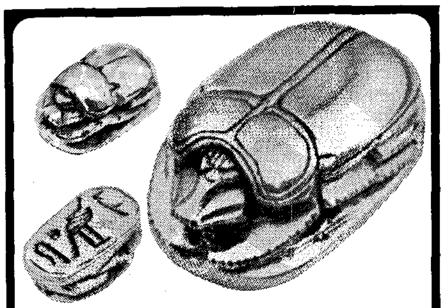

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Mallarmé: "A throw of the dice will not abolish chance." Boulez has never been an *aleator*, a dice roller. His aim of "deducing multiple consequences from a certain number of rational points of departure" suggests something closer to chess. And ". . . explosante/fixe . . ." and "Rituel" are like games played with similar pieces but according to quite different sets of rules. The composer has compared the score of ". . . explosante/fixe . . ." to a city map: the journey from A to B can be made by many different routes, and each traveller can choose his own, but along the way there are signs—one way, no entry, no right turn—that must be obeyed in the interests of an orderly, controlled ensemble flow. "Rituel" is set out on the page in a more conventional fashion. The program note for the London performance last November said that "nothing is left to choice; the work is immutable." The New York program note, on the other hand, said of seven of the fifteen sections that it was "unlikely . . . that even in a thousand successive performances these sections would ever turn out exactly the same." The second statement is correct. "Rituel," at this stage of its life, contains both an element of choice for the conductor and an element of chance—but choice and chance alike are held within narrow limits. On *this* map, everyone's route has been carefully plotted in advance. All that can happen is that along certain stretches members of the company may break step: some may straggle behind, others forge ahead and then wait at the next corner until the rest have caught up.

"RITUEL" lasts about twenty-seven minutes. Seven is the recurrent number in its making. Seven odd-numbered sections are the chordal progressions with the final resolution on E flat. In the first of them, there is one chord; in the second, two; and so on to seven in the seventh. The seven even-numbered sections, alternating with the chordal passages, are played by one or more of seven instrumental "groups," widely spaced on the platform. These groups are: one oboe, two clarinets, three flutes, four violins, five woodwinds, six strings, and seven woodwinds. The music they play is either elegiac lament or flickering, rapid figuration. The chordal sections are given out by a centrally stationed brass ensemble of fourteen, joined, after the first section, by whichever of the groups have been playing in the preceding section. This sounds schematic, and so it is: a well-planned, firm, and easily

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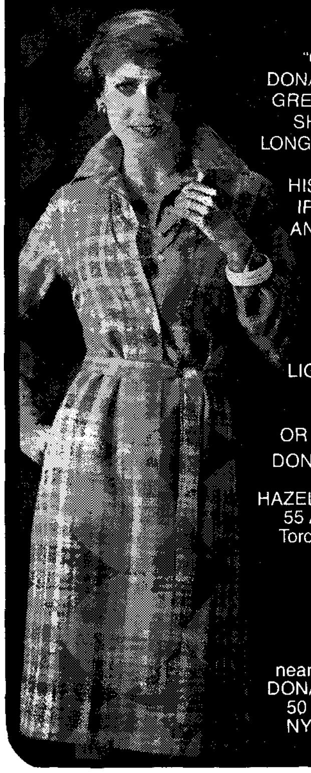

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apprehended framework, on which Boulez has composed music of eloquence and beauty. A few sentences from one of my more lyrical London colleagues, written after last November's performance, may help to dispel any notion that "Rituel" is a dryly manufactured or unemotional work:

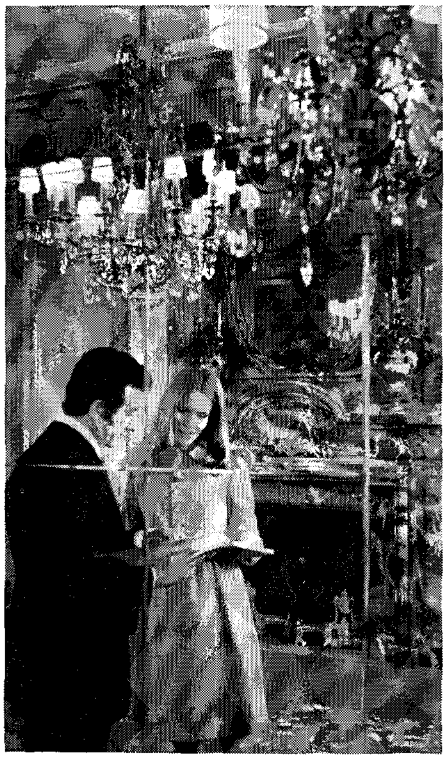
> This odd, austere orchestral essay once again conjured, at second hearing, in a way that no other Boulez work seems to conjure, a multitude of references, echoes of other music faintly perceived: *a swirl of strings and woodwind,* like the swirl of instruments heard through the pink veil of Stockhausen's "Trans;" a sudden priestly cadence of Messiaen; *delicate bubbles of Italian*ate texture, quickly punctured. And many insinuating moments: the dying-ember tones of gongs, woodblocks and dark-*muted strings; nervous riffs of scraped* and shaken percussion; the sudden shriek in pain of brass and clarinet.

I have not yet mentioned the percussion. At the back of the platform, two players, provided with seven gongs and seven tam-tams, introduce each chordal section with a gong stroke and continue during it with a knell-like tolling rhythmically independent of the chords. Seven other percussionists, each of them with seven instruments (many of them exotic), are allotted one apiece to the seven groups, where they function as sub-conductors, giving the beat with tap, clack, tinkle, or tock. The element of chance enters here: Although the rhythmic notation is precise, the metres are so tricky and the players so widely separated that at each performance the lapping of the different groups is bound to vary. The main conductor gives the signal to start the even-numbered sections and then leaves it to the individual percussion-conductors to carry on. He conducts the odd-numbered, chordal sections himself. When seven of one have alternated with seven of the other, all the forces unite in a long, elegiac final section, built on motifs that have been heard before. Then, one by one, the groups fall from the ensemble. The last note is *a soft unison E flat, over the* tolling of a gong.

What else? Boulez gave his introductory talk at one of the informal Pre-Philharmonic Concert Lectures, which are held in the choral room of Avery Fisher Hall on Friday mornings. (Elliott Carter, David Del Tredici, Morton Subotnick, and George Crumb are billed to talk in the series this season *at the* time their new works join the Philharmonic repertory.) There he disclosed that practical considerations went into the making of "Rituel." A work that calls for an unusual platform disposition should be long enough, as well as good enough, to justify the disturbance it causes: an audience grows impatient when the reseating of an orchestra lasts almost as long as the music. The idea of the seven solo percussionists came to him as he considered the difficulties his seven groups would have if there was no one to give them a beat; a single conductor would need seven arms. The element of choice was introduced at a late stage, because it proved difficult to secure unanimous attack on the chords. So now the conductor is invited to "spread" them, bringing in at will each group of instruments in turn until the full sonority is built up. The percussion is an integral and beautiful part of the piece; its manifold colors and the effect of clocks ticking away at different speeds are major expressive elements. But whether the spreading of the chords is a good idea I am unsure. Since most of these chords are prefaced by a brief appoggiatura-like anacrusis, a restless rat-a-tat of successive entries disturbs the grand solemnity of the original idea. However, the composer opined that the "analytical" effect of hearing timbre laid upon timbre was interesting. And so it was.

The traditional devices of funeral music are here: bell harmonies produced (as in the "Symphonies of Wind Instruments") by sustained and complicated chords, the knell of the gong strokes, alternations as of versicle and response. After the very soft opening chord, the first sound heard is the solo oboe in lament. (The melody is close to the main theme of ". . . explosante/fixe . . .") Gradually, the sections grow longer, and the textures denser, until a climax is reached. Then the long coda begins—solemn utterances broken by pauses during which the percussions, representing the varied ticks of time, become prominent. On all levels, "Rituel" seems to me a major work. It relates to earlier musical experience (Stravinsky; Messiaen; *possibly the* slow pageant of Harrison Birtwistle's "The Triumph of Time," a work that Boulez has championed; Boulez's own "Domaines" and "Éclat" as well as ". . . explosante/fixe . . ."). It is at once complicated and lucid. The scoring is beautiful. After being stirred by this grave, passionate, and precisely ordered work, no one could call Boulez unemotional.

IN most musical cities, successful orchestral concerts can be devoted to *the work of a single* composer. In 1972, the BBC Symphony gave a con-



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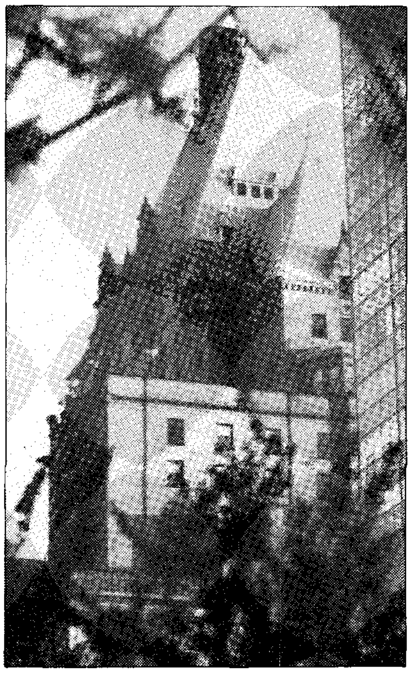

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cert the first half of which was Stockhausen's "Carré," and the second half another performance of "Carré;" the Albert Hall was packed. In New York, the Coliseum, Madison Square Garden, or the Cathedral of St. John the Divine would surely be similarly packed. (The four orchestras and four choirs of "Carré" could hardly be fitted into Fisher or Carnegie Hall.) In Paris, during the annual Journées de Musique Contemporaine, days on end are devoted to going through the complete works of a single composer. Such extravagant jamborees are somewhat indigestible, and even inartistic. But well-chosen all-Carter, all-Stockhausen, all-Tippett, and all-Boulez concerts at the Philharmonic would be welcome. Perhaps the four could be put on a special subscription series. New music, it is true, is not being neglected this season, as that list of Friday-morning lecturers indicates. (Franco Donatoni's Concertino and Britten's Cello Symphony are also on the bills.) But there is still much catching up to be done. I hope that Zubin Mehta, the Philharmonic's music director-elect, will be able to persuade Boulez, when he is no longer responsible for planning the weekly fare, to come back often, and conduct not only "Rituel" but also the works he has so far felt obliged to withhold from his Philharmonic audience.

—ANDREW PORTER

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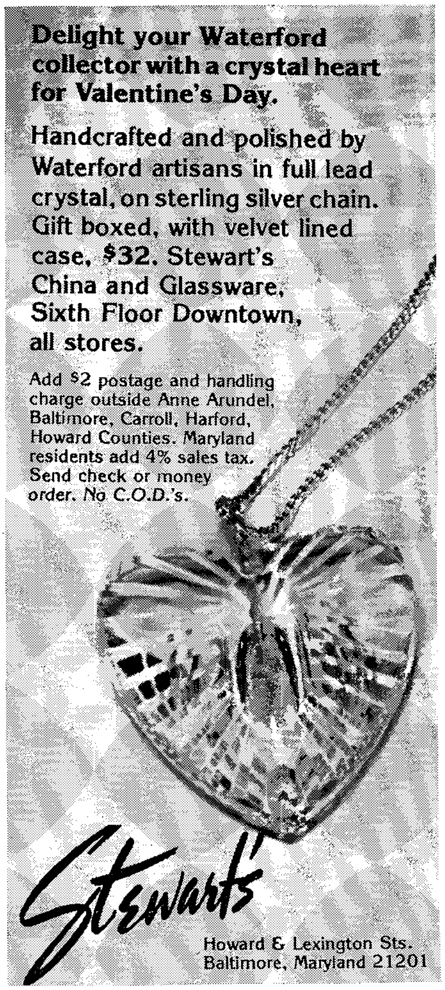
I have only recently become a convert to the music of Olivier Messiaen. His special mystical vocabulary demands out-of-the-ordinary understanding, I think, but he is, perhaps, the most original of present-day composers. His "Quartet for the End of Time," a religious work about Jesus Christ and the angel who announces the end of



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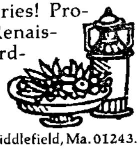
[1] How did the Italian Catherine's invention of French cookery aid her in producing three French kings? See p. 85.



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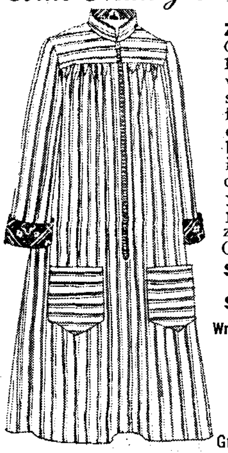

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the world, has been issued by RCA (ARL1-1567; single disc). It is played by Peter Serkin, piano; Ida Kavafian, violin; Fred Sherry, cello; and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. It requires repeated listening, but I find it worth that.

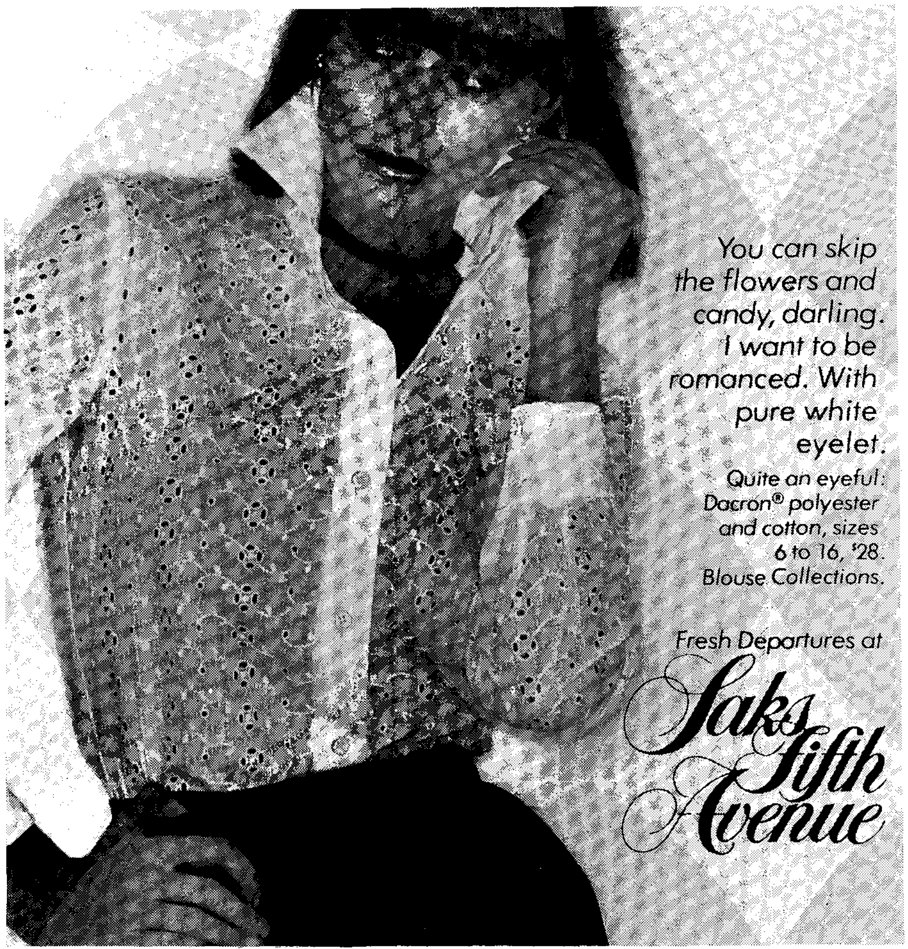
A splendid rendition of Berlioz' Requiem has been produced by the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, conducted by Louis Frémaux, with Robert Tear as tenor soloist (Angel SB-3814; four sides). The performance is both extraordinarily dramatic and exceptionally clear.

Handel's ode "Alexander's Feast" has been recorded by the Oriana Concert Choir and Orchestra, Alfred Deller conducting, with Honor Sheppard, soprano; Max Worthley, tenor; and Maurice Bevan, bass (Vanguard Historical Anthology of Music HM 50/51 SD; four sides). It is the only recording of this work now available. The ode is generally regarded as one of Handel's greatest creations, and the performance is very good.

Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra perform Tchaikovsky's Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Symphonies for RCA, and the results are predictable: the world's smoothest orchestral tone, and broad, brilliant interpretations (CRL3-1838; six sides). And, on another disc, the U.S.S.R. State Symphony Orchestra under Konstantin Ivanov performs the same composer's seldom heard First Symphony ("Winter Dreams"). It is a pleasant work, and very interesting as the Master's first essay in the form (Westminster Gold WGS-8319; single).

The dazzling French flute virtuoso Jean-Pierre Rampal is soloist in Bach's Suite No. 2 in B Minor, Concerto in E Minor, and the Sinfonia that forms the beginning of the Cantata "Non sa che sia dolore" (RCA FRL1-5693; single). He is accompanied by the Paillard Chamber Orchestra, Jean-François Paillard conducting. This is some of Bach's finest music, and it is brilliantly performed. The equally dazzling British trumpet player Don Smithers has produced a selection of Bach's works for trumpet and organ (Philips 6500 925; single). Some of the compositions are played on a reproduction of the trumpet of Bach's own time, others on the cornetto or modern trumpet. Mr. Smithers' skill is remarkable and his artistry outstanding.

Richard Strauss's two Concertos for Horn, played by Peter Damm, first horn of the Dresden State Orchestra,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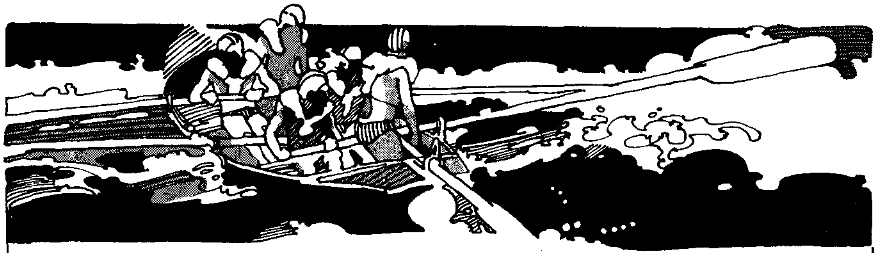

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make up another fascinating disc (Angel S-37004; single). The accompanying orchestra is the Dresden State, conducted by Rudolf Kempe. Damm achieves a particularly beautiful tone, and he must be among the world's finest players of his instrument.

The great cellist Mstislav Rostropovich has recorded Haydn's Cello Concertos in D Major and C Major with the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, conducting the orchestra himself (Angel S-37193; single). The panache and tremendous virtuosity of Mr. Rostropovich's style make these performances memorable.

Rimski-Korsakov's Trio in C Minor has been recorded by Sviatoslav Knushevitsky, cello; David Oistrakh, violin; and Lev Oborin, piano (Westminster Gold WGM-8321; single). It is a pleasing, lyric piece, and apparently this is its first recording. The performance is superb.

Other single discs worthy of note are Beethoven's late and difficult Piano Sonatas, Op. 109 and Op. 110, played by Maurizio Pollini (Deutsche Grammophon 2530 645); Sonatas for Violin and Piano by Leclair, Veracini, Vivaldi, and Nardini, played in cultivated baroque style by Arthur Grumiaux, violin, and István Hajdu, piano (Philips 6500 879); two of Mozart's short operatic works, "Der Schauspieldirektor" ("The Impresario") and "Lo Sposo Deluso" ("The Deluded Bridegroom"), performed by the London Symphony Orchestra under Colin Davis, with Ruth Welting, Felicity Palmer, Ileana Cotrubas, Anthony Rolfe Johnson, Robert Tear, and Clifford Grant (Philips 9500 011); Dvořák's Quartet No. 6, Op. 96, and Quintet No. 3, Op. 97—both written during the composer's American sojourn—played by the Guarneri Quartet and Walter Trampler, viola (RCA ARL1-1791); Beethoven's Symphony No. 4, along with his Grosse Fuge, Op. 133, performed with exemplary clarity by the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields under Neville Marriner (Philips 9500 033); Brahms' Piano Sonata No. 2, Op. 2, and Variations on a Theme by Paganini, played brilliantly by Claudio Arrau (Philips 9500 066); and an amplified-piano rendition by Robert Miller of George Crumb's "Makrokosmos, Vol. II," a rather interesting collection of sonorities without tonality which pushes impressionism to its limits (Columbia/Odyssey Y 34135).

—Winthrop Sargeant

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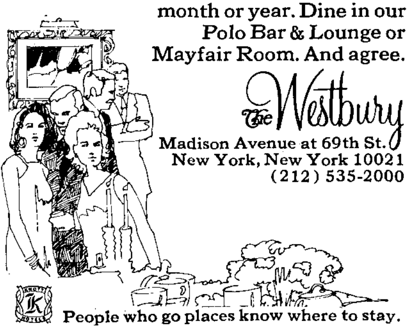

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THE RACE TRACK

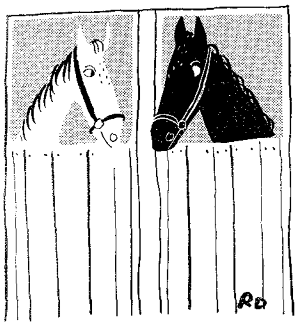
Six in a Day

STEVE CAUTHEN, the sixteen-year-old wonder boy from Kentucky, rode six winners at Aqueduct last Saturday, joining six other jockeys, including Shoemaker and Cordero, who have won six races in one day on New York tracks. He rode the card, finishing second in the second race and third in the fifth and in the Aqueduct Handicap. On his way to Kennedy after the last race, to catch a plane for Los Angeles, somebody asked him if he was tired. "No, not when I ride six winners," he said. "I only get tired when I ride losers." He had only one winner in California: Pocket Park, in the second division of the San Fernando Stakes. It was a rough-run race, the stewards disqualifying Properantes, who passed the post first. Cauthen finished third in the first division of the San Fernando, and was unplaced in his two other races. Catching a night plane, he was back riding at Aqueduct on Monday. His score for last week was seventeen winners; he has had forty-six victories since January 3rd. If he keeps that up, Sandy Hawley, head of the list last season, may well have to look to his laurels.

Trained observers like the way Cauthen handles his horses. He reminds them of Shoemaker in the early years of the big tracks. They are impressed, too, by his judgment of pace—something that most of our riders don't have much of—and by his ability to keep out of trouble, such as getting into close quarters or being blocked at a critical point in a race. He is also aware of not only how much his horse may have left toward the end of a race but how well the others are going. The best man at that I ever knew was Laverne Fator, my pick of the jockeys of the twenties. Among the things that trainers, in particular, like Cauthen for is that he follows riding orders.

Seven of Cauthen's mounts last Saturday were favorites, but then he *makes* favorites; even though the horse he is riding may have only moderate form, it gets a big play from the lads and lasses who bet on jockeys. But the animal doesn't always win. I'd say that of all the horses Cauthen rode last Saturday the one he wanted most to win on was Due Diligence, in the Aqueduct Handicap. Cauthen was in front on the Harbor View Farm's horse turning into the stretch, but his mount tired running against the favorite, Turn and Count, and against Magnetizer, who carried only 107 pounds, getting nineteen from Turn and Count. Magnetizer ran over the opposition at the end to win by a neck. Aqueduct had the biggest crowd in a fortnight: 19,981 bet $3,019,931.

Because of the continuing cold spell and the decrease in attendance, the New York Racing Association has closed the grandstand at Aqueduct Mondays through Fridays, except for holidays, until the weather is warmer. The clubhouse stays open, with a reduced admission price. One reason for the grandstand closing, of course, is that it costs a pretty dollar to heat and service the huge stand, and the Big A isn't doing so well financially. As this is written, nobody is quite sure how this arrangement will work out.



THINGS picked up at Gulfstream Park after the snow flurries in Miami earlier in the week. Twenty horses were entered for the Appleton Handicap, on the grass, so it was split and run in two divisions. Gay Jitterbug won the first, with What a Threat second and Riverside Sam third; and Cinteelo won the second from Commanding Lead, with El Guindo third.

INAUGURAL DAY NOTE: The Bowie management gave everybody who came to the track a bag of peanuts with "Best Wishes to President Jimmy Carter" printed on it. —AUDAX MINOR

•

TO: All Physicians
FROM: Chief of Staff
SUBJECT: District Health Care Delivery System

The attached policy statement has recently been ratified by the hospitals in our District 27 (Martinez, San Francisco, Palo Alto, Livermore, Fresno and Reno). The whole purpose is to prevent the veteran patient from getting lost in the bureaucratic maize. Please note the emphasis on doctor-to-doctor communication and dialogue to arrange for transfer of a patient to another facility.

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—*U.S. government memorandum.*

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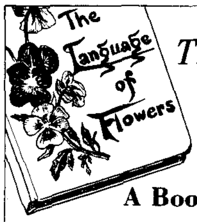

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JANUARY 23

IT is in some ways reassuring that Jimmy Carter eschews eloquence as well as pomp and grandiosity—that his platitudes come to us in their natural, unadorned state, without benefit of professional packaging. On taking office eight years ago, Richard Nixon delivered a speech that dwelt on many of the same themes as Carter's, and was composed in the kind of noble-Roman style that some of the more talented ghostwriters favor. Announcing that in the period which was ending with his accession, "America has suffered from a fever of words . . . from bombastic rhetoric that postures instead of persuading," Nixon explained that "we cannot learn from one another until we stop shouting at one another—until we speak quietly enough so that our words can be heard as well as our voices." He went on, "No man can be fully free while his neighbor is not. To go forward at all is to go forward together. This means black and white together, as one nation, not two. The laws have caught up with our conscience. What remains is to give life to what is in the law." And the man who was soon to order secret bombings of Cambodia said that "the peace we seek to win is not victory over any other people but the peace that comes with healing in its wings; with compassion for those who have suffered; with understanding for those who have opposed us; with the opportunity for all the peoples of this earth to choose their own destiny."

In Carter's address, the only thing that approached an aphorism was properly attributed to one of the President's high-school teachers, and the nearest thing to poetry came from the prophet Micah. Banalities abounded, and there were several cloudy passages, but compared to Nixon's and to the Inaugural speeches of most Presidents it was modest in tone and singular in its generosity to the man who had so recently been his rival. It was also unusual in letting the people know that their new leader had "no new dream to set forth," no redemptive schemes, but only a pledge to stand by the established democratic values—and to do so with an awareness of the limitations of government. It was not, he seemed to be saying, within his or our power to make good on Nixon's words and provide "the peoples of this earth" with control over their own destiny. (He might have taken this text from Samuel Johnson: "How small, of all that human hearts endure, that part which laws or kings can cause or cure!") To the rest of the world he offered only the assurance that "we will not behave in foreign places so as to violate our rules and standards here at home"—an assertion that could be read as a promise that, despite the forced withdrawal of Theodore Sorensen, the man he wanted to head the Central Intelligence Agency, he intended to keep it and other intelligence agencies on a short leash. In a statement addressed to "citizens of the world" and broadcast overseas, he said that, having "concluded one chapter in our nation's history" (the one that ended with our departure from Southeast Asia), Americans had "acquired a more mature perspective on the problems of the world," a perspective that enables us to see that our reach has often exceeded our grasp and that the kind of political goals that Nixon—and, before him, Lyndon Johnson and John Kennedy—proclaimed are unattainable by American power.

Carter's words, of course, may be no more reliable a guide to his actions than were those of his predecessors. The modesty of his first days in office may be misleading; he is a man of simple tastes, and he may walk humbly with his God, but humility has hardly been characteristic of his political career. Those who seek high public office are by nature vain and filled with self-esteem, and few, it would seem, are more so than Carter, whose ambitions a year ago seemed ridiculous to almost everyone but him. Between his speech on Thursday and what he said on the way to his election there are large contradictions. He did not in those days say that he had little to offer except the eternal verities, nor did he then stress the limitations of political power. He is a tough, shrewd, calculating man and an adroit manipulator of symbols, whose stroll down Pennsylvania Avenue was a canny exercise in showmanship and one-upmanship. But what he says now is more

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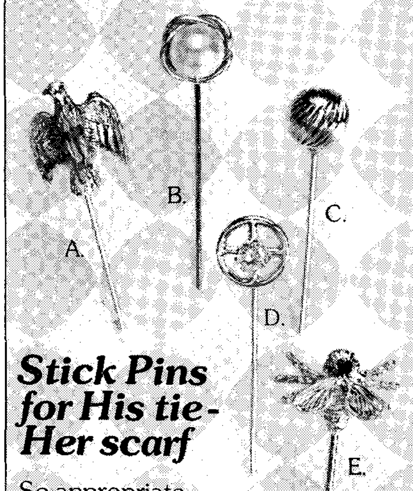

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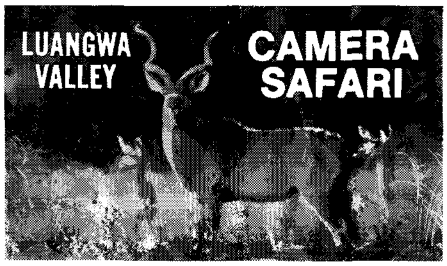

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binding on him than what he said last year; we license campaigners as we do poets, and tax our leaders more heavily for what they say and do in power than for what they say and do while seeking it. And although power is often corrupting, it is also, as a rule, sobering; Carter, as he approached the White House, may have felt a compelling need for restraint—and not only because he had overpromised but because he had learned that the people would welcome restraint. (Gerald Ford had a sense of this at the start of his campaign, and it may explain why he almost caught up with Carter.) At any rate, Carter seems to have positioned himself well—at least with the public. The speech, though it hardly set the Potomac on fire, and drew only perfunctory applause, was perhaps the most successful he has made, and there is universal approval of the steps he has taken to strip the Presidency of the imperial trappings that have been accumulating around it in recent decades. What many regarded as the excesses of the campaign are well behind him. He has fulfilled one of the earliest and most specific of his campaign promises—the pardon for draft evaders—at a time when the political consequences are likely to be the least damaging. At the moment, he is committed to little more than doing his activist best.

The achievement of power undoubtedly had a sobering effect, and so, probably, did the realization that his authority may be subject to quite a few challenges from the legislative branch. In this there is something of a paradox. No President in recent times, with the possible exception of Johnson in his first two years, has had a Congress more politically and ideologically sympathetic to work with. Among the Democrats who control the House and Senate, few have substantive disagreements with Carter. Ordinarily in such circumstances, the President should have no difficulty in getting what he wants, particularly in the first few months of his term. But the present circumstances are far from ordinary. Vietnam and Watergate bred disrespect for the Presidency and weakened it as an institution, and this led Congress to adopt measures enlarging its own role in the formation and execution of policy. It has far more to say than formerly in the making of budgets, and in the War Powers Act of 1973 it reasserted and tightened its Constitutional role in foreign affairs. Also, there are few in the Democratic majorities who are politically indebted to the Democratic President. Most of them ran well ahead of

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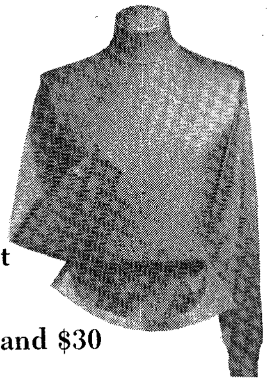

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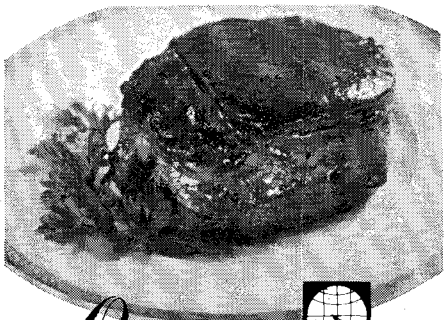

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him in November—in New York, for example, Senator Moynihan did better than Carter by more than a quarter of a million votes—and feel that he owes them more than they owe him. Suspicion of the executive branch and the growing independence of the Congress go a long way toward explaining the unprecedentedly rough time that Carter has been having with his appointments. Opposition to Sorensen as head of the C.I.A. was strong in the agency itself and in the Pentagon, but this alone could not account for the hostility toward him on Capitol Hill; on the contrary, it might at some other time have speeded his confirmation, with many members of the Senate reasoning that it takes a good man to have such enemies. Nor was Sorensen hurt much by the disclosure that he had taken it upon himself to declassify certain papers and use them in a book of his own; this is now a fairly routine and bipartisan practice. But Sorensen, for all his acknowledged gifts, was a rather abrasive symbol of White House arrogance in the Kennedy-Johnson years, and if he had not removed himself from consideration he would almost certainly have been turned down as a way of putting Carter on notice that he could not expect the Senate to rubber-stamp his choices.

In retrospect, the choice of Sorensen was a blunder—a failure of anticipation on Carter's part. In a way, though, it was the most interesting and imaginative of all the appointments. Those who were disappointed by the predictability of the new Cabinet, by the recall of so many figures with long ties to the Democratic past, could complain, as many did, that Sorensen was one more retread. But in the position Carter chose for him he would have been a fresh face, and he might have been an invigorating presence. The C.I.A. is, after all, in considerable part a paramilitary organization, and the tradition that calls for civilian control of the military would seem to call for the intelligence community to be led by people who have not themselves been part of it. That, apparently, was how Carter and his transition advisers saw it, but it was not seen this way in the Senate, and the Carter people had not troubled to determine in advance what the likely reaction would be. The selection of Griffin Bell, the Atlanta lawyer and former federal judge, for Attorney General would seem—on the surface, at least—a more incomprehensible oversight. Carter, though, may well have foreseen the reaction but felt it so important to have Bell at his side that he was prepared to make a fight of it. In any case, it was an insensitive appointment. It is one thing for a President to have an old and trusted friend on the White House staff, even one whose record is unacceptable to a sizable part of the constituency; there could have been few objections to Bell as White House counsel, the President's legal adviser. But it is quite another thing, so shortly after Watergate and John Mitchell, for a man who had spoken about removing the Department of Justice from politics to name as Attorney General an intimate friend, a judge whose civil-rights decisions were in some cases widely resented, who while on the federal bench saw no impropriety in belonging to clubs that barred minorities, and who warmly endorsed Nixon's choice of G. Harrold Carswell for the Supreme Court. This is not to suggest that Bell's record disqualified him for office; when Dwight Eisenhower named Earl Warren as Chief Justice a very similar case could have been made against that choice, and Associate Justice Hugo Black, whose memory is venerated by today's civil-liberties movement, was initially opposed on the ground that he had once belonged to the Ku Klux Klan. Carter may have reason to feel that Bell, like Warren and Black, will confound his critics and perform splendidly as Attorney General. But for the present the selection has damaged Carter by bringing new recruits to the ranks of the President's detractors.

THE first three months—or hundred days—of a President's tenure are generally held to be the most auspicious time for the initiation of programs, particularly those that are costly and likely to meet resistance from Congress, the press, and special-interest groups. But for a variety of reasons Carter will probably not take much advantage of the period. For one thing, his own resistance to expensive initiatives is perhaps higher than that of the majority in Congress. His pledge to bring the budget into balance by the end of his term is one that can be redeemed only if the economy responds to his efforts to stimulate it or if it develops a powerful momentum of its own. Moreover, very little enabling legislation has yet been drafted. Specific proposals for tax reform are unlikely to be ready before the end of this year; they will thus be the subject of debate in a Congress whose members will be preparing for the 1978 elections. Joseph Califano, Jr., who is awaiting Senate confirmation as Secretary of Health,

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Education, and Welfare, has said that the Administration's plans for restructuring the welfare system will not be ready before May; they will then be sent to experts in and out of government, who will be asked for criticism and suggestions for revision, and only when this process is completed—presumably in the fall or winter—will the legislation be submitted to Congress. It is unlikely that changes in the system will be in effect before 1978.

The Carter plan, as it is currently understood, is to concentrate in the early months on projects that require little or no funding or, as in the pardon of draft evaders, do not require approval by Congress. Carter will shortly ask Congress to give him authority to reorganize the executive branch (in specific cases, his use of that authority would be subject to veto by either the House or the Senate) and for legislation establishing a single department to deal with energy and related matters. A certain amount of government reorganization can be undertaken without legislative sanction. The President can organize and reorganize the White House staff as he pleases, and many of his appointees can do the same in their own departments and agencies. Some of the plans are likely to contribute as much to public relations as to efficiency, or what Carter habitually calls "competence." The fact that he proposes to cut the staff of the Executive Office of the President by as much as thirty per cent does not necessarily mean that seventy people will be doing the work formerly done by a hundred; it may mean only that some of the work formerly done under White House auspices will be parcelled out to employees in a less conspicuous part of the government. The plan to reduce the overall number of agencies may make managerial sense in many cases, but it is unlikely to prove a means of reducing the size or cost of government, and in some cases it may not make much political sense. A Department of Energy headed by James Schlesinger would achieve a tidier arrangement than the present sprawl, and since Schlesinger is well organized himself and a man of demonstrable talent as an administrator, it would probably be well run. But competition in government has some of the virtues it has outside government. Schlesinger has his own, well-defined views on energy (they are the ones to be expected of a former Secretary of Defense), but there are experts in other concerned departments—Interior, Agriculture, Commerce, and many other agencies and commissions—to say nothing of the general public, who will have no spokesman for their views in a single department headed by a strong-minded and deeply committed man. Carter's promise of reorganization is accompanied by an assurance that the departments will have greater autonomy than they have had in the past, and if he is able to make good on all this he may find that he has reorganized out of government much that was of value in it.

Some domestic programs can be deferred while they are being studied with an eye to drafting appropriate legislation, but foreign policy is a day-to-day matter and must be carried out on a day-to-day basis. Vice-President Mondale is now in Brussels telling our North Atlantic allies that the Carter Administration will abide by all our commitments to them and will make good relations with Western Europe the center of policy. And he is probably discussing with them the controversy that is the most interesting one here at present. It turns on whether this country and its allies should be guided by their reading of Soviet "capabilities" or by what they make of Soviet "intentions." All parties agree that the Russians are stepping up their military production in every field and are becoming an increasingly formidable adversary, and there is thus no doubt that they are seeking an ever bigger capability. Until recently, the general opinion here has been that this is in part a response to superior American power and in part a response to the possibility of war with China. But there were few in the C.I.A. or elsewhere who felt that the Russians had any serious hope of outclassing us, or even catching up with us, or who thought that we needed to respond to their responses by trying to increase our lead, particularly in strategic weapons. But this view is now under challenge by an organization called the Committee on the Present Danger, whose members—among them John B. Connally, Clare Boothe Luce, General Matthew B. Ridgway, Dean Rusk, and Admiral Elmo R. Zumwalt—hold that Soviet intentions are what really matter, and that those intentions are indeed to catch up with and eventually outclass us. These people have been largely confirmed in their misgivings by a team of non-government observers—an advisory panel assembled by George Bush, the outgoing head of the C.I.A., and spoken of as the "B team"—who have gone over C.I.A. estimates and made some of their own. This group's firm conclusion is that we must assume the worst (theirs is known as the "worst-case" hypothesis) and that we have no

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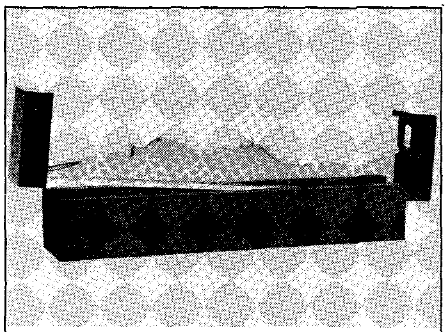

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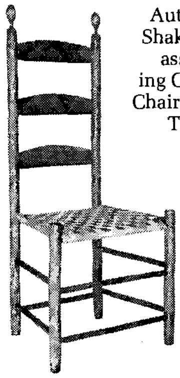

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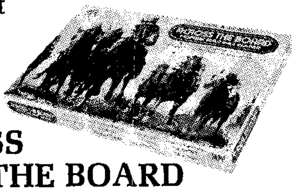

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choice but to keep widening our lead and develop such weapons systems as the B-1 bomber and the cruise missile. The Carter people have aligned themselves with neither faction in the controversy and have not contributed to it. But sooner or later, and probably sooner, they will have to do so. For not only their foreign policy will be involved but also their domestic policy. If the worst-case hypothesis becomes the operative one, the budget will not be brought into balance in four years or in eight, and plans for domestic programs will never be more than plans.

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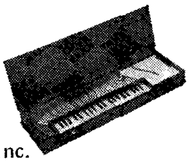

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BOOKS

Malraux

IN his essays on painting and sculpture, André Malraux was a master of eloquence and aphorism. He had been a Marxist, drawn romantically to revolutions—first in the Far East and then, as a soldier, in the Spanish Civil War. He was also, mysteriously, a collector and an entrepreneur, and, finally, a Minister of Cultural Affairs whose hero was de Gaulle. Malraux was deeply a hero-worshipper. His famous novels were laconic. Later, flights of pugnacious rhetoric came to illuminate his polemical writing like flashes of lightning, by which his subject jumped into silhouette out of what one can only call a landscape of generalizations. This quality dominates "Picasso's Mask" (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), the essay he wrote in the last year of his life. The book is a moving and pointed recollection of talks about painting that he had with Picasso over the years. It is also a fighting commentary on the "Copernican revolution" that changed the direction of Western painting and sculpture after 1900, when the West made its contacts with Asian, African, and prehistoric art. Added to this, there is a very personal campaign for what he calls the Museum Without Walls, in which certain works of genius can look across the centuries and, as he puts it, "whisper" to one another. Such a museum, it is agreed, must ideally exist in the mind; artists, in any case, fear museums. Malraux's first flash of lightning makes this distinction:

> What did the Louvre assert? What was Giotto's response to Cimabue and to the Byzantine mosaics of the baptistry in Florence, which he passed each day? Art is an interpretation of nature—of what men can see.... In many respects the Renaissance was a resurrection of the visible. In many respects, the Museum Without Walls is a resurrection of the invisible.

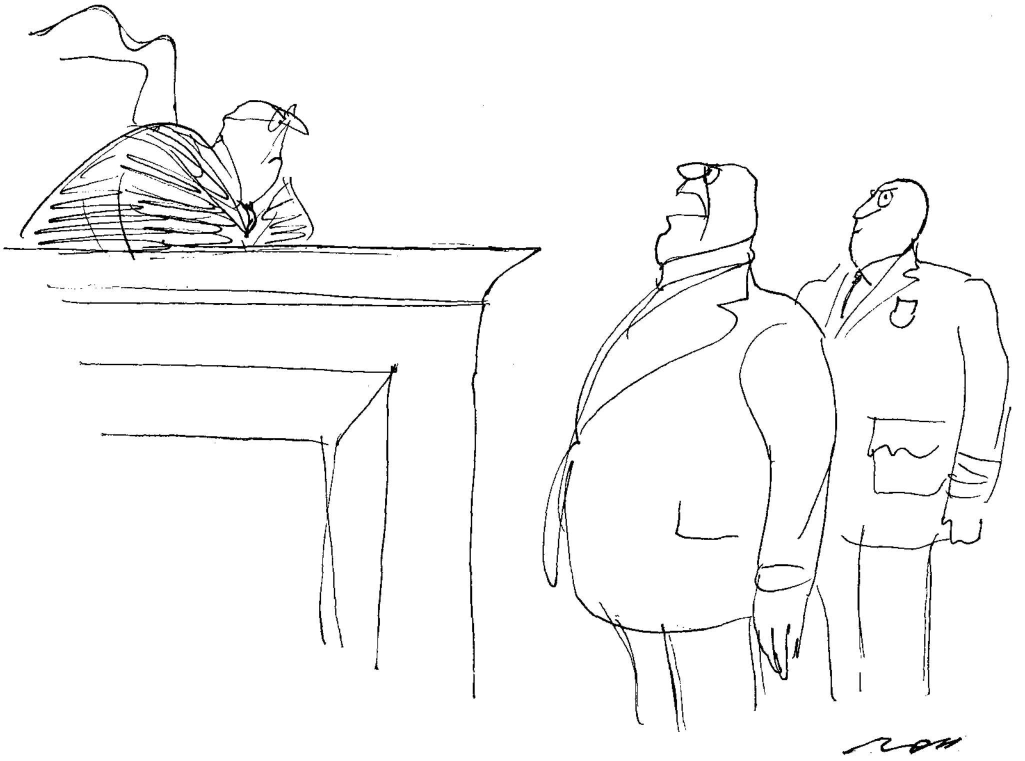
In a famous phrase—an echo of Dostoevski's "Without art a man might not find his life worth living"—art, for Malraux, is "a revolt against man's fate." It is "a manifestation of what men are unable to see: the sacred, the supernatural, the unreal."

Picasso, parodist, destroyer and creator, the most prolific inventor of styles and forms, was exactly the figure to attract Malraux's electricity. Of the private Picasso he says little, though what he does say is touching and vivid: we see Malraux after his escape from Spain in the Civil War talking to the painter while he is working on "Guernica;" we see them again in the studio in the Rue des Grands-Augustins, and still later in Provence. There is little about politics. After Picasso died, Malraux went down to the farmhouse, Notre-Dame-de-Vie, at Mougins, in which each room was the painter's workshop and where one walked as on a jungle path through canvases stacked everywhere. He was called in to help the grieving Jacqueline Picasso—the pretty girl from Arles, "a Roman medal with an aquiline nose"—in her difficulties about housing the painter's work and collection. Appropriately near to Mougins, the first experimental embodiment of a Museum Without Walls, which he and Picasso had often discussed, was opened in 1973, at the Fondation Maeght. There, in "secret confabulation" across time, were the pieces of Asian statuary, the "Penelope" looted from the Acropolis, the "Kacyapa" of Lung-Men, Manet's "Berthe Morisot," the Beauvais "King," Rouault's "Worker's Apprentice," some Fauves, and, of course, Braques and Picassos, and much else. Missing were Courbet's "Portrait of Baudelaire"—one of Malraux's "saints"—and there was no Monet. Picasso had no Realists or Impressionists in his personal collection. For Picasso, "the saints acting as intercessors" were Cézanne, van Gogh, and the Douanier Rousseau.

The word "intercessors" is arresting. When Picasso was painting "Guernica," he spoke of the influence of Japanese painting on his immediate predecessors, and of his own encounter with Negro sculpture:

> The [Negro] masks weren't just like any other pieces of sculpture. Not at all. They were magic things. But why weren't the Egyptian pieces or the Chaldean? . . . Those were primitives, not magic things. The Negro pieces were ***intercesseurs***, mediators . . . They were against everything—against unknown, threatening spirits. I always looked at fetishes. I understood; I too am against everything. I too believe that everything is unknown, that everything is an enemy! Everything! Not the details—women, children, babies, tobacco, playing—but the whole of it! . . . All the fetishes were used for the same thing. They were weapons. To help people avoid coming under the influence of spirits again, to help them become independent. They're tools. If we give spirits a form, we become independent. Spirits, the unconscious (people still weren't talking about that very much), emotion—they're all the same thing. I understood why I was a painter.

And this led him on to the disputes with Braque: Braque wasn't afraid of



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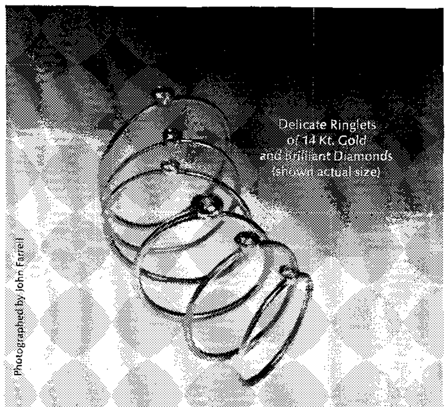

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the masks, didn't even find them foreign to him; he had not a trace of superstition. Also, Braque *reflected* when he worked. Picasso put curiosity before reflection:

> Personally, when I want to prepare for a painting, I need things, people. He's lucky: he never knew what curiosity was. . . . He doesn't know a thing about life; he never felt like doing everything with everything.

The pair had, said Jacqueline, awful rows. Picasso hated continuity of style; his successive periods follow one another "like outbursts within rage."

> He grumbled: "Down with style! Does God have a style? He made the guitar, the Harlequin, the dachshund, the cat, the owl, the dove. Like me. The elephant and the whale, fine—but the elephant and the squirrel? A real hodgepodge! He made what doesn't exist. So did I. He even made paint. So did I."

Picasso's condemnation of style, Malraux says, was more profound and also more obscure than his remark "I have no real friends. I have only lovers! Except perhaps for Goya, and especially van Gogh." In later life, he would have added Rembrandt. What a painter had to do, Picasso argued, was to revolutionize people's way of identifying things—create images they wouldn't accept, a world that was not reassuring. He liked to think of himself as a "sorcerer" (and some have thought of his works as acts of exorcism); Malraux notes that the word "was in keeping with the trancelike states of some of his forms." His figures came out of "black magic, his power of metamorphosis." Picasso knew that "his genius had a mysterious side to it; he was aware of his malarial fits of invention." He had, Braque said, a sleepwalking side. Of course, if one is conscious of violence and anarchy—which strike me as having deep roots in the Spanish tradition—there is also something of the child's free imagination, inventiveness, and feeling for play, the child's impatience. One day, Malraux recalls, Picasso took out of a metal cupboard a violin-shaped idol from the Cyclades and two casts of a prehistoric statuette—the Lespugue Venus. One was of the mutilated statuette. The other was of the statuette restored: "Her bust, and her legs joined together, sprang forth symmetrically from the lusty volume of her rump and her belly." A grotesque? No. A new object buzzing with its new life. Picasso said, darkly, "I could make her by taking a tomato and piercing it through with a spindle." He sounded, Malraux says in another connection, as if he were poking fun at himself, though often he seemed to be jeering at the human form: "His jokes were grating."

This essay is not the work of an art historian, or even of a critic, but, rather, the rhetorical response of a man of action to some of the artist's innumerable acts with his hands. (Like others of his generation, Picasso rejected the word "artist." He hated "professionalism." The professionals were just turning out cakes and confectionery of the required kind. Aesthetics were an irrelevance.) To Malraux, who had a lot of the old Marxist left in him, evaluation and the question of beauty are matters of history, and history has now become much wider in our own minds. How does he relate Picasso, the genius of metamorphosis, to our need for art, and how do we know our standards? How is it that we can tell the difference, say, between Surrealism and Picasso's fantastic invention, between the *tableau vivant* and folk invention, between accident and design? These are questions of value that writers have put to painters hotly since the "Copernican revolution"—questions notoriously futile from the painter's point of view. Painting and sculpture cannot be translated into words. One art cannot evoke another.

We have to turn to the very long and sweeping speech that Malraux made when his idea of a Museum Without Walls was modestly realized at the Fondation. The address is the brilliant glissade of a mind through the sacred and profane phases of Western art from pre-Christian times to the paganism of today. His aphorisms and paradoxes cut like forked lightning. One has to be quick to see the silhouettes of artistic crises as they jump out and pass. His mind is combative. To those who may be thinking of Spengler, the decline of the West, and that all is chaos, Malraux replies that "the Museum Without Walls is based on the assumption that the destiny of all great styles is metamorphosis."

> Artists had represented the characters of Classical mythology in accordance with faith, but they then came to represent the characters of the Christian faith in accordance with Classical mythology.

With Romanticism, the whole world of art changed: "The glory of the word 'beauty' came to an end with Delacroix." The painters no longer said, "It's beautiful;" they said, "It's good." Realism, for Malraux, derives from the idealism and spiritualism of the Romanticism that preceded it, and against which it fights. Manet's "Olympia" did away with "the illusion and the poem" in Titian's "Venus of Urbino," and is a reincarnation. The power to create may originate, as we know well,

> from the most disquieting unpredictability, from a madman's inspiration, from the naïveté of the naïve, or from the patience of a shepherd,

but it "harmonizes its own elements in a way that life never does." All historical civilizations have carried on "a dialogue with the unknowable," and the unknowable "encompasses death, sacrifice, cruelty;" it is "a mixture of what man hopes to know and what he will never know." Finally:

> Our civilization, which now sees that of the nineteenth century as a hesitant and optimistic preface to it, is not devaluing its awareness of the unknowable; nor is it deifying it. It is the first civilization that has severed it from religion and superstition. In order to question it.

And the forms of our art are "as arbitrary as the forms of the sacred."

What would Picasso, the painter who worked all day and half the night, sometimes in a fever, sometimes humorously and ingeniously at play—what would he have made of this speech? I think he would have been struck by precise instances rather than by argument. From what Malraux says in an aside earlier in the book, both he and Picasso seem to have been astonished that a form like the stained-glass window, "which awoke and fell asleep in accordance with the passing of the day," was forsaken. It gave in and died when painting turned to the discovery and innovation of shadow. Five hundred years passed before painters rediscovered "the arbitrary element" in the stained-glass window, and in mosaics. Whimsically, but with dire meaning, Malraux adds, "When stained-glass windows vanished, clocks began to reign over the churches." The epigram allows a laugh of pleasure to the reader of a strenuous book that rather overpowers the subject. (Malraux was equally overpowering in his well-known essay on Goya.) Malraux engages us most when he digs up the dear old rows about art which kept Paris alive until, after the last war, they moved on to New York.

—V. S. PRITCHETT

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FICTION

FOUR STORIES: THE TOUCH, CRIES AND WHISPERS, THE HOUR OF THE WOLF, AND THE PASSION OF ANNA, by Ingmar Bergman, translated from the Swedish by Alan Blair (Anchor Press/Doubleday). Any-

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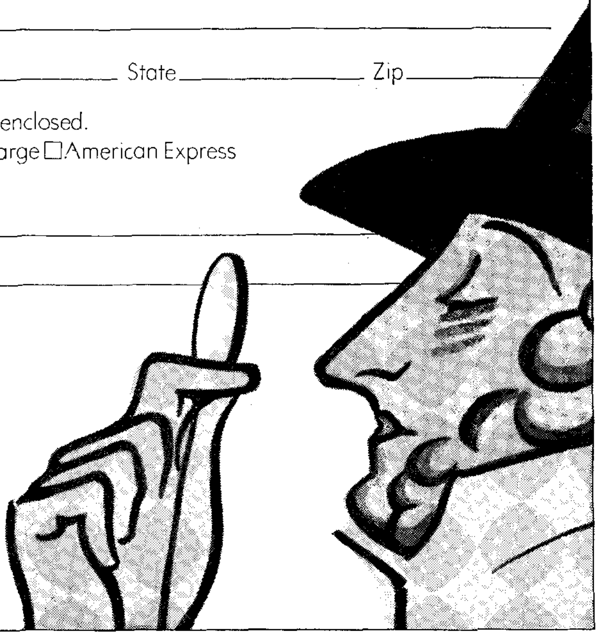

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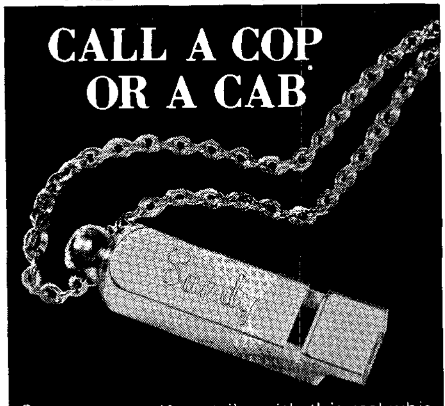

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one who has seen the movies will probably have trouble mentally suppressing the voices and gestures of Liv Ullmann, Max von Sydow, Bibi Andersson, and the others as he reads these stories. Persevere. They are good stories in their own right, and they offer Bergman's instructive, dreamlike commentary (along with the interesting news that they are the only scripts given to his actors before shooting begins). All the stories share a preoccupation with marital crises and the inner torment of men and women caught in vises of alienation, disaffection, and self-deception. In "The Touch," about a married woman's affair with a boorish American archeologist, the story actually fills in blanks that were left in the movie. But Bergman's stories in general have the same sharp, suggestive, imaginative quality that his films have. And the same unexplained, mysterious passages (those strange bursts of emotion and half-dreams, in which pitchers fall and people turn into monsters), which are sometimes moving and sometimes merely distracting, and which Bergman defends vigorously here (in a note), though he admits that he often understands them as little as his audience does.

GENERAL

THE NEW MENCKEN LETTERS, edited by Carl Bode (Dial). A vast and vastly enjoyable collection of newly available correspondence. In his introduction, the editor, a professor of American literature at Maryland University, offers us a frame for viewing the self-portrait that emerges. He points out that precisely because many of Mencken's prejudices have become unfashionable they are especially revealing of his era. And, Bode reminds us, although Mencken crusaded against Puritanism—against Prohibition, censorship of press and speech, and hypocrisy about sex—he had a Puritan streak himself, as Edmund Wilson detected no later than 1921. And Mencken's formidable sense of duty, his punctiliousness about money, and his reserve in expressing his emotions do betray the Puritan lurking behind his mask of hedonism. He was a philosophical and religious skeptic: he distrusted anybody who claimed to know anything about God, and he equally distrusted anyone who planned to improve man. Thus, the radical of the nineteen-twenties became the conservative of the nineteen-thirties; Mencken was consistent, but the times had changed. Mencken is a curious kind of hypocrite: He enunciates what we think of as negative principles yet invariably behaves in the most positive—warm, generous, thoughtful—way. He uses offensive racial epithets and crusades for an anti-lynching bill. He claims to be a foe of Christianity but is in fact a friend of clergymen. It is a delight to discover the man behind the letters, but what really makes the book go—it whizzes by—is Mencken's ever ebullient writing.

EDMUND KEAN: FIRE FROM HEAVEN, by Raymund FitzSimons (Dial). An absorbing, well-researched, and affecting biography of a great actor and a self-destructive man. Kean (1787?—he lied about his age, if he knew it—1833) was born out of wedlock and raised at the rock-bottom level of society, where show business merged with prostitution and con games. His sordid, insecure boyhood may explain his excesses when he became England's premier tragic actor. Nothing explains the source of his genius. Its nature, however, is well chronicled; Mr. FitzSimons reminds us that Kean reigned in an era of great critics—Hazlitt, for example. As for Kean's misbehavior—sex, alcohol, extravagance, egomania—it was set forth in the diary of one of the managers of Drury Lane. Kean's tragic fascination is very much alive in this work—it is the terrifying attraction, the fearful enticement, of the demonic.

THE FILE ON THE TSAR, by Anthony Summers and Tom Mangold (Harper & Row). Heightened by rumors and vague official announcements in a weakened and divided Russia, the mystery surrounding the disappearance of Tsar Nicholas II and his family has spread and branched until it has become one of the most intricate notorieties of this century. Now two British journalists have conducted an extensive search that casts doubt on the prevalent theory that the family was massacred in a cellar room in the Ural city of Ekaterinburg on July 16, 1918. In their quest, Summers and Mangold found the dossier of evidence on which the last of the White Russian investigators, Nikolai Sokolov, based his book promoting that theory; using the dossier and a variety of other sources, the authors show that the Whites may have concocted the shocking story for political reasons, that Sokolov's argument is dubious on several key points, and that he chose to ignore a wealth of eyewitness statements that placed Nicholas's wife, Alexandra, and their four daughters alive in another city many months after July 16th. The book sets forth the facts with great ingenuity; on each page the reader weighs some new bit of evidence, sizes up some new witness, makes some imaginative connection—it's better than a jigsaw puzzle. Besides undercutting the massacre legend, the book throws light on the complicated intrigues between England, Germany, and Russia toward the end of the First World War. In the end, though, questions arise in the reader's mind. The authors say that Nicholas and his son were "probably" killed on July 16th; some accounts have it that the Tsar was executed by a firing squad in the woods. Yet there isn't even a credible rumor for his son's death, and, although Summers and Mangold carefully disprove Sokolov's conclusion that the bodies were destroyed by fire and acid, no corpses have been found. Moreover, the riddle of Anastasia persists. This centers on the woman, now Mrs. John Manahan, of Charlottesville, Virginia, who has convinced so many people for so long that she is the Tsar's youngest daughter. One of the complexities of this book is that it is highly sympathetic to her claim even though she first made her appearance (in Germany in the twenties) saying she had survived the "massacre." The authors have a vague suspicion about why she may have invented the story of her escape, but, perhaps out of consideration for all the notoriety and humiliation she has endured, they did not persuade her to give a different story—let alone to fill in the facts of what happened to her mother and her sisters and herself after Ekaterinburg. They do say that she remarked to them in an interview, "There was no massacre there . . . but I cannot tell the rest."

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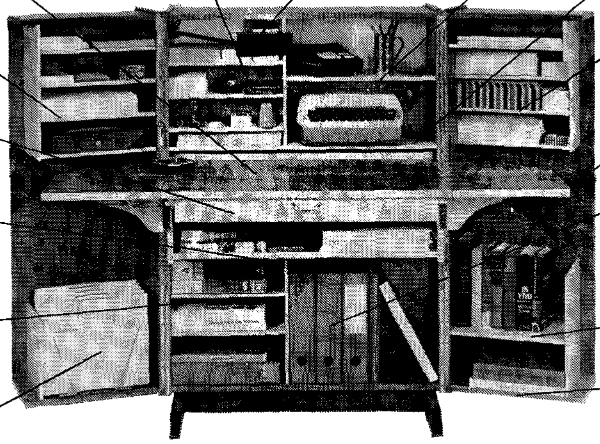

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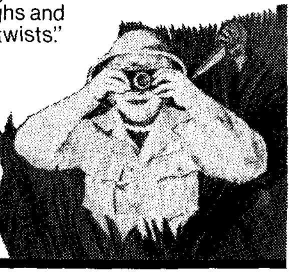

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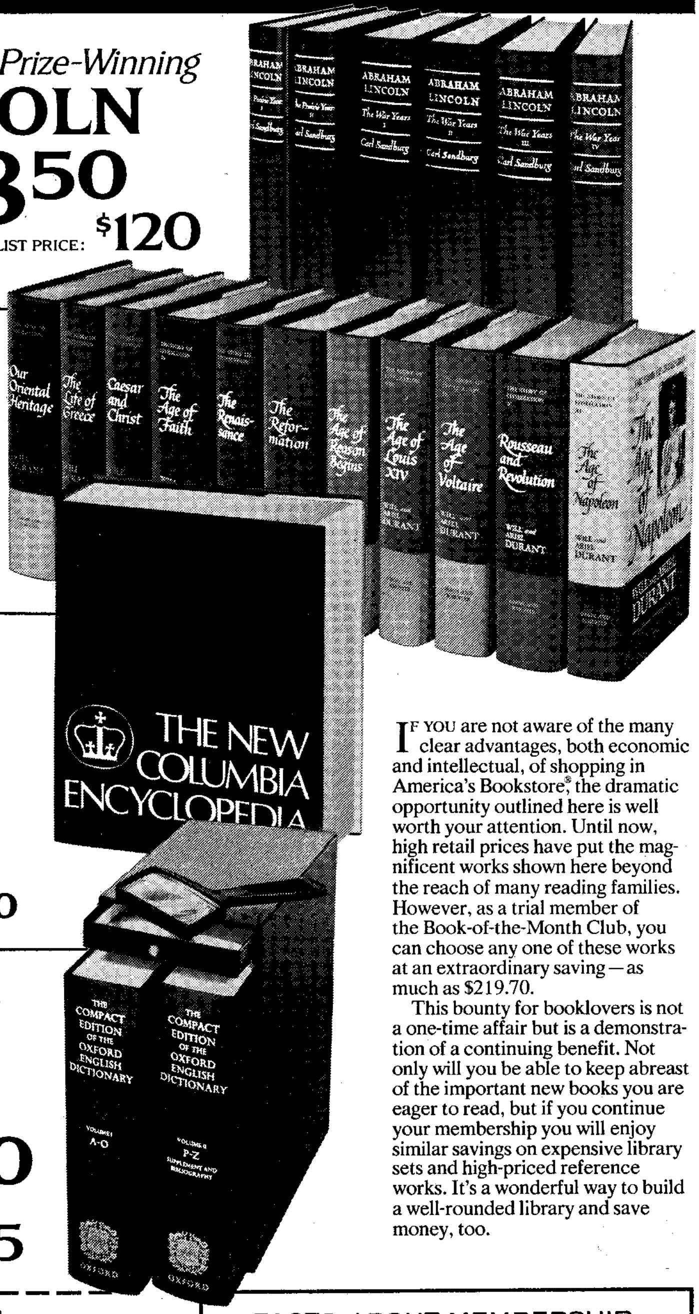
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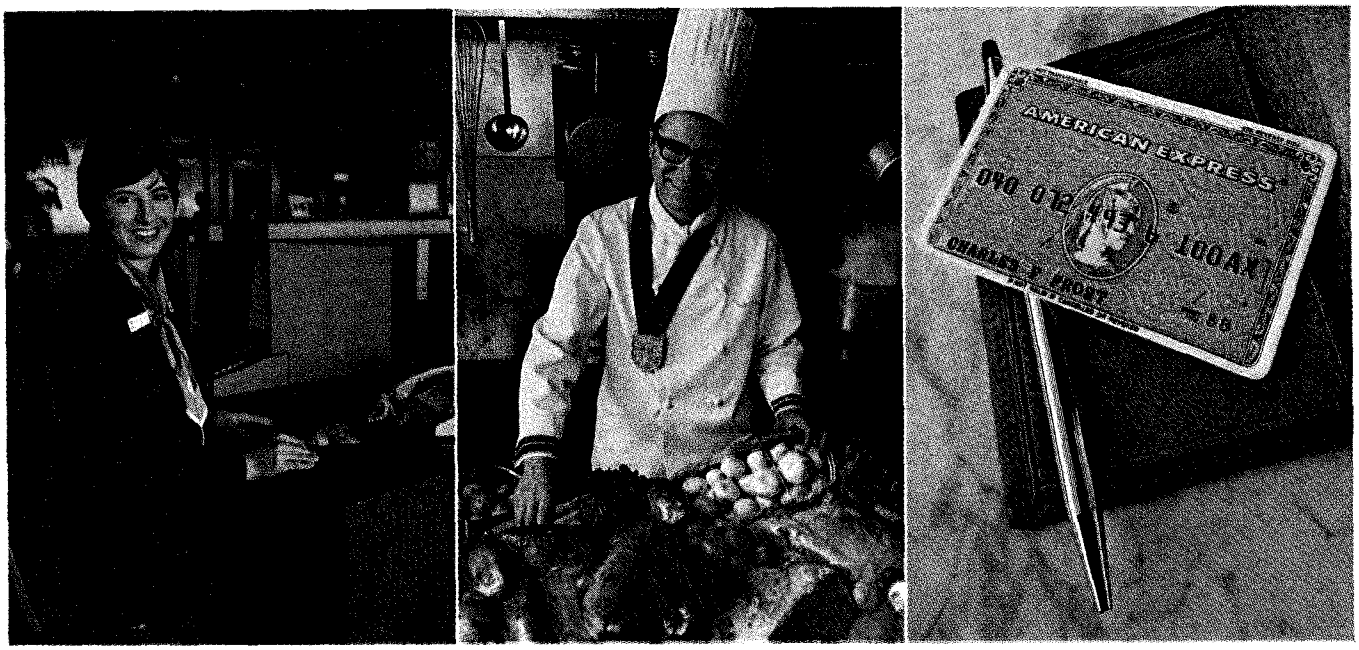

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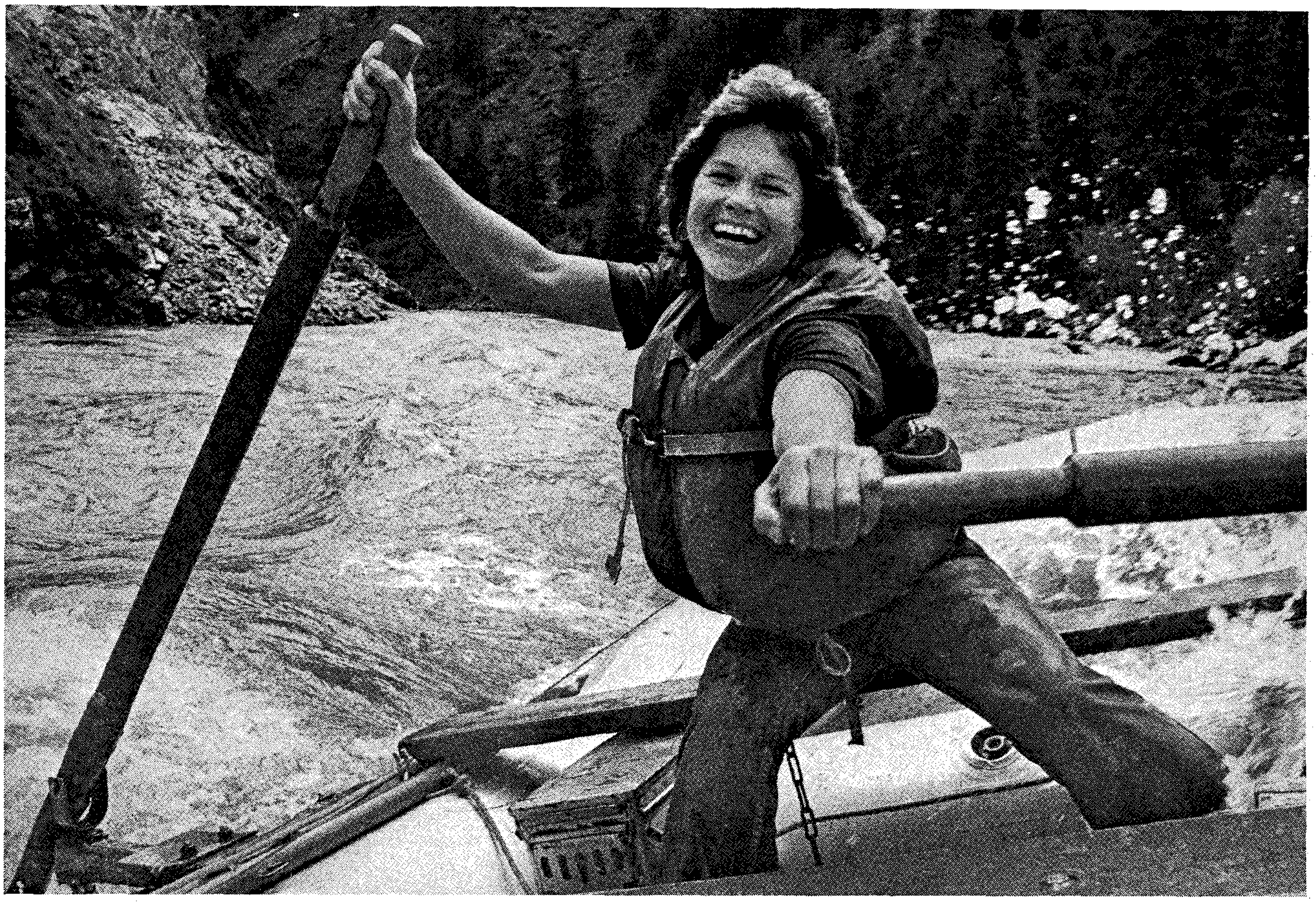

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SHARON MILLER

HOME: Salmon, Idaho

AGE: 36

PROFESSION: White-water guide

HOBBIES: Skiing, kayaking, horseback riding, yoga.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Thomas Wolfe's Letters to His Mother"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Became a certified ski instructor.

QUOTE: "The challenge of white water presents ever-changing situations that demand instant, precise decisions. The implications reach far into everyday life. It's a very literal case of 'he who hesitates is lost'."

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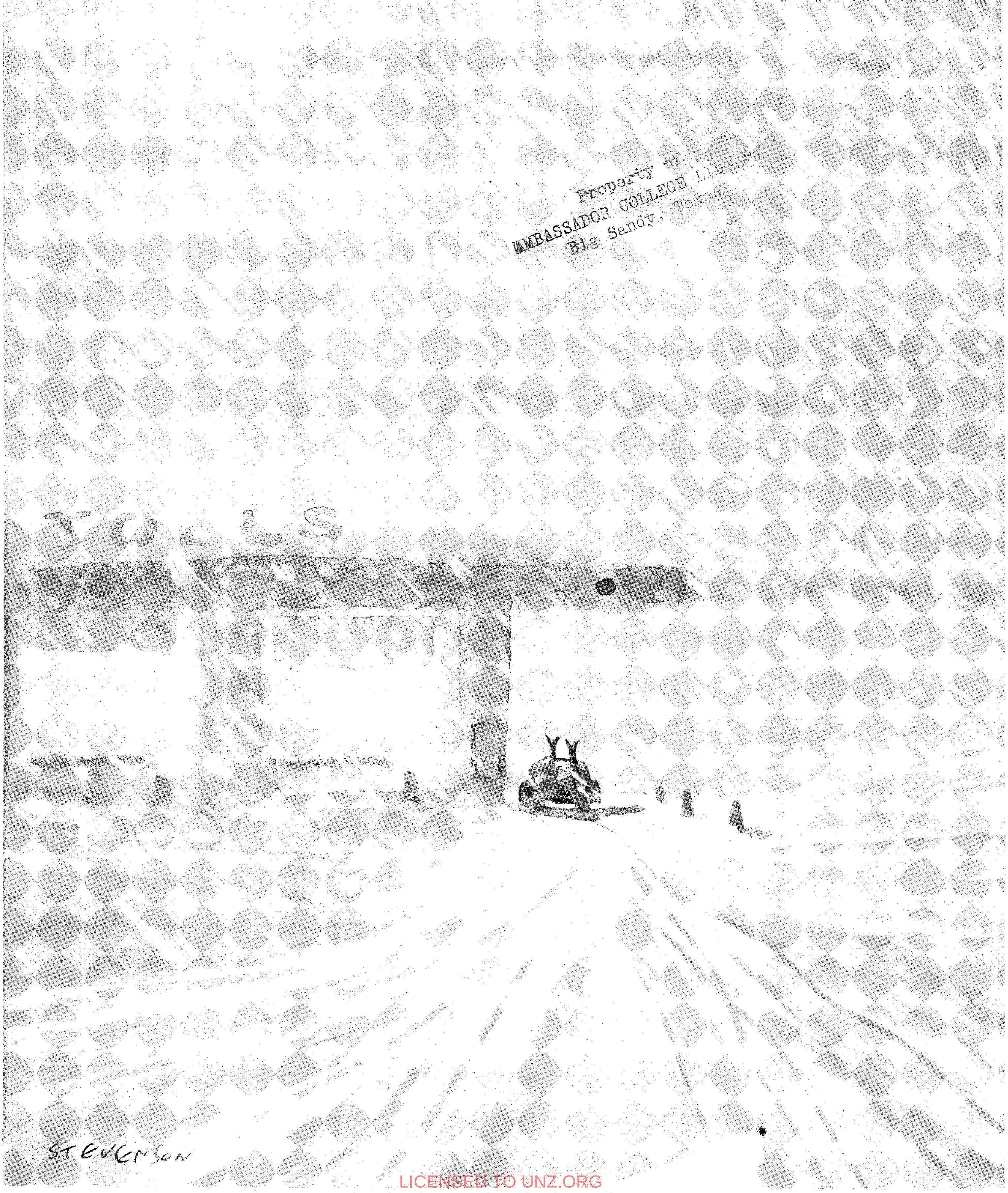

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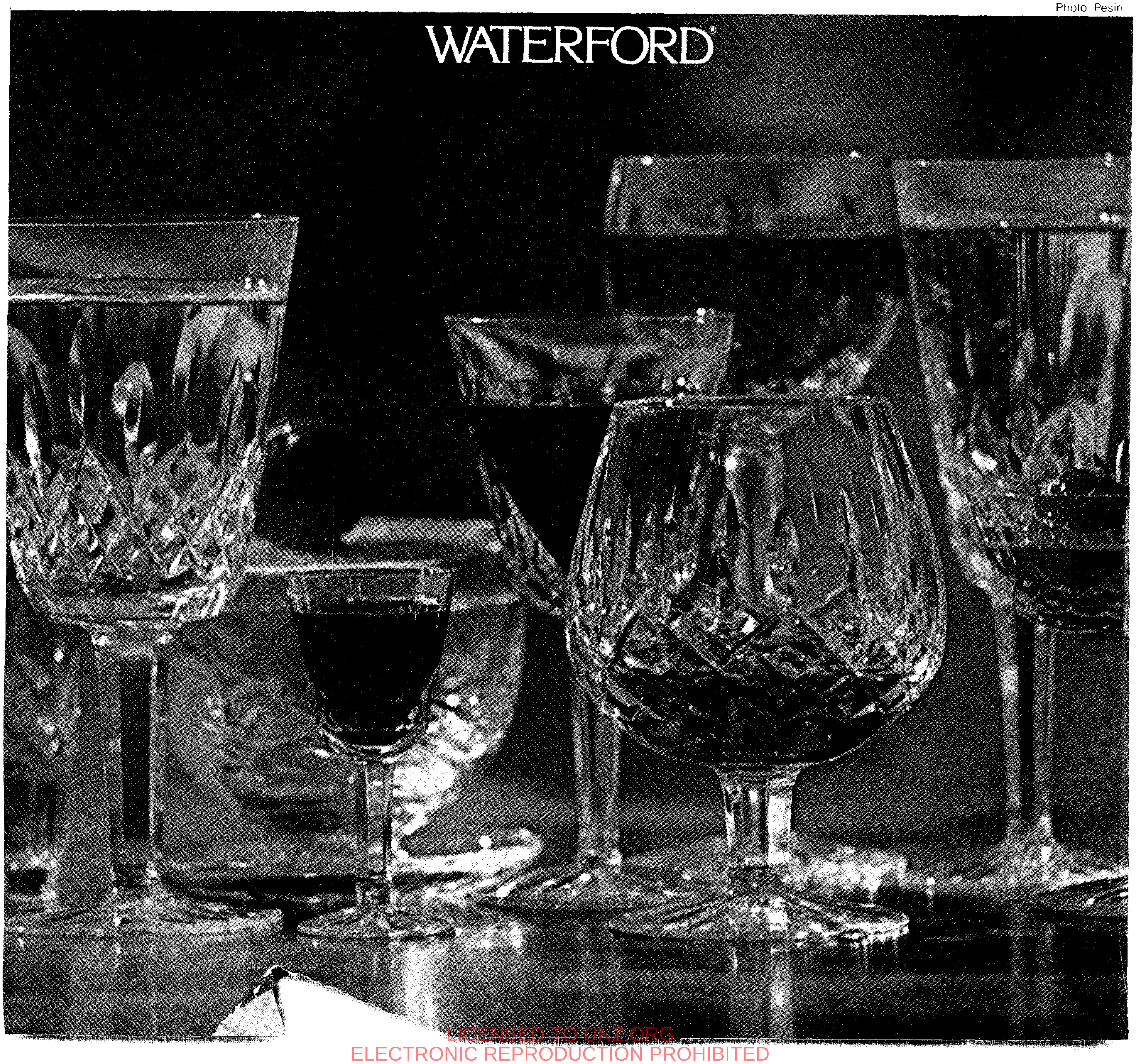

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Betty Comden and Adolph Green—A retrospective of songs of their own concoction, in a six-week engagement. Previews Monday through Wednesday, Feb. 7-9. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 10, and will run through Saturday, March 19. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Boesman and Lena—Athol Fugard's beautiful and tragic play about a "colored" husband and wife in South Africa, very well performed under Thomas Bullard's direction. Robert Christian gives a superior performance as the husband, and Frances Foster a fine one as the wife. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 13.)

The Brownsville Raid—Charles Fuller's strong, tragic drama (with considerable comedy and mystery as well) is based on an actual event—the dishonorable discharge, by President Theodore Roosevelt in 1906, of three companies of crack, experienced black troops for purportedly shooting up the town of Brownsville, Texas. This production celebrates the tenth birthday of the Negro Ensemble Company, and Douglas Turner Ward, its artistic director, appears in the leading role. With Bill Cobbs and Graham Brown, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

California Suite—Four sketches about the occupants (at different times) of Suite 203 at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Tammy Grimes, George Grizzard, Jack Weston, and Marge Redmond are all excellent, and Neil Simon is as witty as ever. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Club—Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the performance—the singing, and especially the dancing—under Tommy Tune's direction is proficient and exhilarating. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Comedians—An English playwright, Trevor Griffiths, tells a sad and funny story about some working-class men who are hoping to become professional standup comics. The odds, we see, are strongly against them. Milo O'Shea and Jonathan Pryce head an excellent cast, and Mike Nichols has directed with his usual acuteness and suavity. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Crazy Locomotive—A comedy by Polish playwright Stanislaw Ignacy Witzkiewicz, translated by Daniel C. Gerould and C. S. Durer. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Nightly, except Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 2-3, and Monday, Feb. 7, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3, plus Saturday, Feb. 5, and Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 13.)

Dirty Linen—An inconsequent jape by Tom Stoppard; the scene is the Houses of Parliament, and the subject is the sexual misconduct of a hundred and nineteen M.P.s. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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Fiddler on the Roof—Zero Mostel back in his original role as Tevye, quarrelling cheerfully with God and a vexing wife and many daughters. Jerome Robbins' choreography is as notable as ever. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide: When the Rainbow Is Enuf—The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The result is an evening of great beauty, humor, and dramatic strength, for which the director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Guys and Dolls—A satisfactory production of this sturdy old warhorse of a musical. It is neither improved nor marred by the absurdity of its having an all-black cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Hold Me!—An entertainment by Jules Feiffer, taken from his material of the past twenty years. With Geraldine Brooks and Paul Dooley. (Subplot Cabaret, American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 10; and Sundays and Mondays at 8. Closes Monday, Feb. 14.)

Ipi-Tombi—A musical that pretends to depict the tribal heritage of black South Africans. Loud drums, strenuous dancing, and the taint of a white slickness over all. (Harkness, Broadway at 63rd St. 581-6000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Isadora Duncan Sleeps with the Russian Navy—Jeff Wanshel has written a very funny and eccentric script about filming the biography of the great (and eccentric) dancer, but the production—far too elaborate—does it small service. With Marian Seldes in the title role. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7:30, and Thursdays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 20.)

Marco Polo Sings a Solo—A comedy by John Guare, with Joel Grey, Anne Jackson, Madeline Kahn, and Chris Sarandon. Previews

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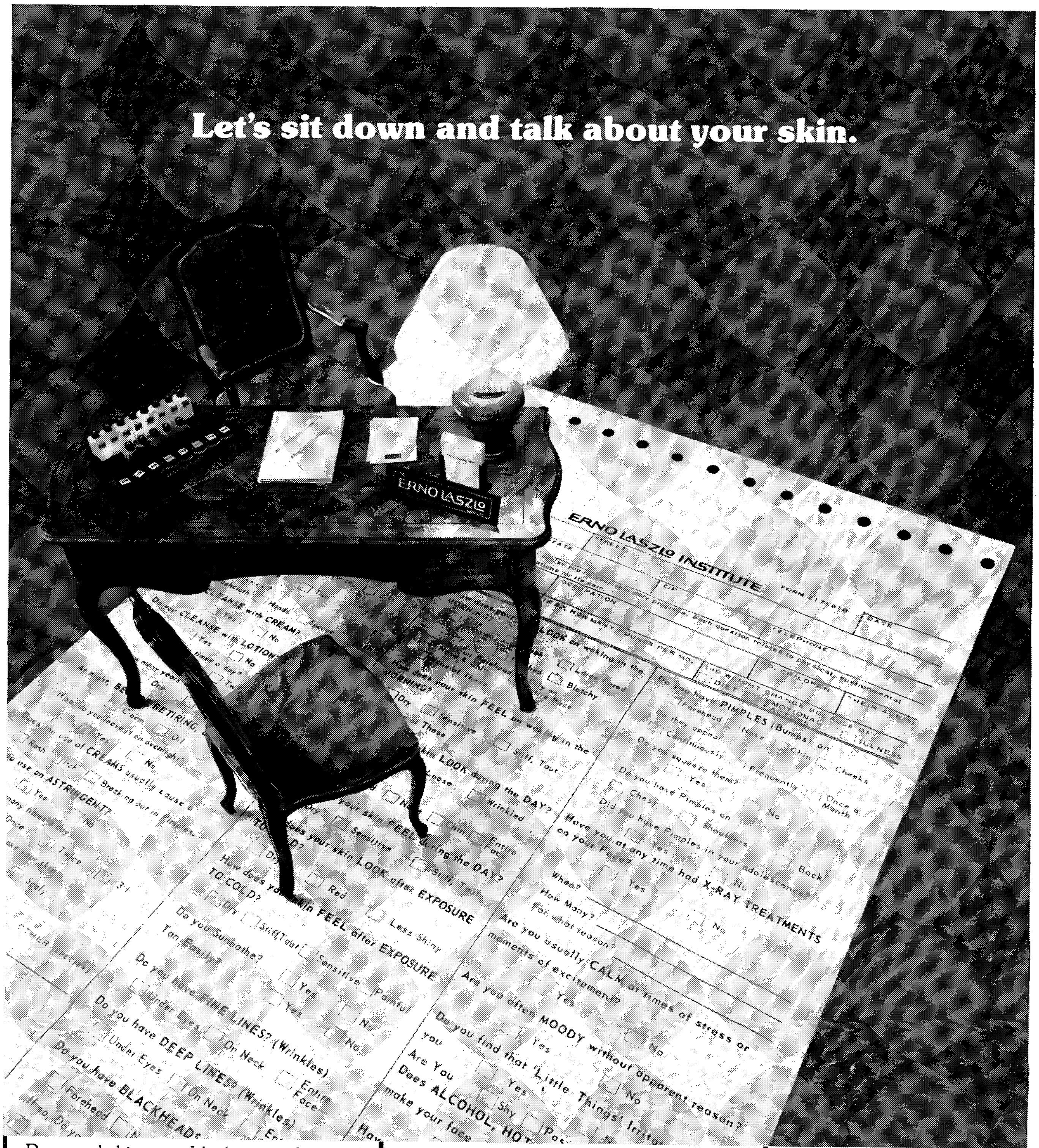

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through Friday, Feb. 4. Opens officially on Saturday, Feb. 5. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Memphis Is Gone—A mysterious and engaging little play with music—words and music by Richard Hobson—about an old hobo (John Kellogg) and a young one (Kevin O'Connor) who team up to work as itinerant peach pickers, and also about some of the people they encounter in their travels (Jean DeBaer and William Snikowski). The songs are well sung and played (guitars) by Thom Schuyler and Bill Swiggard. Robert Paparozzi is a non-singing harmonica player. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 246-7277. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

My Life—This play about a young physicist in a jam, chiefly because his past keeps intruding on his present, becomes difficult at times, but it is rarely dull, and it is well performed, under Marshall W. Mason's direction. William Hurt does especially well in the tough leading role. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 27.)

Nightclub Cantata—The remarkable young composer Elizabeth Swados has set poems and passages of prose by a number of writers, among them herself, to her own arresting, dramatic music. Her selections are, for the most part, strong and theatrical; and they are variously sung, spoken, and enacted by a good company of four men and four women, among them herself. Miss Swados also directed. The accompaniment—Judith Fleisher (piano), William Milhizer (percussion), and Miss S. (guitar)—is first-rate. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Night of the Iguana—Tennessee Williams on youth, age, sex, and death. An imperfect but very interesting play, in a satisfactory production. In the cast are Richard Chamberlain, Sylvia Miles, Dorothy McGuire, and William Roerick. Settings by H. R. Poindexter and direction by Joseph Hardy. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 20.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3, and Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 2.)

Otherwise Engaged—Tom Courtenay heads the cast in a play by Simon Gray, imported from London. Harold Pinter is the director. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 2. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Robber Bridegroom—A musical that pretends, not very successfully, to be a mingling of country humor and age-old folklore. The cast is pleasing, and the dancing is first-rate. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sexual Perversity in Chicago and **Duck Variations**—David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent of sadness. The first deals, in scenes as brief as blackouts, with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents who are all but shredded by their former homosexual partners. The second is, strictly speaking, a poem in the guise of the desultory, meandering conversation of two old Jewish men pottering around a park bench. Albert Takazauckas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sly Fox—George C. Scott, Jack Gilford, Bob Dishy, Hector Elizondo, and John Heffernan, all in rip-roaring, farcical high spirits. The author is Larry Gelbart, standing on the shoulders of rare Ben Jonson. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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A Sorrow Beyond Dreams—A dramatic adaptation of Peter Handke's spare, beautiful memoir of his mother's life and eventual suicide, which has become a literary classic. The effect of the book is greatly enhanced by a beautiful performance by Len Cariou, script in hand. Adaptation and direction by Daniel Freudenberger. From Tuesday, Feb. 8, through Sunday, Feb. 20. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 765-1281. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Trip Back Down—John Cullum and a superb cast in a sad and funny play by John Bishop. Directed by Terry Schreiber. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—Rousing song and dance, inspired by the New Testament and turned into frisky show biz by Vinnette Carroll. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR**: Harlem in the twenties, when it was part of the night-club merry-go-round. A scrapbook of great songs and lively dancing by a cast both old and young. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)... **CHICAGO**: Purportedly about some tough folk in the Windy City in the twenties. A musical that defies even the great Bob Fosse to make it merry. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **EQUUS**: Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Anthony Perkins and Ralph Seymour, directed by John Dexter. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS**: 6,985 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL**: A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)... **GREASE**: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE MAGIC SHOW**: A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **MY FAIR LADY**: An immaculate revival of the enchanting Lerner-Loewe musical. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **PIPPIN**: A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Northern J. Calloway, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Antonia Ellis. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR**: A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SHENANDOAH**: A musical about the Civil War, but really about show biz. With William Chapman. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **STREAMERS**: This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES**: In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ**: A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Wednesday, Feb. 2, at 8: "Ma Mère l'Oye," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Fanfare."... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 3, at 8: "Four Temperaments," "Bournonville Divertissements" (première), and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Friday, Feb. 4, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 5, at 2: "Stars and Stripes" and "Union Jack."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8: "Square Dance," "Bournonville Divertissements," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "The Concert."... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 6, at 1: "Square Dance," "Sonatine-Ravel," and "Union Jack."... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 6, at 7: "The Goldberg Variations" and "La Sonnambula."... ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 8, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Chaconne." ... ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 8: "An Evening's Waltzes," "Square Dance," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 10, at 8: "Fanfare," "Sonatine-Ravel," "Episodes," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Friday, Feb. 11, at 8: "Four Temperaments," "Other Dances," and "Union Jack."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 12, at 2: "Coppélia."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8: "Fanfare," "Four Temperaments," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "In G Major." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 20.)

Murray Louis Dance Company and Nikolais Dance Theatre—Opening performances of a four-week joint engagement that will run

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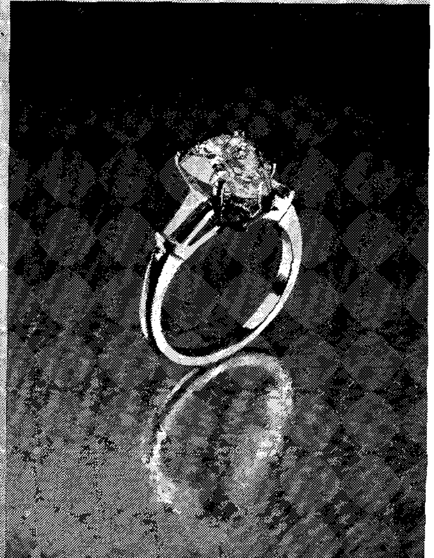

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Sunday, March 6—**MURRAY LOUIS:** Tuesday evening, Feb. 8, and Saturday, matinée, Feb. 12: "Revue" and "Ceremony." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 10: "Porcelain Dialogues," "Continuum," and "Glances." . . . **NIKOLAIS:** Wednesday evening, Feb. 9: Group dance from "Sanctum," "Guignol," and "Triad." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday evenings, Feb. 11-12: "Temple," "Arporisms," and "Foreplay." (Beacon, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

●

Chung Kuo Yuan, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—The Aquarium Lounge, on the ground floor here, is where **HUGH SHANNON,** complete with his intense and unflappable elegance and good cheer, has settled in. The room, which is compact, is bounded on the east by a spacious sit-down bar and on the west by Third Avenue, and is packed with maroon velours love seats, bentwood armchairs, marble-topped tables, and hanging plants. Working at an upright *in medias res,* Shannon sings in his special straight-ahead Billie Holiday way, pulling song after song out of his private thin air—a slow "Limehouse Blues," with its *verse,* "Bidin' My Time," Cole Porter's "Ace in the Hole," "Make It Another Old-Fashioned, Please," "It Never Entered My Mind," and "I've Got a Crush on You." (Coming but not yet learned are two 1935 songs with words by Barbara Hutton and music by Elsa Maxwell.) A reminder, mental compartmentalizing being what it is: Ellis Larkins, in all his brief beauty, is at Larson's, just two blocks north, catercornered. Shannon works Wednesday through Sunday, Larkins Tuesday through Saturday.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Turn over the guitarist **CHARLIE BYRD** and you find several more. This dextrous wonder plays classical and electric guitar, and his open-ended repertory includes Argentinean pop songs, Paganini, bossa novas, "This Can't Be Love," the Beatles' "Hey Jude," Villa-Lobos, Scott Joplin, and "Alexanderragtimeband," as Ray Charles used to call it. But all these Charlie Byrds are much the same. His tone on his guitars is heavy and stubborn, and both his classical solos and his improvised solos, which tend toward fancy, stair-climbing chords and abrupt, inconclusive single-note lines, have a twanging, folknik sound. And they rarely swing. With Byrd are his brother **JOE,** on bass, and drummer **WAYNE PHILLIPS,** whose brushwork is first-rate. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. . . . ¶ On Monday, Feb. 7, jazz guitarist **JOE PASS** returns for two weeks. Mondays through Thursdays, at nine-thirty and eleven, and three times on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

●

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—This simple, spare SoHo loft of a night club looks like—and is—a ma-and-pa operation. Coltrane alumnus and all-out drummer Rashied Ali and his wife designed just about everything in the place and did all the work in putting it together, from hanging the Japanese paper lampshades to constructing the trapezoidal bandstand. The music, however, is not homespun; many of the best contemporary, new-music, and new-jazz musicians are booked into these sympathetic quarters. Musical humanist-explorer and tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS** and his quartet are here through Saturday, Feb. 5; on Tuesday, Feb. 8, longtime Cecil Taylor associate drummer **ANDREW CYRILLE** will come in with his group. On Mondays, tenor saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER** presides over the Loud Minority, a *very* loose, spirited, head-turning musical monolith (twenty-two free-lance musicians, some young and promising, others older and fulfilled). Watch out, Thad and Mel (see Village Vanguard, below). Music from about ten. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel *Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless,* and delightful.

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Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Pianist Hal Galper heads up a lively quintet—trumpeter Randy Brecker, saxophonist Mike Brecker, bassist Wayne Dockery, and drummer Billy Hart—through Saturday, Feb. 5; on Sunday, Feb. 6, pianist Hugh Lawson's trio will perform; on Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 7-8, guitarist Teruo Nakamura will bring in his band; and on Wednesday, Feb. 9, saxophonist Houston Person and a classic, if lethargic, rhythm-and-blues trio will come in with singer Etta Jones for four nights. Music from about nine-thirty.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's the lineup: **TOM PAXTON,** one of the old reliables of folkdom, holds forth Friday and Saturday, Feb. 4-5; on Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 7-8, humorists Proctor and Bergman will take the stage; and on Saturday, Feb. 12, folk-rock humorist and fancy picker David Bromberg will work out a musical mishmash based on country, bluegrass, jazz, and blues. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

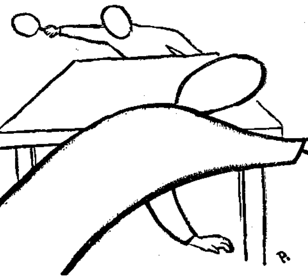
Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Exemplary pianists and their bassists are usually sequestered here, performing duets that are barely—if at all—amplified, in hectic, buzzing surroundings. **JIMMY ROWLES** and his bassist play Mondays through Saturdays; on Sundays, pianist **BARRY HARRIS** takes a turn. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**TEDDI KING,** who is replacing Bobby Short in the Café Carlyle, has been a good singer for twenty-five years, with a rich, controlled vibrato, an exact and daring sense of dynamics, and an excellent rhythmic placement. Her first-rate accompaniment is by **IRV JOSEPH** on piano, **ERNIE FURTADO** on bass, and **JOSH GERBER** on drums. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dinner and supper. . . . **MARIAN MCPARTLAND** is back in the Bemelmans Bar, where she can be heard from nine-thirty to one nightly, except Sundays.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Local, primitive rock bands on the bandstand; local, primitive rock-band entourages in the audience—an interesting jumble of T-shirts, sneakers, rear-guard platform shoes, jeans, feathered boas, slicked-down hair, leather, and a wholesome flannel shirt or two. The Ramones, one of the local success stories (the group has a record contract and has even appeared at the Bottom Line), perform their loud, simple, shorter-than-short œuvres Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 3-5. On Thursday, Feb. 10, John Cale, one of the founding fathers of punk rock—he was an original Velvet Underground—will move in with his new band. Music from about nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cleo, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—Joyce Bryant is singing, a bit too theatrically, accompanied by Don Sturrock, on piano, and Don Raphael, on Fender bass. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and eleven-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**HELEN HUMES** has taken over here with her delicate ballads and direct, authoritative blues songs through Saturday, Feb. 5. Pianist Dick Katz backs her up. Weeknights from eight to one. Blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** plays on Sundays. Dining.



Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist Red Balaban. On Tuesday, Feb. 8, tenor saxophonist Al Klink will sit in with the regulars. On Sunday, Feb. 6, **MARIAN MCPARTLAND** will lead a quintet that will feature tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE.** Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The resident swing threesome—pianist **BROOKS KERR,** drummer **SONNY GREER,** and clarinettist-saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**—is here Wednesdays through Sundays. Mondays and Tuesdays, pianist **AL HAIG** works with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and bassist Jamil Nasser. Music from ten to three. On Sunday, Feb. 6, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON,** guitarist **JACK WILKINS,** and bassist Earl May will join forces from five-thirty to nine-thirty. Mondays through Saturdays, Gene Roland, Loumell Morgan, and Morris Edwards hold sessions from six to nine-thirty.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** upholds tradition on West 54th Street, aided by the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Eddie Locke, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Larson's, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-2540)—**ELLIS LARKINS,** now with a bassist (**BILLY POPP**) and a drummer (**JACK MCALLISTER**), is rising to new heights—his arpeggios sparkle, his chords are buoyant, his touch is as a butterfly. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from ten to two. Dinner.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Songs from Alec Wilder's book, "American Popular Song." David Allyn and Barbara Lea are the singing indexers through Saturday, Feb. 12. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Various groups assemble on the canopied bandstand all week. Music from ten to three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The Lost Gonzo Band, a rock outfit from Austin, alternates with country singer Alex Harvey Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 3-6; Tuesday through Thursday, Feb. 8-10, the Star-Spangled Washboard Band will play bluegrass and ragtime music; and on Friday, Feb. 11, David Allan Coe will come in to sing about prison life. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** and his orchestra have moved into this room at the top. Carrie Smith is the band's vocalist. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Lesley Gore is present through Sunday, Feb. 6, doing current popular tunes and a few of her old top-forty teen-age melodramas, such as "You Don't Own Me" and "It's My Party." Shows at nine and midnight. Dining. **BLOSSOM DEARIE** presents concert-style sets Thursdays through Saturdays, from five-thirty to seven, in which she plays piano and sings "I'm Hip," "Peel Me a Grape," and "The Pro Musica Antiqua" in a small, fragile, and very direct voice.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A dark but somehow cheerful big square sprawling room that, with its heavy, distressed-wood furniture and ceiling beams, resembles a college dining commons. On Friday and

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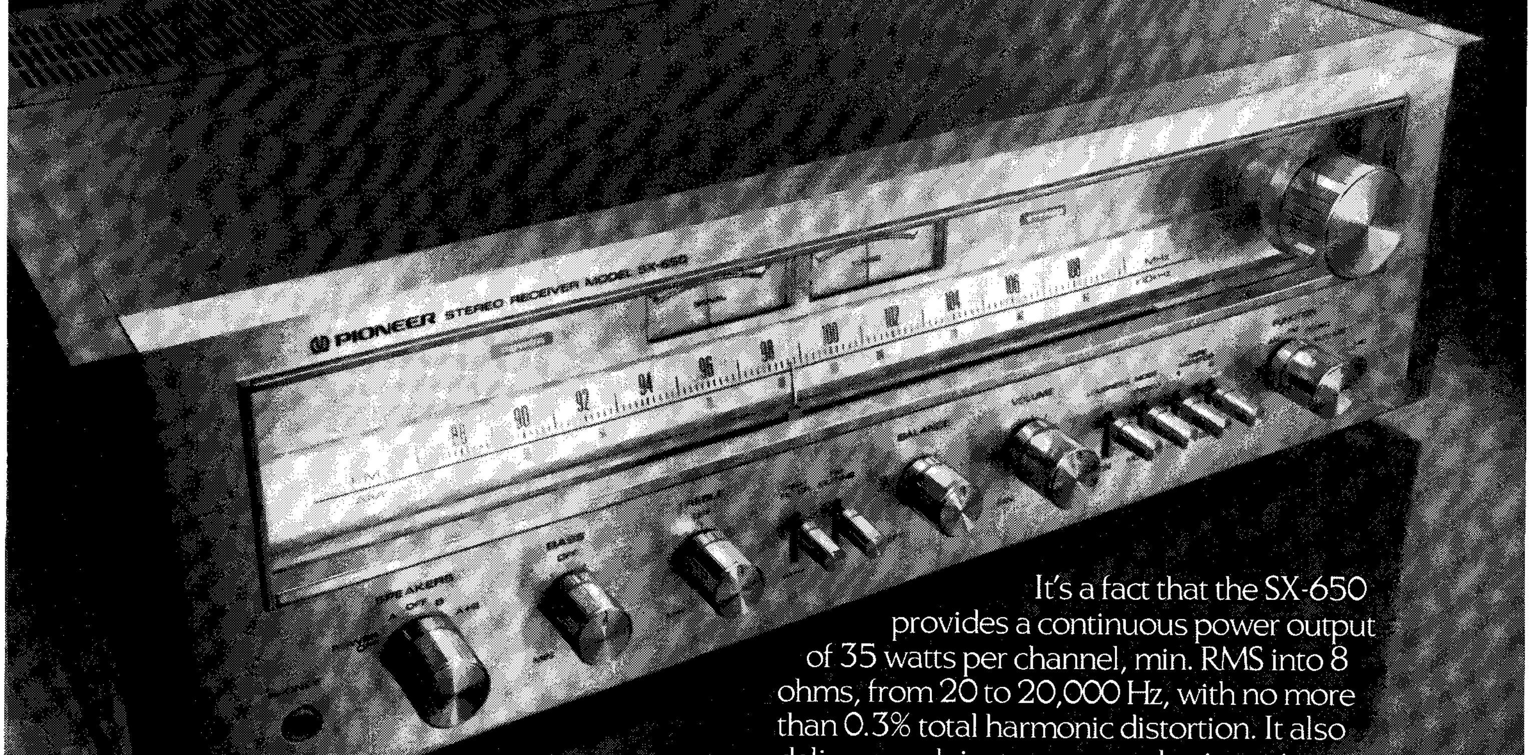

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Saturday, Feb. 4-5, two expatriate jazz pianists—Horace Parlan and Kenny Drew, who both live in Copenhagen and have come over to record—will direct their respective quintets: on Friday, Parlan will perform, and Saturday will be Drew's night. On Monday, Feb. 7, saxophonist Robin Kenyatta, whose playing is sometimes eclipsed by his stalwart sidemen, will arrive. Music from ten to two-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Deceptively sleepy-looking from the outside, this small, dark, and pleasant upper West Side bar sees various first-rate jazz groups pass through every week. On Tuesdays, vibraharpist David Friedman and marimbist David Samuels co-pilot a quartet called Double Image; **lee konitz**, always worth hearing, is on hand with a nonet on Wednesdays and Thursdays; and Fridays and Saturdays are reserved for **chet baker** and his neo-cool-jazz apprentices. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave., S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled jazz room with the kind of informal coziness you'd expect to find in Aspen. Bassist **cecil mcbee** leads his wonderful sextet through Saturday, Feb. 5; trumpeter **ted curson's** septet, which is still making waves around town, will begin a stint here on Tuesday, Feb. 8. On Sundays and Mondays, Mike Nock, who prefers his Fender-Rhodes keyboard to the house acoustic, heads up a quartet. Music from nine Mondays through Thursdays, from ten on Fridays and Saturdays, and from eight on Sundays.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—This small, inoffensive cabaret has become a local performing center for hip, offbeat, music-hall-inspired originals, such as the current attraction, **millsenblum**, a singing and songwriting duo from the Catskills. Galen Blum, a comfortably dishevelled-looking woman onstage, is a funny and theatrical singer with a good voice; her partner, David Mills, supports her with guitar chords and a big grin. Much of their act is loose and improvisational; they tend to put out at every performance. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. Shows at ten and midnight. Dinner.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—The music has been moved downstairs in this Village landmark, which draws tourists, knowledgeable jazz partisans, and, lately, blues enthusiasts, too. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 4-5, **lightnin' hopkins**—known as Lightnin' Sam to his admirers—will sing rural Texas blues tributes to women, cotton, mojo hands, and hurricanes in his unmistakable, gravelly voice, and will accompany himself with a few of his favorite guitar chords. **art blakey** and his **jazz messengers** and **sonny stitt's** combo will also be on the bill with Hopkins. On Friday and Saturday, Feb. 11-12, Bobby Blue Bland, a rhythm-and-blues singer, will ascend the stage with his band. Fridays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The air quality in this world-famous jazz institution is unacceptable, but go anyway. Wily drummer **chico hamilton** and his youthful quintet finish up after Sunday, Feb. 6; on Tuesday, Feb. 8, the **heath** brothers—bassist **percy** and saxophonist **jimmy**—will arrive with their quintet. On Mondays, **thad** and **mel** (**jones** and **lewis**) blast forth with their fifteen colleagues. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging (year-round) from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos. Music begins at eight.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Mondays and Tuesdays, Franc Williams is in charge of a quartet that features pianist Dill Jones and trombonist and electric-guitar pioneer Eddie Durham; on Wednesdays, **jo jones** commands a quartet; and on Thursdays and Fridays, George Kelly, who played with the Savoy Sultans in the forties, leads a group called the Jazz Sultans. Saturdays and Sundays are usually session times for the likes of **earle warren**, **buddy tate**, and Paul Quinichette, and a rhythm section. Music from nine to one.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Feb. 2, at 5:45: **emily frankel**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 5:45: **hazel scott**.

The Kinks—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Wednesday, Feb. 2, at 8. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.

Dave Brubeck (with Paul Desmond) and Two Generations of Brubeck—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, Feb. 4, at 8.

Grover Washington, Jr., Gato Barbieri, and **Randy Crawford**—Palladium. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8.

Queen and **Thin Lizzy**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8.

Buck Clayton-Earle Warren Quintet—New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150. Sunday, Feb. 6, at 2, 3, and 4.

Al Stewart and **Wendy Waldman**—Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Feb. 11, at 8.

Chico Freeman Quintet—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Friday, Feb. 11, at 8.

Electric Light Orchestra and **Steve Hillage**—Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 11, at 8.

Jean-Luc Ponty, Lenny White, and **Larry Coryell and Alphonse Mouzon**—With John Lee. (Palladium. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Abe Ajay / Pat and Michael Butler—Abstract assemblages cast in plaster which have some of the smooth, incisive quality of hieroglyphics carved on the walls of Egyptian tombs. / Gaudily painted wood constructions, plus acrylic drawings done on padded, stitched fabric. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Léon Bakst (1886-1924)—Set and costume designs done for the Ballet Russe, plus other work. Through Feb. 26. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Elizabeth Bart—Collages composed of abstract shapes cut out of solid-color paper and occasional snippets from magazines. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

David Bruzga and George Schulman—A collaborative effort that has resulted in a series of geometric paintings (with figurative traces) whose motifs are tied to Mayan, American Indian, and Egyptian art. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Norris Embry—Raw colors and a carnival atmosphere characterize these paintings in mixed mediums by a Baltimore artist who carries on where the German Expressionists left off. Through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956)—Drawings and watercolors. Through Feb. 26. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Robert Harvey—Scenes of rural life done on one-foot-square canvases. Through Feb. 19. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

David Hendricks / Nancy Goldring—Large-scale landscape drawings. / Works combining photography and drawing. Through Feb. 26. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Gillian Jagger—Free-flowing sculptures evocative of cooling lava, accompanied by photographic slides of African scenes. Through Friday, Feb. 4. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Jules Kirschenbaum—Mystical paintings, skillfully done in low-key colors with an occasional touch of collage. Through Friday, Feb. 11. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Bascha Mon—Abstract oil paintings and crayon drawings, most of them organized around a grid pattern. First solo show in New York. Through Feb. 26. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

B. J. O. Nordfeldt (1878-1955)—Oil paintings of birds, fishes, and the sea. Through Feb. 26. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Tom Perkinson—Surrealist drawings of fantasy creatures that segue from human to animal to insect to vegetable form, drawn in pencil and mixed mediums by an artist who lives and works in Albuquerque. Through Feb. 26. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Harvey Quaytman—Large abstract works, combining paint and charcoal, on paper. Through Tuesday, Feb. 8. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Allen Saalburg—Fancifully decorated nineteenth-century American trade cards—embossed, gilded, and advertising everything from soap to slippers—reproduced by hand silk-screening onto layers of Lucite by this specialist in Victorian-era folk art. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Antonio Segui—Landscapes of the pampas, in which receding rows of fence posts without fencing convey a sense of endless space. The sombre colors—almost grisaille—and an occasional solitary figure add to the mystery. Through Feb. 19. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Steven Sloman—Large unstretched canvases crowded with blocky geometric forms painted in thick, splotchy black-and-white acrylic patterns. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

Joseph Stella (1877-1946)—A scattering of works from various stages of his career, including a quick watercolor study of the Brooklyn Bridge cables, preparatory to his most famous painting, plus figure drawings and scenes of Barbados. Through Feb. 26. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Group Shows—At the **nicholls**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Cartoons and other works by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, George Booth, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, Ronald Searle, William Steig, James Stevenson, Richard Taylor, and Barney Tobey. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. . . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Most of the work being shown is by members of the varsity team—Picasso, Braque, Léger, Modigliani—and includes a strange full-length portrait of a little girl in her Sunday best, lying on a sofa, by Pascin, and a glass box with a Surrealist peep show, incorporating a series of drawings set up like theatrical scenery, by Dali. Through Saturday, Feb. 5.

Sculpture—Relatively small stone pieces that strike a mildly jovial note, including works by Modigliani, Arp, Noguchi, and Etrog, who has carved out of gleaming marble a useful-looking instrument that resembles a corkscrew. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Douglas Abdell—Abstract bronze sculptures. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

John Coburn—This Australian artist's abstract version of the seven days of creation, done in Aubusson tapestry. Also shown are gouaches and serigraphs. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Genesis, 41 E. 57th St.)

Susan Crile / Anne Dunn—Large Abstract Expressionist works, one of them a twelve-panel screen that suggests an aerial view of a seaside landscape with mountains in the background, and another a shaped canvas of shifting masses of pale color. / Works on paper, most of them drawings of rural cabins surrounded by vegetation, which is lightly tinted with watercolor. Through Thursday, Feb. 10. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Horia Damian—Three-dimensional sculptures in

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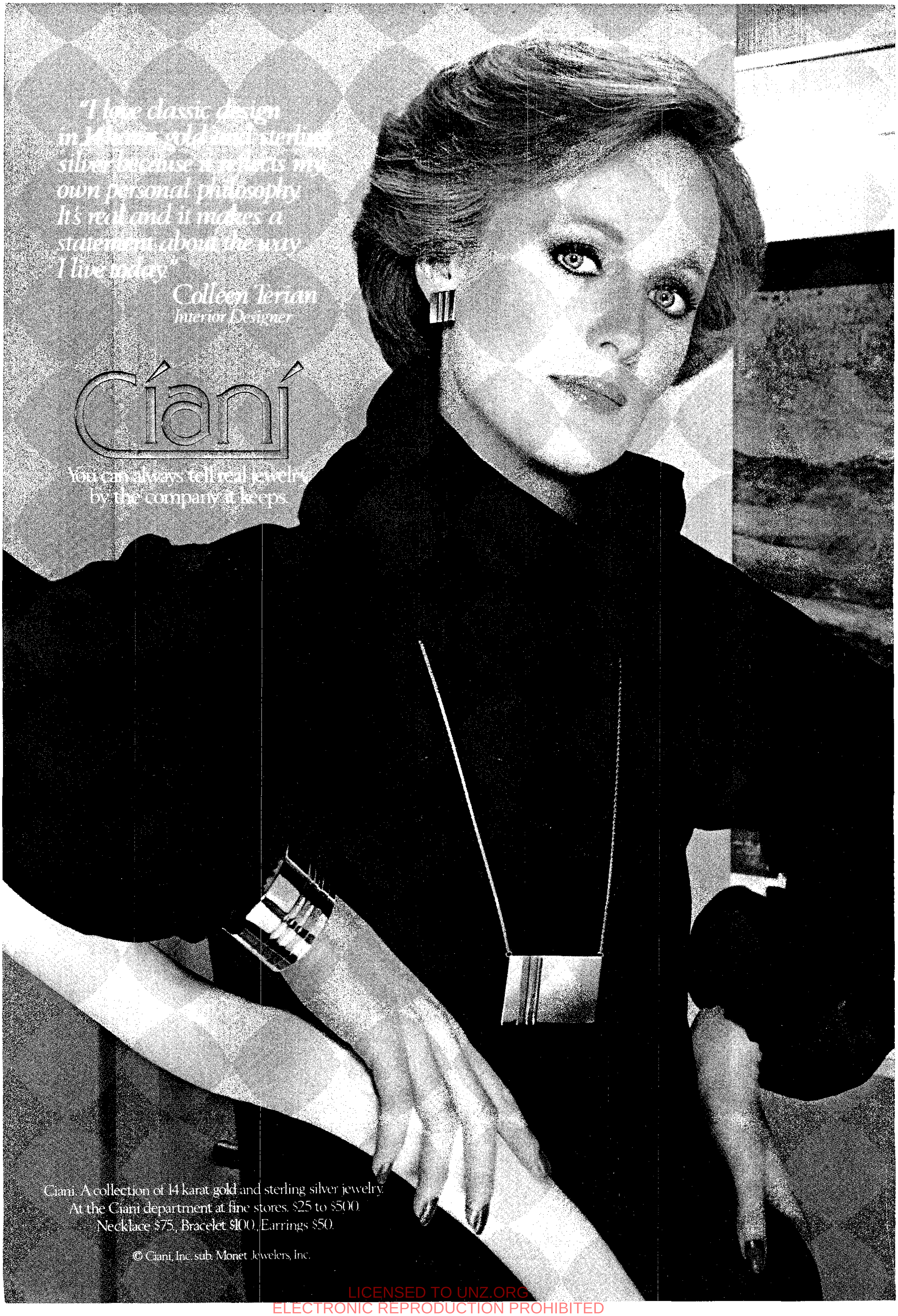

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plaster and polyester, together with preparatory drawings for them in graphite and colored pencil by this Rumanian-born artist. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Jim Dine—Fifteen large paintings of uninhabited bathrobes, varying in materials but so much alike in folds and creases and general expression as to have been drawn with a template. Also, skilled figure drawings on rough, handmade paper. Through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

James Ensor (1860-1949)—Twenty-two etchings, including some comic and bawdy ones involving animals, in a show that is running concurrently with his retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum. Through March 4. (Sumers, 50 W. 57th St.)

Richard Francisco—Bright-colored wall constructions, many of them made up of strips of balsam put together with a jack-in-the-box air of surprise. Through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Rube Goldberg (1883-1970)—Primeval conceptual art by this funny-paper genius, whose proposals for nutty inventions filled the comic strips he drew over a period of sixty years; thirty original strips are included in this show, along with memorabilia in the form of photographs, citations (one of them a Pulitzer Prize), and oddments associated with the man. Through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Adolph Gottlieb (1903-74)—A comprehensive retrospective of paintings, along with a group of small works on paper. Through Feb. 23. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

James Juszczyk—In these new works, using acrylics on large canvases and on paper, the artist subdivides the working surface into lesser squares or rectangles, following a logical progression of his own, and glazes and reglazes the paint until it reaches the finish he is seeking. Through Feb. 19. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Robert Kipness—Lithographs made during the past ten years. Through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Open Mondays.)

Rex Lau—Heavily painted wooden representations of hobo signs. Through Feb. 19. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Richard Lytle—Paintings. Through Feb. 26. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Michael Mazur—Rich pastels and charcoal drawings of jungle vegetation on Ossabaw Island, in Georgia, monkeys in the Boston zoo, inmates of Rhode Island asylums, and models in his studio. Through Friday, Feb. 4. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Dorothy McGahee / Jane Lutnick—Figure paintings, mostly of female nudes taking their ease out of doors while a strong sunlight washes over them. / Thirteen big cement slabs, two of them seven feet tall, assembled in a sort of environment that evokes Mayan ruins and, in a way, Stonehenge. Through Thursday, Feb. 10. (Viridian, 24 W. 57th St.)

Brita Molin—Tapestried wall hangings, deep intaglio etchings, and lithographs, all done in lush colors inspired by a recent trip to the west coast of Africa, where this Swedish artist went skin-diving among the coral reefs. Through Feb. 18. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

George Nick—New England houses and landscapes by a Massachusetts artist who uses a camper wagon for a studio, driving around the countryside and painting likely subjects on the spot. Through Feb. 17. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Philip Pearlstein—Huge watercolors of the male and female nudes that this artist has been depicting in oils for the past twenty or so years, and a series of Western canyon landscapes reminiscent of his Italian mountain scenes of the fifties, plus a cityscape of downtown Manhattan done with the same pore-by-pore exactitude that he devotes to his human figures. Through Feb. 28. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Jackson Pollock (1912-56)—A group of drawings the artist did for his analyst during his course of treatment. What they revealed to the doctor, except a pronounced interest in Picasso's "Guernica," we are not told. The works were exhibited at the Whitney Museum in 1970. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Garry Rich—New abstract paintings. Through Feb. 26. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jim Richmond—Oils and gouaches of Vermont farm animals, including both show and draft horses, and Holstein cows that bulge comfortably all over as they lie in their stalls. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Battaglia, 11 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Larry Rivers / Sorel Etrog—A hundred and fifteen or so virtuoso drawings, many of them left unfinished (as is often the case with this artist), obliging the viewer to fill in the blank spots with his imagination. / Bronze and stone sculptures, most of them based on the figure but mechanistic in appearance. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

George Segal—Some of the spectral quality of this sculptor's plaster figures—cast directly from living people, and shown in workaday settings—vanishes when they are painted in bright, solid colors, as many of them are here—red, blue, green, black. Thirty-one recent works are in the exhibit, including a group of pedestrians waiting for a real, working "Walk-Don't Walk" sign to change. Through Feb. 26. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Paul Thek—Drawings done with house paint on newspapers. Also small bronzes. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

William Zorach (1889-1966)—Relatively small sculptures of female nudes, mostly couchant, done in bronze, granite, terra-cotta, rosewood, and Algerian and white Scravelza marble. A number of the artist's drawings are also shown. Through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Show—A summery Manhattan street scene, by Isabel Bishop; a wintry Maine seascape, by William Thon; a family group by Waldo Peirce; and a Mexican plaza by the late Doris Rosenthal are among the works selected for the gallery's forty-fifth-anniversary show. Through Feb. 19. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Helmut Amann / Bill Wilson—Large acrylic abstracts, some of them on shaped canvas, in which a pearly cosmetic powder is mixed with the pigment. The paint is thickly applied, sometimes in colorful stripes and sometimes to an almost nacreous disc shape. / Realist paintings and drawings that incorporate trompe-l'oeil touches. Through Feb. 16. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Natvar Bhavsar—Large, fairly narrow panels covered with veils of color, sometimes dark and brooding and sometimes light and misty. Through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Ellen Cibula / Charles S. DuBack—Checkerboard patterns done mostly in bright, primary acrylic colors, sometimes of an intensity that characterizes Op Art, although these do not appear aimed in that direction. / Paintings of pipes—corncobs, briars, and so on—by an artist who started drawing them in charcoal and has now graduated to oil. Through Feb. 17. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

Susan Daykin—A series of large reportorial canvases depicting a political assassination in Mexico during the twenties—a subject the young artist read about in a book here and pursued on a later trip to the scene of the crime. Through Feb. 16. (Bowery, 135 Greene St. Opens at 1.)

Dan Flavin—Two fluorescent arrangements, done in a varicolored grid pattern and set in opposite corners of a large, white-walled room, cast a pleasant luminescence throughout this sizable gallery, helped by two horizontal wall arrangements in an adjoining area. Through Feb. 26. (Friedrich, 141 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Nancy Genn / Tony Vanderperk—Handmade papers, some chalk-white, some oatmeal-colored, and some in earth colors, torn in strips and arranged under Plexiglas in constructions of several layers and much style. / Horizontal wall sculptures done in intaglio—they cut into the wall rather than protrude from it. The main work is nearly twenty feet long. Through Feb. 26. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway. Open Wednesday evenings until 9:30.)

Cristos Gianakos / Gloria Greenberg—A single big black wooden piece that rises, like a ramp, from the gallery floor twenty-four feet to the ceiling, and extends from wall to wall—twenty-three feet. The shape was inspired by the deep end of the Highbridge swimming pool, which the artist used to scamper up and down as a boy in the winter, when the pool was empty. / Abstract oil paintings in which the canvas is divided from top to bottom into three amorphous color areas, which are stitched together by strands of a complementary hue. Through Feb. 16. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Jeremy Gilbert-Rolfe / Ellen Phelan—Arrangements of squares done in black and bright solid colors, including one huge canvas, six feet four inches high and nineteen feet one inch long, in which an equation seems to be worked out. / Upright and rough-finished sculptured floor pieces, made of painted wood and plaster, that might well have been sawed out of some carpentered structure. Through Feb. 22. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Hans Haacke / Victor Burgin—What might be called a new order of protest painting (or at least protest silk screening)—i.e., posters taking large oil companies and banks and chemical concerns to task for using their art-funding programs to camouflage crass motives. / Heavy irony, with a British accent, is the hallmark of this series of photographic enlargements whose captions underscore the disparity between the promises of the British establishment to its citizenry and the facts of life. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Open Wednesday evenings until 9:30.)

Brian Henderson / Ursula von Rydingsvard—Large-scale canvases, usually divided into three equal areas of strong colors, by an Irish-born artist. / Big sculptures made of raw cedar, generally involving a profusion of pieces shaped like French loaves and strung together with rope. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (SoHo Center for Visual Artists, 114 Prince St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

Diana Kurz—Large figure paintings in oil, many of them showing single nudes or nude couples, plus pastel drawings done in the mountains around Boulder, Colorado. Through Feb. 17. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

Gordon Moore—Large abstract acrylic paintings in which thin strips of pigment have been peeled off, forming lines that, together with a few painted lines, subdivide the otherwise bleak, crusty white surface. Through Tuesday, Feb. 8. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St.)

Toshio Odate—Nine large oak sculptures, most of which seem to be melting at the base, like saltwater taffy, and several of which appear to be suspended on hooks that themselves have no visible means of support. (It's a

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trick; the hooks are really supported by the lower work, rather than the other way around.) Through Feb. 16. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

Giulio Paolini—Drawings, works on paper, and other items. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

The Drawing Center—The first exhibition of this new facility for drawings, at 137 Greene Street, demonstrates intentionally how elastic the term "drawing" has become. The show offers geometric cutouts in solid colors, by Robert Mangold; applications of crude oil and cup grease to paper, by Dorothea Rockburne; paper covered with oil paint in which rectangular forms have been incised with a nail, by Douglas Sanderson; and similar works by three other artists. Through Feb. 26. (Mondays and Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 9.)

Group Show—Works on paper by gallery regulars, including a calorific layout of desserts, by Audrey Flack; a glass building reflecting a glass building, by C. J. Yao; a gleaming display of table silver, drawn by Don Eddy; a couple of brooding gorillas, by Tom Palmore; and an incredibly busy beehive of humanoid activity, by Ernest Ruckle. Through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Jackie Ferrara—This artist's pyramidal structures, made of heavy timbers, which loom so effectively within the confines of a gallery, unfortunately seem to be overwhelmed in Hammarskjöld Plaza by the high-rise architecture surrounding them. Through Feb. 20. (Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Al Hirschfeld—Recent drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Ten American Collagists—A loan show of works by artists (Romare Bearden, William Dole, Nancy Grossman, for instance) who are identified with collage. Through Feb. 26. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Opens at noon.)

Fine Arts Building—In this hive of contemporary artistic developments far downtown, at 105 Hudson Street, a couple of blocks below Canal, the **sragow** is showing works by Jean Dupuy, consisting of excerpts from a sort of journal kept by this French-born artist—philosophical musings, extensions of Leonardo's inventions, photographic oddments. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . At the **pretto**, wall pieces by Evriah Bader, who superimposes numbers and letters of the alphabet upon one another on a thin plywood strip about ten inches long and hangs it in the middle of an otherwise empty white wall. Through Tuesday, Feb. 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 3 to 6.) . . . At **photoworks**, an environment by Marcia Resnick, accompanied by rock music. Photographs on the wall show a girl in various black jackets, and the jackets themselves are hanging on a coatrack. Through Feb. 22. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 3 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Harry Callahan—A retrospective show of two hundred and fifty of his photographs has been mounted by the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Roy DeCarava / Kay Bell Reynal—Pictures of Harlem and other city views. / Fashion photographs from the forties, along with portraits of people in the arts from the same years. Through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Benno Friedman / Harold Jones—More than fifty toned-and-colored silver prints from his ongoing flower series. / Recent still-lifes and landscapes done in and around Tucson, Arizona. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Ted Horowitz and Elizabeth M. Heyert—Candid and formal color and black-and-white portraits. Through Feb. 28. (Nikon House, 437 Madison Ave., at 50th St. Open Mondays.)

Peter Hujar—Recent photographs. Through Feb. 15. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Consuelo Kanaga—A retrospective made up of photographs that date from 1924 to 1974 and that include studies of Southern blacks in the thirties and forties is currently at the Brooklyn Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Helen Levitt—Dye-transfer prints, black-and-white photographs of Spanish Harlem in the forties, and other works. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

Tina Modotti (1896-1942) **and Edward Weston** (1886-1958)—A collection of vintage prints made in Mexico and California during their six-year association. Also related works. Through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Ex Libris, fifth floor, 25 E. 69th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.) . . . ¶ The Museum of Modern Art is showing a selection of Modotti's works taken in Mexico, about half of which are vintage prints; the remainder were printed from old negatives by Richard Benson. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Nadar (1820-1910)—A show of more than fifty portraits of artists, writers, and composers is on view at the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Ben Rose—A selection of fifty manipulated color prints. Through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

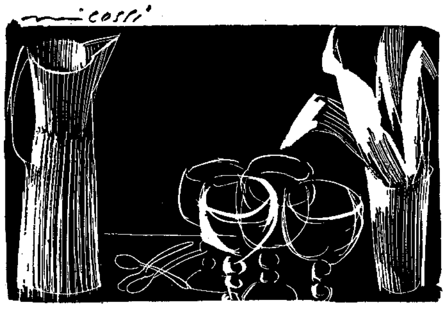
Dennis Stock / Mike Disfarmer (1884-1959)—Dye-transfer and black-and-white prints whose themes are taken from nature. / Photographs of townspeople and cotton farmers in Heber Springs, Arkansas, made during the Second World War. Through March 13. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

Group Shows—At the **kimmel-cohn**, 41 Central Park W., at 64th St.: Vintage prints and gravures by, among others, Atget, Brassaï, and Genthe. Through Saturday, Feb. 12. . . . **prakapas**, 19 E. 71st St.: P. H. Emerson, Berenice Abbott, James Van DerZee, and Paul Strand are among those included in a showing of vintage photographs that covers the last hundred years. Through Saturday, Feb. 12.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A sumptuous exhibit of clothing and accessories from Russia that focusses on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and ranges from regional peasant costumes to the wedding dress of Catherine the Great. . . . ¶ A big exposition of Andrew Wyeth's works, half of it centered on the Kuerner farm in Pennsylvania and the other half centered on the Olson house in Maine, with the works arranged so that one can follow an idea from the earliest sketch (or inspiration) on through the finished painting. Through Sunday, Feb. 6. . . . **photography:** Nadar. Through March 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A selection of early-twentieth-century European paintings from Swiss collections features such major artists as Braque, Bonnard, Matisse, Léger, van Gogh, Modigliani, and Klee. Through March 1. . . . ¶ A hundred prints and a few illustrated books chosen from among acquisitions made during the last three years. Through Feb. 20. . . . ¶ A show of posters made by Henri Matisse, Saul Steinberg, Robert Indiana, Larry Rivers, and others to announce their exhibits or other events. Through March 22. . . . **photography:** Harry Callahan. Through Tuesday, Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Tina Modotti. Through April 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)



Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings, drawings, and prints of the Belgian fantasist James Ensor. Through April 10. A complementary show is at Martin Sumers Graphics, 50 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ A small exhibit of oils and works on paper (all done before 1930) by Piet Mondrian. Through April 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The last half of the Calder retrospective will close on Sunday, Feb. 6, leaving an exhibition of a hundred works from the museum's permanent collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ On Sunday, Feb. 6, at 8, the first in a series of three concerts to be presented this season by the Composers' Showcase will offer a program of music, and commentary, by Elliott Carter, performed by members of the Speculum Musicae; the American Brass quintet; Beveridge Webster and Ursula Oppens, piano; Paul Jacobs, harpsichord; and Rolf Schulte, violin. Tickets are now being issued on a first-come, first-served basis.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A show devoted to the nude figure in contemporary painting, sculpture, and photography. Alice Neel, Lucas Samaras, and George Segal are among the participants. Through March 3. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Anamorphoses: Games of Perception and Illusion in Art" has more than a hundred examples of art works intentionally distorted by the artist but that appear in full form when viewed from a particular angle or when reflected in a prism, cone, or cylinder. Through Feb. 13. . . . **photography:** Consuelo Kanaga. Through Sunday, Feb. 6. (The museum is open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, noon to 5. The Kanaga show opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A new, permanent Hall of the Sun has opened in the Planetarium. Divided into three sections, the exhibit includes an eight-foot globe of the sun and films made of the sun both from earth and from outer space. (The museum is open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 11 to 5. The Planetarium exhibit is open Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 5, and Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A survey of wood sculptures and decorative art objects from China and Japan dating from the fifth century B.C. to the nineteenth. Buddhist statues, carved lacquerware, burial figures, and folk carvings are among the pieces on exhibit. Through March 27. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The opening show of the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of Design consists of a host of separate exhibits whose theme is the efficacy of design. Through March 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—"Books as Troublemakers": close to two hundred volumes that have been successful in raising general hell—starting revolutions, assassinating characters, and all the rest. John Cleland, Charles Darwin, Adolf Hitler, Margaret Sanger, Walt Whitman are some of the authors. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A hundred and twenty-five drawings from Cambridge University's Fitzwilliam Museum, dating from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth, and offering unfamiliar works by such familiar hands as Leonardo, Michelangelo, Raphael, Tiepolo, Watteau, and Rubens in the main exhibition room, and Rembrandt, Ingres, Goya, and Cézanne in the Cloister—the long hallway to the rear. . . . ¶ Among the ancient Near Eastern treasures in the East Room are a number of small royal seals, which might be considered the forerunners of printing as we know it; photographic enlargements bring out their beauty in a way that would have entranced their original owners. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Both shows through Feb. 13.

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An immense showing—more than nine hundred items in all—entitled "Two Hundred Years of American Illustration" and incorporating original works from every celebrated illustrator you've ever heard of—Pyle, Wyeth, Christy, Flagg, Gibson, Dunn, plus a few specials like Audubon, John Held, Jr., and James Thurber. Through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"American Sampler" brings together such items from the library's holdings as "Brooklyn in Winter" by Francis Guy, drawings of the American West by George Catlin, original comic-strip art for "Dick Tracy," and a model for "Orpheus" by Noguchi. Through March 30. (Open every day except Thursdays, Sundays, and Lincoln's Birthday. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 9.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings on shaped canvases by Leslie Price. . . . ¶ Prints by Lee Paté. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.) Both shows through Feb. 20.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Feb. 2, at 8: "Salome," with Grace Melzia Bumbry, Astrid Varnay, Ragnar Ulfung, Ingvar Wixell, Frank Little, and Manfred Schenk; conducted by Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 3, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Rita Hunter, Janis Martin, Mignon Dunn, James King, Norman Bailey, and Manfred Schenk; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 4, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gail Robinson, John Alexander, William Walker, and Ezio Flagello; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 5, at 1:30: The Metropolitan's première of Poulenc's "Dialogues of the Carmelites" (in English), with Maria Ewing, Shirley Verrett, Mignon Dunn, Régine Crespin, Betsy Norden, Raymond Gibbs, and William Dooley; Michel Plasson. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8: "Le Prophète," with Marilyn Horne, Renata Scotto, James McCracken, Jerome Hines, Frank Little, Morley Meredith, and Raimund Herincx; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 7, at 8: "Salome," with Leonie Rysanek, Astrid Varnay, Ragnar Ulfung, Ingvar Wixell, Kenneth Riegel, and James Morris; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 8, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Rita Hunter, Janis Martin, Mignon Dunn, James King, Norman Bailey, and Manfred Schenk; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 8: "Le Prophète," with Marilyn Horne, Renata Scotto, James McCracken, Jerome Hines, Frank Little, Morley Meredith, and Raimund Herincx; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 10, at 8: "Tosca," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Barry Morell, Sherrill Milnes, and Renato Capecchi; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 11, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Rita Hunter, Janis Martin, Mignon Dunn, James King, Norman Bailey, and Manfred Schenk; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 12, at 2: "Salome," with Leonie Rysanek, Astrid Varnay, Ragnar Ulfung, Ingvar Wixell, Kenneth Riegel, and James Morris; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8: "Dialogues of the Carmelites" (in English), with Maria Ewing, Shirley Verrett, Mignon Dunn, Régine Crespin, Betsy Norden, Raymond Gibbs, and William Dooley; Michel Plasson.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting—Thursday, Feb. 3, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 4, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Feb. 8, at 7:30 (all with Maurizio Pollini, piano, and the Camerata Singers); and Thursday, Feb. 10, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 11, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Feb. 15, at 7:30 (all with Itzhak Perlman, violin).

New Jersey Symphony Orchestra—Irwin Hoffman conducting, with Daniel Shafran, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

Detroit Symphony Orchestra—Aldo Ceccato conducting, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Cleveland Orchestra—Lorin Maazel conducting the first two in a series of seven concerts presenting the cycle of Beethoven symphonies and concertos, with Emil Gilels, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 11-12, at 8.)

Boston Musica Viva—Richard Pittman conducting. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

Symphony of the New World—Leon Thompson conducting, with the Billy Taylor Trio. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 6, at 3.)

Twentieth-Century Chamber Ensemble—Gerard Schwarz conducting. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 6, at 8:30.)

American Composers Orchestra—Dennis Russell Davies conducting the orchestra's inaugural concert, with Susan Davenny Wyner, soprano, and Virgil Thomson and Lou Harrison, narrators. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Judith Blegen and Peggy Pruett, sopranos; Joy Blackett, mezzo-soprano; Leo Goeke, tenor; and Raymond Murcell, bass. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 13, at 5:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Collegiate Chorale—Richard Westenburg directing, with an orchestra and soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a performance of Brahms' Requiem, with Patricia Brooks, soprano; Theodor Uppman, baritone; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Feb. 6, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

Bach Aria Group—Peter Eros directing the final concert of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing a program of Italian music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

RECITALS

George Malcolm—Harpsichord. (Vélez Blanco Patio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Wednesday, Feb. 2, at 8, an all-Handel recital; and Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 8, a program of Scarlatti sonatas.)

Leonard Raver—Organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

Evenings for New Music—With Joan La Barbara, voice; Benjamin Hudson, violin; and Charles Wuorinen, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Feb. 3, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Prospective Encounter—Pierre Boulez directing members of the New York Philharmonic in the second of three programs of contemporary chamber music, this one with Sol Greitzer, viola, and Sanford Sylvan, baritone. The performances take place between eight and ten, with periods before and after devoted to "en-

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counters"—possibly even confrontations—between the artists and the audience. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Feb. 4. For information about tickets, call 799-9595.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program called "The World of Guillaume de Machaut," with George Mgrdichian, oud. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Paul Plishka—Bass-baritone, in a lieder recital. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Feb. 6, at 2:30.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Jaime Laredo, violin; Leslie Parnas, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Richard Goode, piano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 6, at 5, and Tuesday, Feb. 8, at 7:30.)

Arminda Canteros—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

Ernesto Bitetti—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

Young-Uck Kim and Emanuel Ax—Violin and piano, in a recital of music from Vienna. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

Beethoven at the Y—The Beethoven quartet cycle, performed in a series of six concerts by the Quartetto Italiano and the Juilliard String Quartet. The Italians will open the proceedings on Monday, Feb. 7, and Thursday, Feb. 10, at 8. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000.)

Daniel Shafran—Cello, with Anton Ginzburg, piano, in a sonata recital. The second of two recitals. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Feb. 8, at 8.)

Steven Lubin—Piano and fortepiano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—An all-Dvorák program, performed by Jaime Laredo and Hiroko Yajima, violin; Sharon Robinson, cello; and the Guarneri Quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave., at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The third in this season's series of six programs of contemporary music, this one performed by Bethany Beardslee, soprano; Robert Helps, piano; and the Battell Chapel Choir of Yale University, directed by C. William Harwood. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

New York Vocal Arts Ensemble—A vocal quartet in a program entitled "The Inner Circle." The last in a series of concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Ricercare—A program of German Renaissance instrumental music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Louis Bagger—Harpsichord. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 2:30.)

Paula Robison and William Tim Read—Flute and harpsichord, in the last in a series of recitals. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 3.)

Anne Perret and Rodrigo de Zayas—Mezzo-soprano and lute and early instruments. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Claude Frank and Lilian Kallir—A program of music for two pianos and for one piano, four hands. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8:30, and Sunday, Feb. 13, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

The Music of Louise Talma—Among the participants in a fiftieth-anniversary celebration for the composer-teacher will be Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; Lukas Foss, conductor; the Gregg Smith Singers; and Herbert Rogers, piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8. For tickets, call 360-2339, from 1 to 5.)

Dmitri Shostakovich—Concert of Late Works—A program performed by Sheila Schonbrun, soprano; Betty Allen, contralto; John Graham, viola; Joel Sachs and Cheryl Seltzer, piano; and members of the Princeton Ensemble, with Ira Weller, violin. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 8. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Houston, Thursday, Feb. 3, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Los Angeles, Tuesday, Feb. 8, at 7:30. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Nets vs. Boston, Wednesday, Feb. 2. . . . ¶ Nets vs. New Orleans, Wednesday, Feb. 9. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Buffalo, Friday, Feb. 11.

Boxing—Harold Weston, Jr., vs. Wilfredo Benitez, welterweights; Emile Griffith vs. Christy Elliott, middleweights; and Pedro Soto vs. Brian O'Melia, heavyweights, all 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Feb. 2. Preliminaries at 8; main bouts at 10.)

Dartmouth Winter Carnival—The annual four-event ski meet. (Hanover, N.H. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 11-12.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Islanders, Sunday, Feb. 6, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Rangers, Thursday, Feb. 3. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, Feb. 5. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Los Angeles Kings, Tuesday, Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Feb. 12.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, May 21. The Stymie Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 5, and the Lucky Draw, Saturday, Feb. 12. . . . ATLANTIC CITY-AT-GARDEN STATE PARK, Cherry Hill, N.J.: Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 2-3, at 12:45. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 12:45, from Friday, Feb. 4, through Tuesday, May 31. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 19.

Track Meet—United States Olympic Invitational. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 6:30.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8, and Sundays at 1; through Sunday, Feb. 27. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK, East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 30.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Poetry Readings—Robert Penn Warren reading from his own works. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Feb. 8, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

Auctions—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Feb. 3, at 2; Friday, Feb. 4, at 10:15 and 2; and Saturday, Feb. 5, at 2: Near Eastern rugs and textiles, Islamic and other works of art, furniture, and paintings; from various owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 10:30 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs, including an album of Yellowstone scenes by William Henry Jackson and Civil War photographs by Alexander Gardner; from several collectors. Exhibition starts Thursday, Feb. 3. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 10, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master and nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from a number of sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Feb. 4.

COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

Professional Basketball—The Knicks at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Feb. 16 (Chicago). Feb. 19 (Nets). Feb. 22 (New Orleans). Feb. 26 (Indiana). March 1 (San Antonio). March 5 (Philadelphia). March 8 (Denver). March 10 (Portland). . . . ¶ The Nets at the NASSAU COLISEUM: Feb. 18 (Seattle). Feb. 20 (Knicks). Feb. 23 (Denver). Feb. 25 (Detroit). Feb. 27 (Golden State). March 2

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DOG SHOW—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Feb. 14-15.)

HOCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Ranger games on Feb. 13, 20, and 27, and March 3, 6, and 9. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Islander games on Feb. 19, 22, and 26, and March 1 and 8.

KARATE—All-American Open Karate Championships. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. March 12.)

TRACK MEET—National A.A.U. Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Feb. 25.)

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Feb. 28-April 30.

MUSIC—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (580-9830): The season continues through April 16. . . . **NEW YORK CITY OPERA**, New York State Theatre (TR 7-4727): The spring season will open on Feb. 23, with Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," and will run through May 1. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL** (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 14. . . . ¶ Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, Feb. 13. . . . ¶ Cleveland Orchestra, Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Andres Segovia, classical guitarist, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Pinchas Zukerman, violin, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ André Watts, piano, Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Philippe Entremont, piano, March 6. . . . ¶ Luciano Pavarotti, tenor, March 6. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): American Symphony Orchestra, Feb. 13. . . . ¶ Cleveland Orchestra, Feb. 13, 16, and 18-19. . . . ¶ Zurich Tonhalle Orchestra, Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Buffalo Philharmonic, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Feb. 23-24. . . . ¶ Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano, Feb. 25. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Lazar Berman, piano, Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, March 1. . . . ¶ National Symphony Orchestra, March 3. . . . ¶ Leningrad Symphony Orchestra, March 4-5. . . . ¶ Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, March 7. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano, Feb. 13. . . . ¶ Concordia Choir, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Amor Artis Chamber Orchestra, Feb. 21. . . . ¶ Ensemble for Early Music, Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Clarion Concert, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Feb. 25 and 27. . . . ¶ Karl Richter, organ, March 6. . . . ¶ Lynn Harrell, cello, and James Levine, piano, March 6. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, March 7. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM**, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano, Feb. 19. . . . ¶ Alexander Schneider, violin, and others, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Sergiu Luca, violin, and Albert Fuller, harpsichord, Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra and Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano, Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, March 3. . . . **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): Czech Chamber Soloists, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, March 6. . . . **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL**, 92nd Street Y (427-6000): Opera at the Y, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Nelson Freire, piano, Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Claudio Arrau, piano, March 7. . . . ¶ Ruggiero Ricci, violin, March 8.

DANCE—Nureyev, with Vivi Flindt and Johnny Eliasen, at the Uris Theatre, March 1-20. . . . ¶ Eliot Feld Ballet, at the City Center, March 9-20.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Piaf . . . A Remembrance," a play based on the late singer's life, by David Cohen. Finnish-born Juliette Koka will play the title role. . . . ¶ A limited engagement of Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra," starring Rex Harrison and Elizabeth Ashley. . . . ¶ A play, "American Buffalo," by David Mamet, with Robert Duvall, Kenneth McMillan, and John Savage. . . . ¶ A presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center—Chekhov's "The Cherry Orchard," in a new English version by Jean-Claude van Itallie. Irene Worth heads the cast. . . . ¶ Jerry Stiller and Zohra Lampert in "Unexpected Guests," a comedy by Jordan Crittenden. . . . ¶ "The Dream," an adaptation by Richard Lortz of Lucy Freeman's book of the same name, in which Barbara Baxley, Keith Charles, and Michael Higgins will appear.

OTHER DATES—National Antiques Show, at Madison Square Garden Exposition Rotunda, Feb. 19-27. . . . ¶ Washington's Birthday will be observed on Monday, Feb. 21. . . . ¶ Ash Wednesday falls on Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Park Avenue Antiques Fair, at the 7th Regiment Armory, March 9-13. . . . ¶ The Spring Flower Show, at the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., March 11-12.

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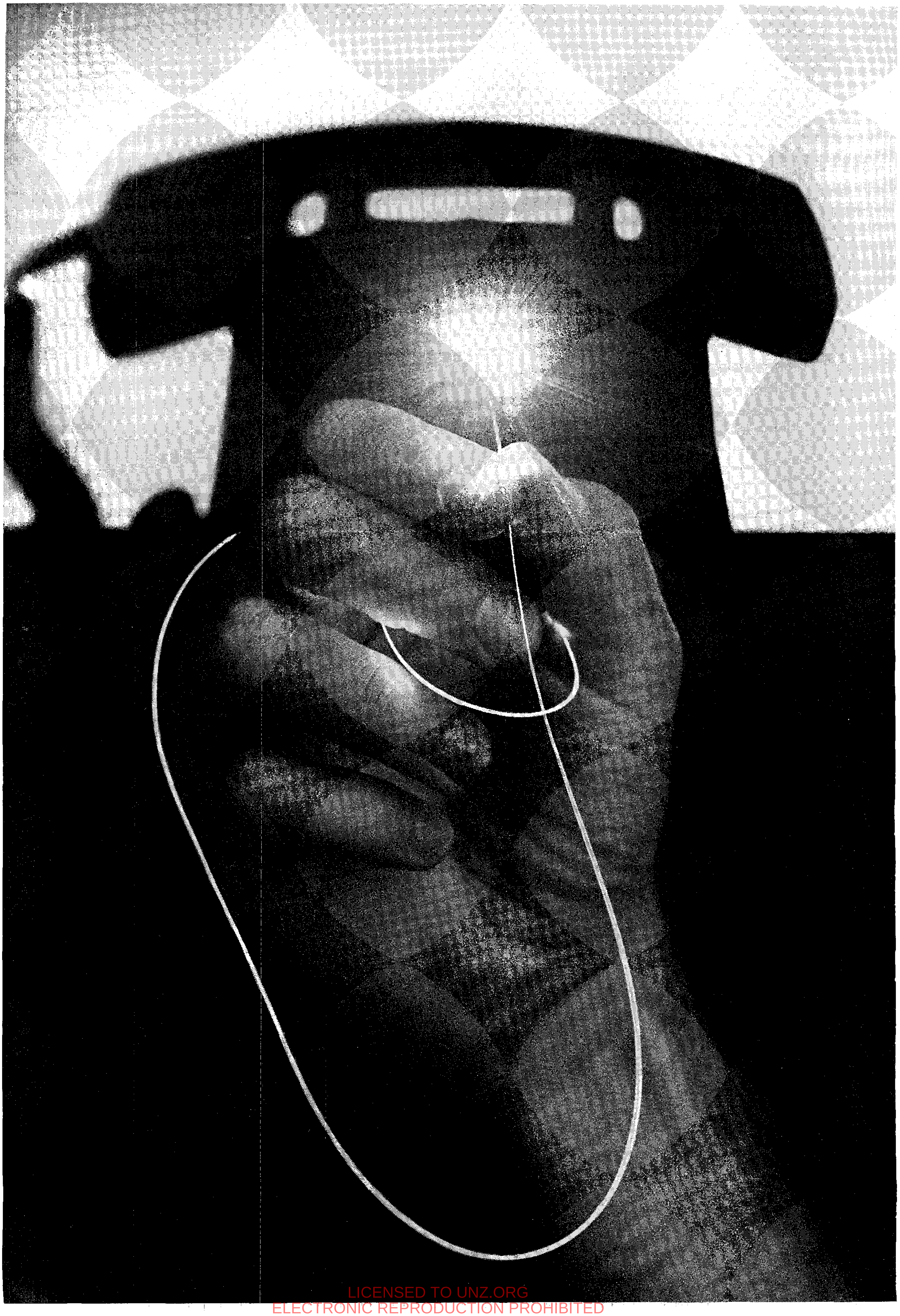

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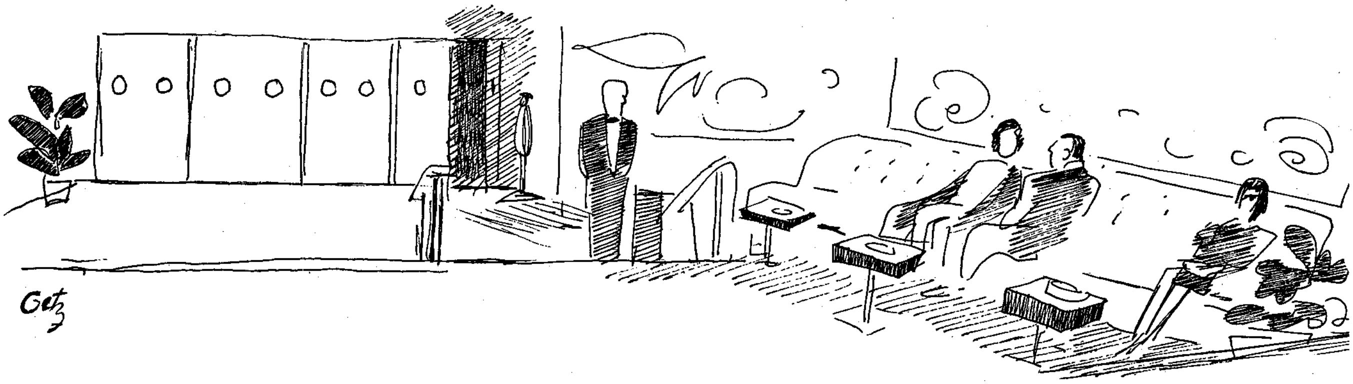

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EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Pink Panther Strikes Again."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Feb. 8: "How Funny Can Sex Be?" and "The Seduction of Mimi."
From Feb. 9: "Car Wash" and another feature, to be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"The Pink Panther Strikes Again."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Feb. 8: "Rocky."
From Feb. 9: "Network."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Feb. 8: "Voyage of the Damned."
From Feb. 9: "The Cassandra Crossing."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Feb. 8: "The Erotic Adventures of Pinocchio" (X-rated).
From Feb. 9: "Twilight's Last Gleaming."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Feb. 8: "Network."
Feb. 9: Theatre closed.
From Feb. 10: "The Late Show."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
To be announced.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"King of Hearts."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Pumping Iron."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"A Star Is Born."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Bound for Glory."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through Feb. 8: "The Enforcer."
From Feb. 9: "Network."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Feb. 5: "Small Change."
From Feb. 6: "The Marquise of O . . ."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Last Tycoon."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Harlan County, U.S.A."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Rocky."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave, at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Pink Panther Strikes Again."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Seven-Per-Cent Solution."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Feb. 5: "The Marquise of O . . ."
From Feb. 6: "The Cookies."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Feb. 8: "Silver Streak."
From Feb. 9: "Fun with Dick and Jane."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 8: "Alex & the Gypsy."
From Feb. 9: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Feb. 3: "Carrie."
From Feb. 4: "Nickelodeon."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Feb. 8: "King Kong."
From Feb. 9: "Twilight's Last Gleaming."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Feb. 8: "Voyage of the Damned."
From Feb. 9: "The Cassandra Crossing."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Rocky."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Feb. 8: "Freaky Friday."
From Feb. 9: "Silver Streak."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Feb. 3: "Madam Kitty" and "Fritz the Cat" (both X-rated).
From Feb. 4: "Stay Hungry" and "Gator."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Small Change."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Carrie" and "Burnt Offerings."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Rocky."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution."
Theatre 2: "The Marquise of O . . ."
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 8: "Madam Kitty" (X-rated). From Feb. 9: "Through the Looking Glass" (X-rated).
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 8: "The Erotic Adventures of Pinocchio" (X-rated). From Feb. 9: "Guernica" and "Viva la Muerte!"

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Freaky Friday."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"A Star Is Born."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Feb. 8: "Two-Minute Warning" and "The Hindenburg."
From Feb. 9: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Seven-Per-Cent Solution."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Providence."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Feb. 8: "Network."
From Feb. 9: Theatre temporarily closed.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The Marquise of O . . ."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Rocky."
Theatre 2: "Freaky Friday."
Theatre 3: "Nickelodeon."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Small Change."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Feb. 8: "Elevator to the Gallows."
From Feb. 9: "All About Eve" and "Laura."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Feb. 8: "How Funny Can Sex Be?" and "Where Does It Hurt?"
From Feb. 9: "Car Wash" and "Hard Times."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Feb. 2: "My Life to Live" (1962), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina; and "La Salamandre" (1971), in French, directed by Alain Tanner, with Bulle Ogier, Jean-Luc Bideau, and Jacques Denis.
Feb. 3: "A Woman Is a Woman" (1961), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Jean-Claude Brialy; and "My Life to Live."
Feb. 4: "Cabaret" (†); and "A Woman Is a Woman."
Feb. 5: "The Threepenny Opera" (1931), in German, directed by G. W. Pabst, with Lotte Lenya; and "Cabaret." (†)
Feb. 6: "The Blue Angel" (1929), in German, directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich and Emil Jannings; and "The Threepenny Opera."
Feb. 7: "Giant." (†)
Feb. 8: A program of avant-garde films, including films by Man Ray and Hans Richter.
Feb. 9: "The Devil Is a Woman" (†) and "The Shanghai Gesture." (†)
Feb. 10: "The Scarlet Empress" (†) and "The Devil Is a Woman." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Feb. 2: "The Seven Samurai" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa.
Feb. 3: "If . . ." (1969), directed by Lindsay Anderson, with Malcolm McDowell; and "Deep End" (1971), directed by Jerzy Skolimowski, with Jane Asher and John Moulder-Brown.
Feb. 4: "Shame" (1968), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Max von Sydow, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "The Passion of Anna" (1970), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Max von Sydow, and Erland Josephson.
Feb. 5: "The Music Lovers" (1971), directed by Ken Russell, with Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson; and "The Loves of Isadora." (†)
Feb. 6: "Carefree" (1938), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Jack Carson, Luella Gear, and Ralph Bellamy; and "Flying Down to Rio" (1933), directed by Thornton Freeland, with Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, Raul Roulien, Ginger Rogers, and Fred Astaire.
Feb. 7: "The Night of the Hunter" (†) and "All the Way Home." (†)
Feb. 8: "La Salamandre" (1971), in French, directed by Alain Tanner, with Bulle Ogier, Jean-Luc Bideau, and Jacques Denis; and "Charles Dead or Alive." (†)
Feb. 9: "Babes in Arms" (†) and "Ziegfeld Girl." (†)
Feb. 10: "Mean Streets" (1973), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel; and "Who's That Knock-

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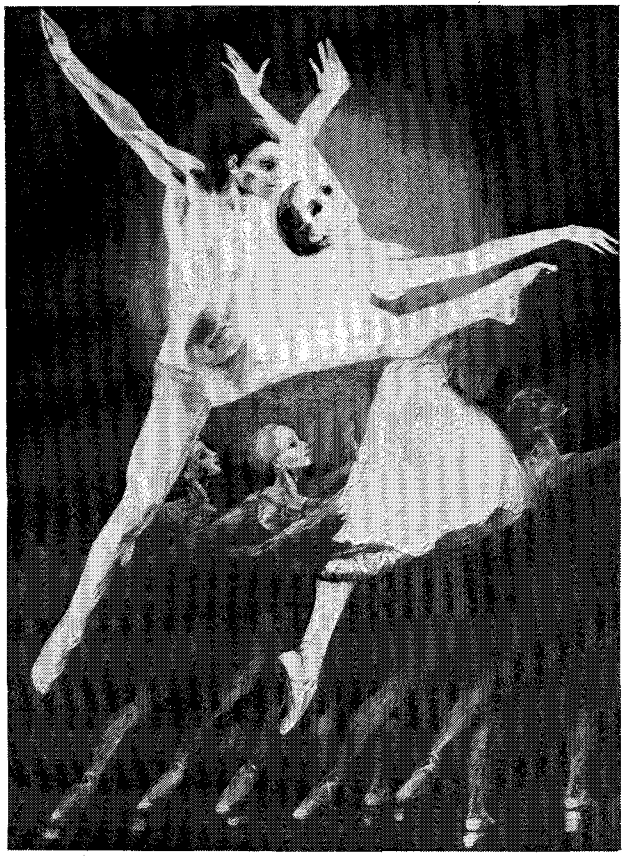

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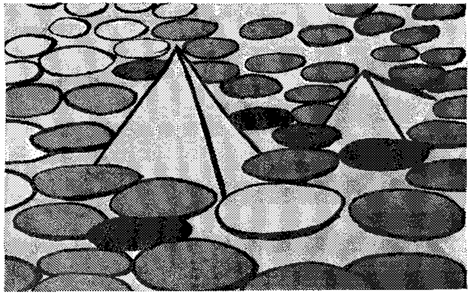

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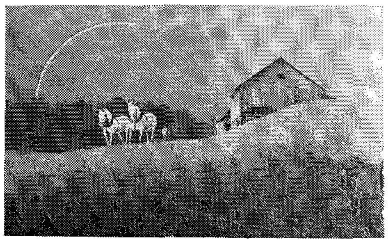

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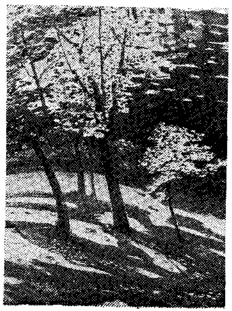

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ing at My Door?" (1969), the first film directed by Martin Scorsese, with Zina Bethune and Harvey Keitel.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

Feb. 2: "Portrait of Hell" (1969), in Japanese, directed by Shiro Toyoda; and "The Tattooed Swordswoman" (1972), in Japanese, directed by Teyou Ishii.

Feb. 3-5: *"A Clockwork Orange" (1971)*, directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Malcolm McDowell; "Performance" (1970), directed by Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg, with Mick Jagger and James Fox; and "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970), directed by Russ Meyer.

Feb. 6-8: "Spellbound" (1945), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll; "Psycho" (1960), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles, John Gavin, and Janet Leigh; and "The Paradine Case." (†)

Feb. 9: "The Sword of Doom" (1967), in Japanese, directed by Kihachi Okamoto, with Tatsuya Nakadai; and "Kill!" (1968), in Japanese, directed by Kihachi Okamoto.

From Feb. 10: "Rebecca" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; "Notorious" (1946), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "Frenzy." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Feb. 5: "Cover Girl" (1944), directed by Charles Vidor, with Rita Hayworth, Gene Kelly, and Phil Silvers; and "Pal Joey" (1957), directed by George Sidney, with Rita Hayworth, Frank Sinatra, and Kim Novak.

Feb. 6-7: "The Awful Truth" (1937), directed by Leo McCarey, with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "She Married Her Boss." (†)

Feb. 8-9: "In a Lonely Place" (†) and "Knock on Any Door." (†)

From Feb. 10: "Lost Horizon" (†) and "The Bitter Tea of General Yen." (†)

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)

Feb. 2: "The Confession" (1970), in French, directed by Costa-Gavras, with Yves Montand and Simone Signoret; and "Z" (1969), in French, directed by Costa-Gavras, with Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas.

Feb. 3-5: "The Story of Adèle H." (1975), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Isabelle Adjani; and "Bed and Board" (1971), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Claude Jade.

Feb. 6-7: "Nazarin" (†) and "Simon of the Desert." (†)

Feb. 8-9: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (1970), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Lino Capolicchio, Dominique *Sanda, and Helmut Berger; and* "A Brief Vacation" (1975), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Florinda Bolkan, Renato Salvatori, and Daniel Quenaud.

From Feb. 10: "Nights of Cabiria" (†) and "The Clowns." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through Feb. 3: "Secret Agent" (1936), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with John Gielgud, Peter Lorre, Madeleine Carroll, *and Robert Young; and* "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre.

Feb. 4-5: "Little Women" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Edna May Oliver, Frances Dee, and Spring Byington; and "Pride and Prejudice" (1940), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, and Edna May Oliver.

Feb. 6-7: "To Be or Not to Be" (†) and "Swing High, Swing Low." (†)

Feb. 8-9: "Detective Story" (†) and "Carrie."(†)

Feb. 10: "An American Tragedy" (†) and "Jennie Gerhardt."(†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 3 at 2:30: "L'Affaire Est Dans le Sac" (1932), in French, directed by Pierre Prévert; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 6: "The Prisoner of Karlsten Castle" (1916), a Swedish silent film, directed by Georg af Klercker; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 8:30: "Terje Vigen" (1916), a Swedish silent film, directed by Victor Sjöström, English inter-titles; and "Love and Journalism" (1916), a Swedish silent film, directed by Mauritz Stiller, English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Feb. 4 at 2:30: "Ingeborg Holm" (1913), a Swedish silent film, directed by Victor Sjöström; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Feb. 4 at 6: "L'Affaire Est Dans le Sac." . . ¶ Feb. 5 at noon: "Pygmalion" (1938), directed by Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard, with Mr. Howard and Wendy Hiller. . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 2:30: "Ingeborg Holm." . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 5: Three Swedish silent films by Georg af Klercker, made in 1916—"Calles' New Underwear" (simultaneous translation), "The Mysterious Eve of the 25th" (English inter-titles), and "The Prisoner of Karlsten Castle" (English inter-titles). . . . ¶ Feb. 6 at noon: "Pygmalion." . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 2:30: "Terje Vigen" and "Love and Journalism." . . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 5: "Tartuffe" (1926), a German silent film, directed by F. W. Murnau, with Emil Jannings and Werner Krauss; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at noon: Three short Swedish silent films, with English titles. . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 2:30: Three Swedish silent films by Georg af Klercker. . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 6: "The Girl from Stormyrcroft" (1917), a Swedish silent film, directed by Victor Sjöström; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at noon: Three short Swedish silent films, with English titles. . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 2:30: "The Girl from Stormyrcroft." . . ¶ Feb. 10 *at 2:30: "An Affair of the Skin" (1963)*, directed by Ben Maddow, with Herbert Berghoff, Viveca Lindfors, Kevin McCarthy, and Diana Sands. . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 6: "Thomas Graal's Best Film" (1917), a Swedish silent film, directed by Mauritz Stiller; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 8:30: "The Outlaw and His Wife" (1917), a Swedish silent film, directed by Victor Sjöström; simultaneous translation. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying *for them in person at the museum after* 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.) . . . **Note:** Over a period of four evenings—Feb. 4-7, at 8—the museum will show all the 16mm films made by Stan Brakhage between 1971 and 1974. Admission is free.

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Feb. 6: A video program by Douglas Davis. Showings at noon, 2, and 4. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 8: "Rameau's Nephew by Diderot (*Thanks to Dennis Young*) by Wilma Schoen" (1974), directed by Michael Snow. Showings at noon (plus Tuesday evening at 5). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Mekas, Rice, Smith, Peterson, Broughton, Stein, Maiwald, Méliès, Vertov, Stauffacher, Vigo, Ozu, and others. Showings Feb. 2 at 7 and 9; Feb. 3 at 7 and 8:30; Feb. 4 at 7 and 9; Feb. 5 at 2:30, 7, and 8:30; Feb. 6 at 8; Feb. 8 at 7 and 8:30; and Feb. 9-10 at 7 and 9.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Feb. 3-6: A program of five short films on childhood. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 10: A program of eighteen short films by Oskar Fischinger. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Alex & the Gypsy—Off the beaten track, but that's just about the only thing you can give it points for. Jack Lemmon is Alex, a cynical, loquacious bailbondsman, whose character is taken from the Stanley Elkin short novel "The Bailbondsman," but the movie involves him with a gypsy (Geneviève Bujold) invented by the screenwriter, Lawrence B. Marcus. Lemmon is always up, and works desperately hard. And so Bujold, who's meant to be the vibrant, tempestuous one, has to fight him for every bit of audience attention, and what should be a love story is a shouting match—ersatz D. H. Lawrence and ersatz Billy Wilder. Directed by John Korty. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/18/76.) (72nd Street East; through Feb. 8.)

All About Eve (1950)—Joseph L. Mankiewicz's most celebrated picture, from his own sophisticated and technically splendid script. There is an old show-biz myth that films and plays about show biz don't interest anyone outside the trade, but this movie cracks the legend. Bette Davis plays Margo Channing, a high-temperament Broadway star. Anne Baxter, as her secretary, is after her guts and her dressing room, with the guileless blessings of a playwright (Hugh Marlowe) and of Celeste Holm, as his wife. The only person who is on to the craft afoot is Thelma Ritter—who else? (Thalia; starting Feb. 9.)

All the Way Home (1963)—This adaptation of the Tad Mosel play, set in Knoxville in 1915 and based on James Agee's semi-autobiographical novel "A Death in the Family," is terribly earnest, pictorial, and well-intentioned. And a terrible mistake. Robert Preston had been a favorite actor of Agee's, but he's clearly in the wrong age bracket to play a young married man, and even the lovely Jean Simmons can't do anything to save her role as his wife, who soon becomes his widow. Michael Kearney is extremely unengaging as the bereaved child. Alex Segal directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 7.)

An American Tragedy (1931)—This version of the Dreiser novel, scripted by Samuel Hoffenstein and directed by Josef von Sternberg, is best in the scenes relating to the poor factory girl, Roberta (Sylvia Sidney), and her drowning; Sylvia Sidney is so appealing that the pathos of Roberta's situation is intensified. However, the film vulgarizes Dreiser's conception of Clyde Griffiths (the handsome, long-jawed, blond Phillips Holmes, who died young), and turns his drives and actions into tabloid commonplaces. Von Sternberg shows surprisingly little of the feeling for psychological complexity that he had brought to "The Blue Angel" the year before, and Dreiser furiously protested this picture (he sued Paramount). Although the film respects his framework, it seems indifferent to what it meant in the novel. What's left—a tragic romance—is still affecting. Frances Dee is the rich Sondra (the role Elizabeth Taylor played in a later version, "A Place in the Sun"), and the cast includes Irving Pichel. Lee Garmes is the cinematographer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 10.)

Babes in Arms (1939)—Not much is left of the Rodgers and Hart Broadway musical, but the picture stars Judy Garland (it was her big year, the year of "The Wizard of Oz") and Mickey Rooney, and it has great charm. Busby Berkeley directed and choreographed; the direction is naïve and wobbly, the choreography is primitive-surreal. The songs (from an assortment of sources) include "Where or When," "The Lady Is a Tramp," "I Cried for You," and "You Are My Lucky Star." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 9.)

The Bitter Tea of General Yen (1933)—This story about a cool, straitlaced girl from New England (Barbara Stanwyck) who is sexually drawn to the Chinese warlord who kidnaps her was the opening attraction at Radio City Music Hall. Tall, Swedish Nils Asther was a very peculiar Oriental, but he was certainly dazzlingly elegant and a highly exotic love object—too exotic, maybe, for moviegoers of the time, because, despite the tensions of the daring interracial romance, the picture was not a box-office success. One of the most interesting and least cloying of Frank Capra's films, it suggests the influence of von Sternberg's "Shanghai Express." With Gavin Gordon, Walter Connolly, Toshia Mori, and Richard Loo. (Regency; starting Feb. 10.)

Bound for Glory—As Woody Guthrie, David Carradine has an ornery intransigence that gives the film a core, and the re-creation of the late thirties is superbly lighted and shot (by Haskell Wexler). There's real love in the director Hal Ashby's staging of the incidents, and the entire film shows taste and good will. Though it doesn't build dramatically—it straggles just when you want it to soar—it's by no means a negligible piece of work. (12/13/76) (Coronet.)

Burnt Offerings—With Karen Black, Oliver Reed, and Burgess Meredith; directed by Dan Curtis. (8th St. Playhouse.)

Cabaret (1972)—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 4-5.)

Carrie (1952)—William Wyler's version of Theodore Dreiser's "Sister Carrie" is graced by one of Laurence Olivier's finest screen performances. Olivier has always given credit to Wyler for teaching him how to act in the movies when they did "Wuthering Heights" together, but it's in "Carrie" that he showed how much he had learned. As George Hurstwood, the manager of an elegant grog-and-steak house, who ruins himself for a pretty face (Jennifer Jones), Olivier is so impassioned and so painfully touching that everything else in the movie, including the girl whose story it's meant to be, fades into insignificance. With Miriam Hopkins as the rigidly unforgiving Mrs. Hurstwood, and Eddie Albert as a dry-goods salesman. Adapted by Ruth and Augustus Goetz. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 8-9.)

Carrie—The best scary-funny movie since "Jaws"—a teasing, terrifying, lyrical shocker, directed by Brian De Palma, who has the wickedest baroque sensibility at large in American movies. Pale, gravel-voiced Sissy Spacek gives a classic chameleon performance as a repressed high-school senior whose energy is released only telekinetically, and Piper Laurie plays her deep-voiced, sexy fundamentalist mother. With John Travolta, Nancy Allen, Amy Irving, and William Katt. (11/22/76) (8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ U.A. East; through Feb. 3.)

Car Wash—A junk-food mixture of poetry, black anger, bathroom humor, routines that have come through the sit-com mill, and worn-to-the-stump faggot jokes. The action is centered on one workday in an L.A. car wash that is white-owned but staffed mostly by blacks. The film's specialty is yanking laughs by having adult blacks do dirtier versions of the standard pranks that naughty kids used to do in comedies. Michael Schultz directed, from a script by Joel Schumacher. (10/25/76) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; starting Feb. 9.)

The Cassandra Crossing—With Sophia Loren, Richard Harris, Martin Sheen, O.J. Simpson, Lionel Stander, Ingrid Thulin, Lee Strasberg, Burt Lancaster, and Ava Gardner; directed by George P. Cosmatos. (34th St. East, and Loews Ciné; starting Feb. 9.)

Charles Dead or Alive (1969)—A film by the Swiss director Alain Tanner, made before his "La Salamandre." The hero is a fifty-year-old third-generation watchmaker who suddenly starts, on his firm's hundredth anniversary, to undo his soul as if he were taking a watch apart to see the works. There are moments in this politically complex, spirited black-and-white movie when he seems to feel that the mainspring has broken. Highly recommended. Michel Simon's son, François, plays the hero very finely. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 8.)

The Clowns (1971)—Fellini, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; starting Feb. 10.)

The Cookies—With Jean-Pierre Marielle, directed by Joel Seria. In French. (68th St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 6.)

Cousin, Cousine—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (Paris.)

Detective Story (1951)—The brash, hyperactive Sidney Kingsley melodrama set in a precinct stationhouse, directed by William Wyler. It's hard to know which is stagier, the action or the melodrama, but there's certainly enough going on. Kirk Douglas plays a brutal detective, full of hatred for the offenders who cross his path, and Eleanor Parker is his wife. When he learns that she once had an affair with a gangster, he can't forgive her, and then can't live with himself. That's only one of the interrelated stories, which involve Lee Grant as a flirtatious shoplifter and Joseph Wiseman as a seasoned burglar (playing roles they'd already scored in on the stage), as well as George Macready, William Bendix, Horace McMahon, Bert Freed, Frank Faylen, Gerald Mohr, Cathy O'Donnell, and Warren Anderson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 8-9.)

The Devil Is a Woman (1935)—Marlene Dietrich as the universal siren in a Spanish shawl. Josef von Sternberg directs her in a clever, perversely dehumanized picture said to have been one of his favorites. With Lionel Atwill and Cesar Romero. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 9-10.)

Elevator to the Gallows (also known as "Frantic;" 1957)—Louis Malle's first film—a thriller about an attempt at a perfect crime, made in a tense yet velvety style. Jeanne Moreau, who was to become famous the next year in Malle's second film, "The Lovers," is less expansive here; her sullen, sensual mask is just right for this limited but absorbing *policier*, set to Miles Davis's music. The film has an unusual sense of control and style, considering that the plot itself is third-rate; the black-and-white cinematography is by Henri Decae. With Maurice Ronet, Lino Ventura, and Georges Poujouly. In French. (Thalia; through Feb. 8.)

The Enforcer—Clint Eastwood once again as Dirty Harry, the San Francisco police inspector who is a law unto himself; by now Eastwood appears to be taking Harry's saintliness so seriously that he hisses his lines angrily, his mouth pulled thin by righteousness. Directed by James Fargo, this third in the series doesn't have the savvy to be as sadistic as its predecessors; it's just limp. The film's only distinction is Tyne Daly's warm performance as the policewoman assigned to work with Harry; deliberately unglamorous, she manages to show some believably human expressions of confusion and discomfort. (1/24/77) (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1; through Feb. 8.)

Freaky Friday—From the Disney studios, with Barbara Harris and Jodie Foster, directed by Gary Nelson. (Guild, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Feb. 8.)

Frenzy (1972)—Hitchcock working in England for the first time since the remake of "The Man Who Knew Too Much." A story about a fruit merchant from Covent Garden and a sacked barman, both suspected of a series of rapes and necktie murders, which are made less gruesome by Hitchcock's belief that there is all the difference in the world between surprise and suspense. This is Hitch in his old form, working with a first-rate cast of British actors virtually unknown outside their own country (including Barry Foster, Jon Finch, Anna Massey, and Barbara Leigh-Hunt). Vivien Merchant is detective Alec McCowen's wife, full of feminine intuition. (Elgin; starting Feb. 10.)

Fritz the Cat (1972)—An X-rated cartoon, full of good humor, bad taste, randiness, benign ethnic jokes, and other staples of New York wit. The rating is a pity; everyone who is officially underage according to the rating system knows more about Robert Crumb's famous Fritz than his parents are likely to. The New York landscapes are drawn with great delicacy, and the New York animalized characters with purple amplitude; the voices are human. Directed and scripted by Ralph Bakshi. This is one of the few full-length cartoons with an ear as accurate as a good play's. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Feb. 3.)

Fun with Dick and Jane—With George Segal and Jane Fonda, directed by Ted Kotcheff. (Loews Tower East; starting Feb. 9.)

Gator—With Burt Reynolds, Jack Weston, Lauren Hutton, and Jerry Reed; directed by Mr. Reynolds. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting Feb. 4.)

Giant (1956)—George Stevens directed this big, handsome, glossy version of the profoundly second-rate Edna Ferber novel, and James Dean ran away with it. Elizabeth Taylor and Rock Hudson are the leads; with Carroll Baker, Dennis Hopper, Rod Taylor, Mercedes McCambridge, Judith Evelyn. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 7.)

Guernica—Arrabal's film about the bombing of Guernica and the siege of a buttressed little village in the Spanish Civil War. His heroine, played by Mariangela Melato, is a woman of feral magnificence and gifts of leadership. Arrabal quit Franco's Spain and now lives in Paris, where his avant-garde plays are famous. He uses shock as a device; perhaps shock today is as impelling a force as heretical doubts were in Galileo's time. In Italian. (6/7/76) (Quad Cinema; starting Feb. 9.)

Hard Times (1975)—This first feature directed by the young screenwriter Walter Hill is un-

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usually effective pulp—perhaps even great pulp. Looking like an authentic Depression worker, Charles Bronson plays an aging itinerant who hooks up with a gambler (James Coburn) and fights—bare-fisted, no-holds-barred—for gambling stakes. Hill gets our hearts pounding in fear that this loner-hero will be hurt or vanquished; the big fight sequence, with Bronson pitted against a boulder of flesh (Robert Tessier), makes you feel the way you did as a kid at the movies. You don't resent the film's grip on you, because Hill respects the loner-underdog myth. Shot on locations in and around New Orleans; with Strother Martin as a hophead medic, and Jill Ireland. (10/6/75) (Olympia; starting Feb. 9.)

Harlan County, U.S.A.—A documentary with a great subject, and with the taste and sensitivity not to betray it. The director, Barbara Kopple, went to live among the coal miners of Harlan County, Kentucky, when they went out on strike in 1973. This film is about an underdog group with its own folk culture, based on the unending struggle with "the owners." (1/24/77) (Cinema II.)

The Hindenburg (1975)—Tame, impersonal good taste doesn't do much for a disaster picture. Robert Wise directed; with George C. Scott, Anne Bancroft, and William Atherton. (1/19/76) (Playboy; through Feb. 8.)

How Funny Can Sex Be?—An eight-episode film, with Giancarlo Giannini and Laura Antonelli, directed by Dino Risi. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through Feb. 8.)

In a Lonely Place (1950)—Humphrey Bogart, as a Hollywood screenwriter named Dixon Steele, in an atmospheric but basically pointless murder melodrama, directed by Nicholas Ray. Steele is suspected by the police of having killed a hat-check girl after inviting her to his quarters to grill her about a book she happens to have read. (He is supposed to adapt this book to the screen, and he wants to save himself the trouble of reading it.) He's in love with Gloria Grahame, whom he almost kills in a fit of jealousy, so she naturally thinks that he did the other girl in. Ray doesn't seem to have a budget or any ideas to work with; he keeps the thing going, but the writing is no more than functional, and there's not much of a supporting cast. From a novel by Dorothy B. Hughes. (Regency; Feb. 8-9.)

Jennie Gerhardt (1933)—Dull, conscientious version of the Theodore Dreiser novel about a poor Midwestern girl who becomes a rich man's mistress. With Sylvia Sidney in the lead, and Edward Arnold and Donald Cook. Directed by Marion Gering. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 10.)

King Kong—Colossal, silly, touching, a marvellous Classics Comics movie (and for the whole family). It can stand in one's affections right next to the original version. John Guillermin directed, from Lorenzo Semple, Jr.'s, script; with Jeff Bridges, Jessica Lange, and Charles Grodin. (1/3/77) (Loews Orpheum; through Feb. 8.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Fine Arts.)

Knock on Any Door (1949)—John Derek as a young delinquent on trial for killing a policeman, and Humphrey Bogart as the lawyer defending him. As he talks, we see the boy's grim past in flashback: his father died in prison, he was sent to reform school, his child wife committed suicide. Making this solemn sociological case for him, Bogart is so wearing that you wish he'd stop orating and get out his own rod again. Nicholas Ray directed. (Regency; Feb. 8-9.)

The Last Tycoon—Harold Pinter adapted Fitzgerald's unfinished novel about Hollywood, and Elia Kazan directed the picture, which was produced by Sam Spiegel and stars Robert De Niro as Monroe Stahr. With Jack Nicholson, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Ray Milland, Donald Pleasence, and Dana Andrews. The result is so enervated that it's like a vampire movie after the vampires have left. (11/29/76) (Cinema I.)

The Late Show—With Art Carney, Lily Tomlin, and Bill Macy; directed by Robert Benton. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Sutton; starting Feb. 10.)

Laura (1944)—Everybody's favorite chic murder mystery. Gene Tierney is the dead girl who ends up as the heroine; Clifton Webb and Vincent Price are her suitors. Dana Andrews is the charmingly necrophiliac detective, and Judith Anderson is modishly contemptible. Directed by Otto Preminger. (Thalia; starting Feb. 9.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—The original version, directed by Frank Capra—part popular adventure and part prissy, high-flown cracker-barrel sentimentality. The opening trip through the icy waste is exciting, and Ronald Colman speaks in his delightfully cadenced manner, but Shangri-La, the genteel Himalayan utopia of peace, health, and eternal life, is enough to make one head for the nearest gin mill. With Sam Jaffe as the High Lama, Edward Everett Horton, Thomas Mitchell, Isabel Jewell, H. B. Warner, John Howard, Margo, and Jane Wyatt. (Regency; starting Feb. 10.)

The Loves of Isadora (1969)—Isadora Duncan played by Vanessa Redgrave, dancing and acting with dazzling romantic range and a witty dash of bile. Karel Reisz's film is one of the very few movie biographies that possess intelligence about an innovator's great talent, and a structure that is ruled by character sense instead of clodhopping chronology. It was wonderfully designed by Jocelyn Herbert and horribly cut around by Universal Pictures, which unwisely overrode Reisz's judgment. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 5.)

The Marquise of O . . .—Eric Rohmer's word-for-word, gesture-for-gesture transcription of the 1808 Heinrich von Kleist novella manages to miss the spirit just about completely. A bold, funny story becomes a formal, tame film—it's like a historical work re-created for educational television. Edith Clever is skilled and likable as the Marquise, but the droopy Bruno Ganz is miscast as the rapist Count. In German. (10/25/76) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 5. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; starting Feb. 6.)

Nazarin (1958)—The hero is a gentle Mexican priest—a Candide who is robbed and cheated—in this simple, masterly, ambiguous film by Luis Buñuel which is (perhaps in spite of his intention) his most tender. With Francisco Rabal. In Spanish. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; Feb. 6-7.)

Network—Television, Paddy Chayefsky says, is turning us into morons and humanoids; people have lost the ability to love. The cast of this messianic farce includes Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Peter Finch, Robert Duvall, and Ned Beatty, and they all take turns yelling at us soulless masses. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/6/76) (Sutton, and Paramount; through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, and R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1; starting Feb. 9.)

Nickelodeon—Peter Bogdanovich intended a slapstick homage to early fly-by-night moviemaking. The result is sustained clutter: "Once in a Lifetime" played at the wrong speed—a movie with a large cast (Burt Reynolds, Ryan and Tatum O'Neal, Brian Keith, and Stella Stevens) and everyone on his own. (1/17/77) (Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ U.A. East; starting Feb. 4.)

The Night of the Hunter (1955)—This adaptation of Davis Grubb's novel was James Agee's last film work and the only movie Charles Laughton ever directed (because it was a total financial disaster). Though overly "artistic," it's a fascinating horror fable about a murderous, sex-obsessed, hymn-singing madman (Robert Mitchum) and the children who try to escape from him. With Shelley Winters, Lillian Gish, James Gleason, and Evelyn Varden. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 7.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—A series of episodes in the life of a shabby, gullible little Roman streetwalker (Giulietta Masina). Arguably Fellini's finest picture. (It was the basis for the American musical "Sweet Charity.") In Italian. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; starting Feb. 10.)

The Paradine Case (1948)—There are few thrills in this big misconceived courtroom thriller, directed by Hitchcock and ornately produced by David O. Selznick. Alida Valli, at the center, is surrounded by Gregory Peck, Charles Laughton, Ann Todd, Ethel Barrymore, Louis Jourdan, Charles Coburn, and Leo G. Carroll, who are mostly miserably miscast. The characters and their problems don't make much imprint on a viewer; if you can't remember whether you've seen the picture or not, chances are that you did and forgot it. (Elgin; Feb. 6-8.)

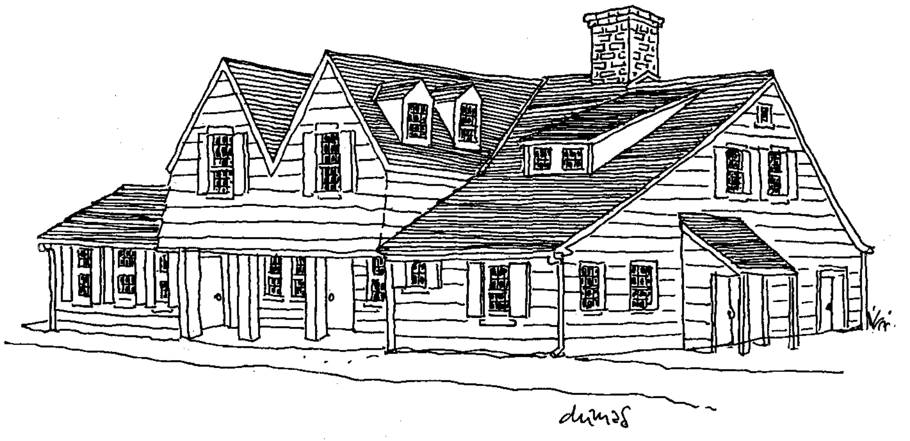
The Pink Panther Strikes Again—Inspector Clouseau's clenched-jaws politesse is a joke that has run its course. Playing the role for the fourth time, Peter Sellers is required to imitate himself, and his fish-eyed deadpan is joyless. The director, Blake Edwards, sets up promising situations, and then the payoffs are out of step; after the first half hour or so, the film loses momentum. (1/17/77) (Art, Gramercy, and Columbia II.)

Providence—Alain Resnais's intricately planned Freudian-puzzle movie, mostly set inside the mind of a dying writer (John Gielgud). Alone at night, in pain, he drunkenly plots a novel about the members of his family (Dirk Bogarde, Ellen Burstyn, David Warner, Elaine Stritch). The movie is peculiarly fastidious and static; you feel as if it were going to dry up and blow away. With a longer death scene than Camille's, Gielgud is the only one who looks alive. David Mercer wrote the script. (1/31/77) (Cinema 3.)

Pumping Iron—About the art and sport of body-building, with Arnold Schwarzenegger. Directed by George Butler and Robert Fiore. (Plaza.)

Rocky—A low-budget winner—a romantic fable about a Philadelphia palooka who gains his manhood, written by and starring muscle-bound Sylvester Stallone, who is repulsive one moment, noble the next. The picture is poorly made, yet its naïve, emotional shamelessness is funny and engaging. John G. Avildsen directed; with Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith. (11/29/76) (Columbia I, 86th St. East, Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through Feb. 8.)

The Scarlet Empress (1934)—Josef von Sternberg turned the story of Catherine the Great into what he himself called a "relentless ex-



cursion into style;" the décor and the visual motifs became the stars, and Marlene Dietrich was used as a camera subject instead of as a person. She's photographed behind veils and fishnets, while dwarfs slither about and bells ring and everybody tries to look degenerate. Von Sternberg had a peculiar notion that all this showy pomposity proved that film was an art medium. The picture is egocentric and empty of drama, yet it has the fascination (and the tediousness) that bizarre, obsessional movies often have. Sam Jaffe, in a fright wig and smiling like a death's-head, plays mad, crippled Peter; Dietrich's daughter, Maria Sieber, appears in the opening scenes as the young Catherine; John Lodge, with dashing long hair and a mustache, swaggers about in furs. With Louise Dresser, strangely folksy as the old Empress, and Jane Darwell, Gavin Gordon, and C. Aubrey Smith. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 10.)

The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 8.)

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution—A civilized light entertainment, with Nicol Williamson's Sherlock Holmes and Alan Arkin's Sigmund Freud pooling their deductive skills to solve the mysterious kidnapping of one of Freud's patients (Vanessa Redgrave). Chief among the performers, who seem to be having an actors' holiday, is Laurence Olivier, in high form as the criminal mastermind Prof. Moriarty; the others include Robert Duvall as Dr. Watson, Joel Grey, Anna Quayle, Samantha Eggar, Georgia Brown, Jeremy Kemp, and Charles Gray. Nicholas Meyer adapted his 1974 best-seller; Herbert Ross directed. (11/1/76) (Beekman, Quad Cinema, and Little Carnegie.)

The Shanghai Gesture (1941)—Hilariously, awesomely terrible. Hollywood attempted to clean up John Colton's old melodrama about nightlife depravities in Shanghai; Mother Goddam became Mother Gin Sling (Ona Munson), and her establishment became nothing more disreputable than a gambling den. Josef von Sternberg proceeded to pack the orgiastic, smoky atmosphere with crowds of coolies, diplomats, roulette players, and "bird-cage" girls, and in the foreground is one of the most ridiculous casts ever assembled. Victor Mature, in a burnous, as the languid Dr. Omar—his eyes welling with mysterious passions—is worth the price of admission, and when you throw in Gene Tierney, as Poppy, a rich girl going to the dogs (Tierney acts as if she's having a tantrum in Schrafft's over the fudge sauce), you've got a gorgeous travesty. Some of this effect is probably intentional, but the total effect couldn't have been. Walter Huston stalks through as Mother Gin Sling's former lover, and the cast includes Maria Ouspenskaya, Phyllis Brooks, Ivan Lebedeff, Mike Mazurki, Albert Basserman, Eric Blore, Marcel Dalio, Mikhail Rasumni, and John Abbott. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 9.)

She Married Her Boss (1935)—The flat title tells the whole story of this uninspired office romance. Claudette Colbert, a chic, hyperefficient secretary, is in love with her rich, miserable department-store-owner boss (Melvyn Douglas). He has a spoiled brat (Edith Fellows) by a previous marriage and a rotten sister who keeps house for him. When he finally marries Claudette, she takes on his domestic mess and discovers that he expects her to be Miss Efficiency forever. This is one of those movies in which all problems are finally solved by the hero and heroine getting drunk and throwing bricks through plate-glass windows. Gregory La Cava directed. (Regency; Feb. 6-7.)

Silver Streak—Some studio executive must have looked at the script, seen that most of the action was on board the train from Los Angeles to Chicago, and said, "Who the hell travels by train?" The movie starts by offering excuses for why the characters are on board. Jill Clayburgh, Gene Wilder, and Richard Pryor are nineteen-seventies performers trapped in this fake thirties mystery-comedy, which is so inept you can't even get angry: it's like the imitations of sophisticated entertainment that high-school kids put on. Arthur Hiller directed, lamely; Colin Higgins wrote the script, which features pathetic double entendres. This movie also includes a callously unfunny gag—a plane buzzing a flock of sheep. (1/17/77) (Loews Tower East; through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Feb. 9.)

Simon of the Desert (1965)—A saint (Claudio Brook) is tempted by the Devil in the guise of a woman (Silvia Pinal); he falls, of course, in Luis Buñuel's short, witty divertissement on the foolishness of saintliness. In Spanish. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; Feb. 6-7.)

Small Change—Truffaut's series of sketches on the general theme of the resilience of children turns out to be that rarity—a poetic comedy that's really funny. There's a serious side (the story of a mistreated boy) that's a failure, and Truffaut's view of childhood innocence has elements of middle-class preciousness, but the jokes make the film worth seeing. In French. (10/4/76) (Waverly, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ D.W. Griffith; through Feb. 5.)

A Star Is Born—The Streisand-Kristofferson musical version—sentimental, without being convincing for an instant. Those in the mood for an emotional extravaganza can swoon, weep, and giggle, too. Directed by Frank Pierson. (1/10/77) (Baronet, and Ziegfeld.)

Stay Hungry—With Jeff Bridges and Sally Field, directed by Bob Rafelson. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting Feb. 4.)

Swing High, Swing Low (1937)—A screwball comedy that tries to be effervescent and is merely overactive. Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, Jean Dixon, and Charles Butterworth look giddy and buzz around in bars in Panama and night clubs in New York. Mitchell Leisen directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 6-7.)

To Be or Not to Be (1942)—Some people have great affection for this anti-Nazi comedy-melodrama, with its knockabout seriousness. The stars are Carole Lombard and Jack Benny, bizarrely cast as a famous Polish actress and her actor-husband; the plot involves actors disguising themselves as Nazis in order to foil the Nazis. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch, who is far off his usual delicate style. With Robert Stack, Lionel Atwill, Stanley Ridges, and Felix Bressart. It was Lombard's last film; two weeks after completing it, she was killed in a plane crash while on a tour to sell defense bonds. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 6-7.)

Twilight's Last Gleaming—With Burt Lancaster, directed by Robert Aldrich. (Eastside Cinema, and Loews Orpheum; starting Feb. 9.)

Two-Minute Warning—With Charlton Heston, John Cassavetes, Martin Balsam, Beau Bridges, and Marilyn Hassett; directed by Larry Peerce. (Playboy; through Feb. 8.)

Viva la Muerte! (1971)—Directed by Fernando Arrabal. In French. (Quad Cinema; starting Feb. 9.)

Voyage of the Damned—This movie is based on the actual 1939 voyage of the S.S. St. Louis with nine hundred and thirty-seven German-Jewish refugees aboard, yet there is not a single moment in the star-packed epic that carries any conviction. As the lines drone on—paced with a sledgehammer—you may feel you could die for a little overlapping dialogue. But with this material you can't even have the frivolous pleasure of derision. Seeing Faye Dunaway cast as a Jewish woman who can't turn her husband on, you should be able to laugh, but how can you? As the ship's captain, Max von Sydow acts with some distinction; most of the others—Oskar Werner, Malcolm McDowell, Katharine Ross, Janet Suzman, Maria Schell, Victor Spinetti, Julie Harris, Wendy Hiller, Orson Welles, James Mason, et al.—are crippled by the banal lines, written by Steve Shagan and David Butler, and the atrocious direction of Stuart Rosenberg. (34th St. East, and Loews Ciné; through Feb. 8.)

Where Does It Hurt? (1972)—With Peter Sellers and Jo Ann Pflug, directed by Rod Amateau. (Olympia; through Feb. 8.)

Ziegfeld Girl (1941)—An odd, rather fascinating M-G-M musical that mixes melodrama with big production numbers. The performers include Judy Garland, James Stewart, Hedy Lamarr, and Dan Dailey, as a sadistic prizefighter who gives Lana Turner a bad time. Robert Z. Leonard directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 9.)

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have received a letter from a friend, a young man who has told us that he thinks being funny is the most important thing in life, that he uses humor to hide from real human contact, and that he is never serious, even for one minute:

Everybody has advice for President Carter these days, and I am no different. I know that the President has said he wants the Cabinet members to travel the country getting the views of ordinary citizens, and, while I think that that is a great idea, I am very busy, and I'm afraid I just won't have time to sit around and chat with Secretary of Agriculture Robert Bergland (or whoever it is they send to see me), and so I have made a simple list of my suggestions, which the Cabinet member can just pick up when he stops by the house. I think my advice is hardheaded and timely, and, if followed closely, would help to bind up the wounds in these days of spiralling costs and soaring inflation in a land still traumatized by the agonies of Vietnam and Watergate. My advice is as follows:

1. Avoid jackrabbit starts.
2. Wait at least a half hour after eating before going back into the water.
3. Brush up and down, not across.
4. Remove necktie before operating lathe.
5. Mail early in the day.
6. Don't slouch.
7. Make sure that seat backs and tray tables are in their full upright position for landing.
8. Never draw to an inside straight.
9. Get set for metric.
10. Take all you want, but eat all you take.
11. Don't run near the pool.
12. When reading, practice SQ3R (Study, Question, Read, Review, Reread).
13. Check tire pressure often.
14. Call if you're going to be late.

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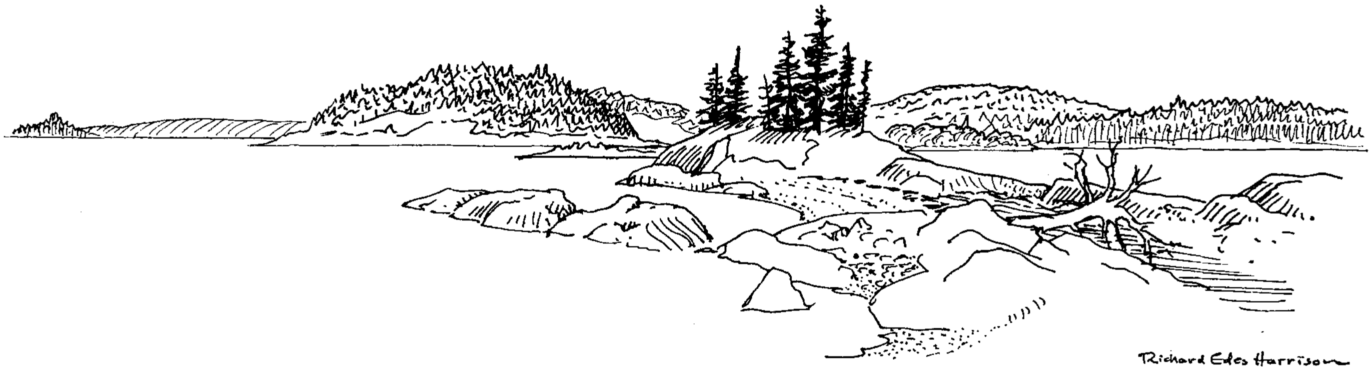
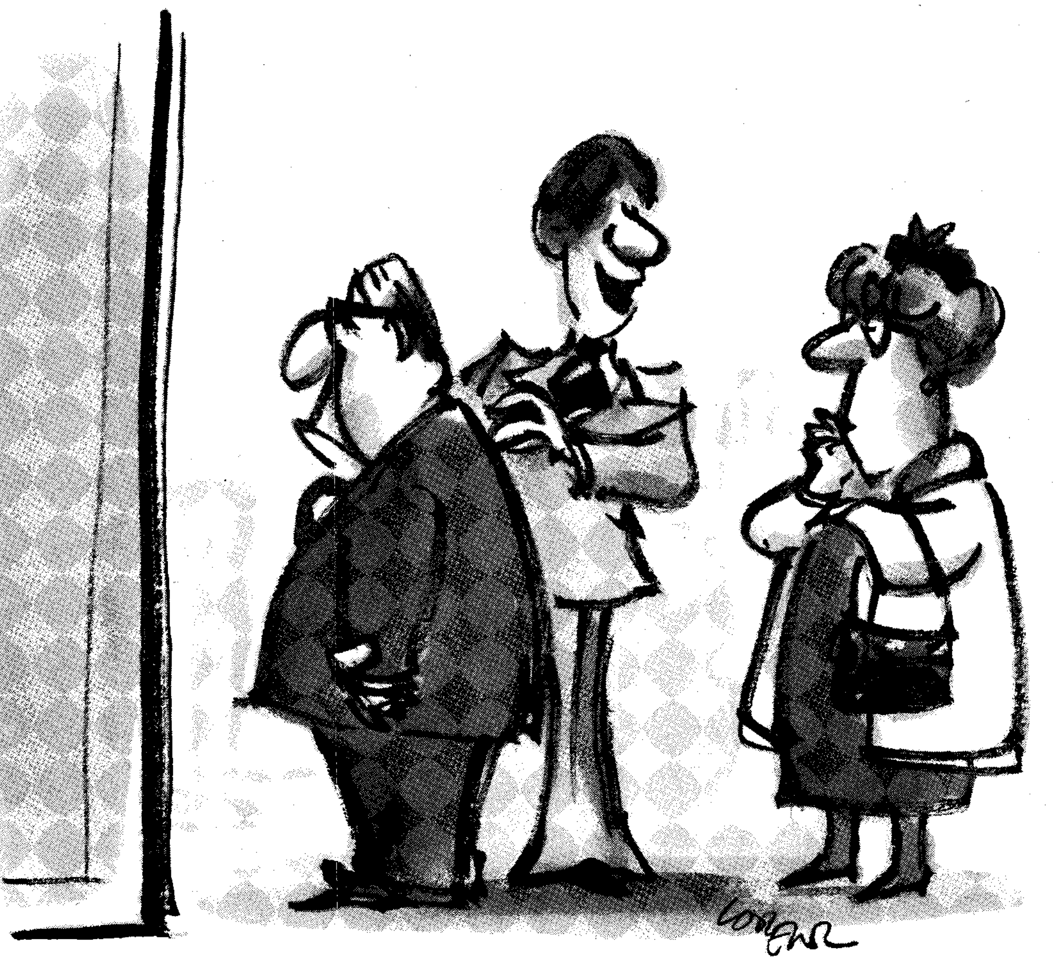
Inauguration

OUR Inaugural correspondent, apple-cheeked and frostbitten after attending the recent ceremonies in the nation's capital, has sent us the following dispatch:

Clear, clean, shining white ice everywhere, and bright-blue sky above. The weather set the tone: one had to bundle up, keep warm, press forward. I arrived in Washington a few days before the actual Inauguration, and pressed forward. Bleachers for the Inaugural Parade were still being put together near the Treasury Building and the White House. Lafayette Square, across from the White House, was a tangled trailer camp of immense television-cable vans. Finishing touches were being put on the reviewing stand where the new President would sit and watch the parade. A flag flew from the top of the White House: the outgoing President was still in residence. The white of the White House glowed. The White House lawns were snow white, Capitol Hill was snow white. The city was crowding up—endless buses, hawkers, balloons, Carter buttons, Ford buttons, tiny gold-plated peanut pins (brisk demand). A distinct air of courtesy, expectancy, general good manners. Literally hundreds of events, most of them free. I went off to see "Treasures of Tutankhamun" at the National Gallery, and fell in with a delegation of the wives of mayors (reflected local power) and a pride of schoolchildren. Old King Tut (he was really young, and died early) exercised temporal power briefly thirty-three hundred years ago, and crowds gathered around the cabinet containing the gold-and-blue striped crook and the flail that he carried on certain state occasions. Symbols of mighty power, now in a Plexiglas case. A teacher said to her charges, "Have you thought about how old some of these things are, and how delicate?," and the class nodded, in a bewildered way.

I did a good deal of skipping around. I skipped down behind the White House to the frozen Ellipse, where the Tempel Lipizzan Stallions were to make a wintry appearance. A gallant, frozen band of people awaited the horses, but a genuinely saddened man announced that the horses had unanimously nixed the scheme. Too cold, too slippery. Skipped over to the National Portrait Gallery, in the Old Patent Office Building—a Greek Revival gem once described by Walt Whitman as "the noblest of Washing-





"It's a blend of carefree Orlon and lighthearted polyester."

ton buildings"—and saw its current show, "Abroad in America: Visitors to the New Nation, 1776-1914." Amidst the massive peacefulness and great elegance of the building, quotations from distinguished visitors to American shores caught my eye, including Harriet Martineau's "I regard the American people as a great embryo poet: now moody, now wild. . . . There is the strongest hope of a nation that is capable of being possessed with an idea." The past swept up and over, and I walked through the stately Lincoln Gallery, where his second Inaugural Ball had taken place, and through high-ceilinged rooms now hung with American art.

Two nights before the Inauguration, an increasing excitement in the streets. Bitter, near-zero weather for the fireworks near the Washington Monument. Thousands of people around the Ellipse were seated in their cars, windows tightly closed, waiting for the extravagant display. I braved the cold, and stood with scattered knots of enthusiastic people, some in bluejeans, some encased in sleeping bags. The show lasted a full half hour—fountains, skyrockets, gerbs, flowerpots, wheels—to the accompaniment of band music. Here and there, people yelled "Hooray!" in the clear, cold night. There were guards in all the small guardhouses behind the fence of the White House, and they seemed to be cozily minding their business, and staying warm. Birds were talking in the magnolia trees behind the White House, cold or no cold. They were determined to say what they wanted to say. A guard suddenly came around the outside of the fence and directed his flashlight at the thick White House bushes. Nobody there. No danger tonight.

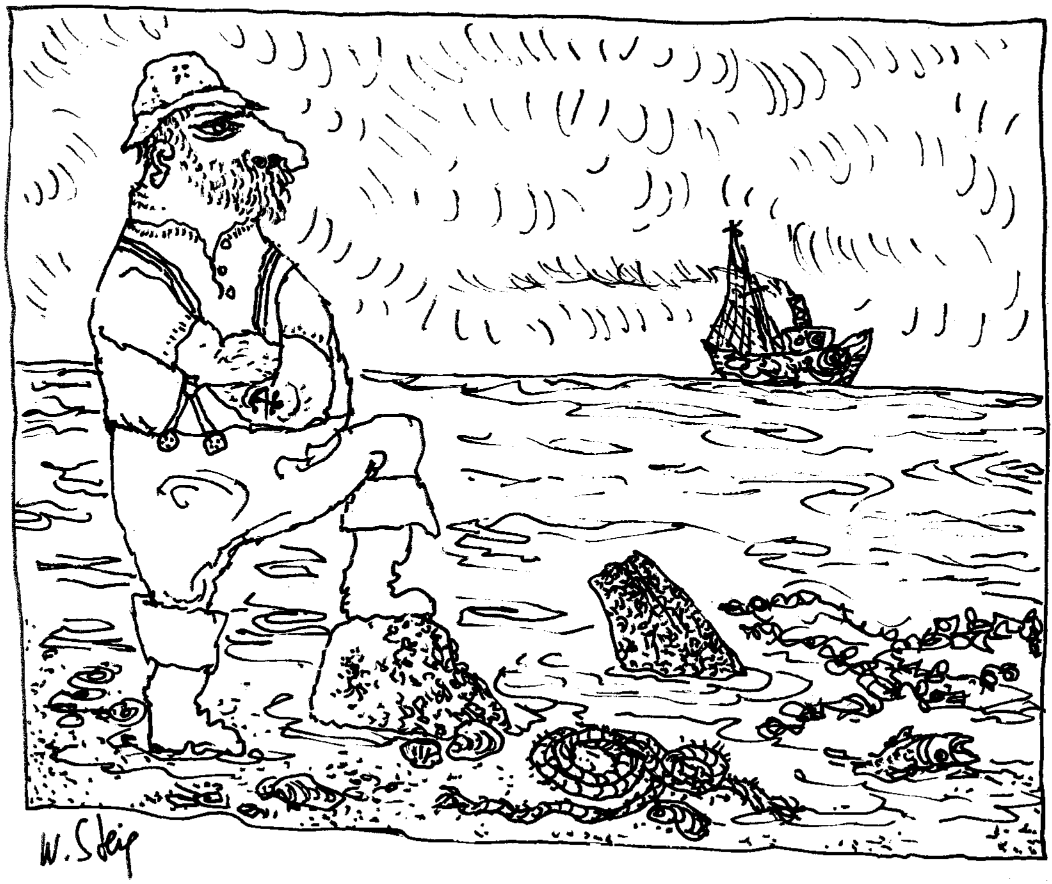
One day before the Inauguration. The doorman at the hotel complained that his earmuffs didn't fit him properly. In short, his ears were cold. Went off to the reception for the Mondales at the Old Pension Building—high-roofed, massive, designed by General Montgomery C. Meigs in the eighteen-eighties, and once called Meigs' Old Red Barn. But fashions change and Presidents change, and the old Italian Palazzo-cum-Victorian-style building is now overwhelming, with its interior court two hundred and ninety-two feet long and its Corinthian columns one hundred and fifty-nine feet high. Cleveland's Inaugural Ball, held there on March 4, 1885, was the first since the Civil War to be attended by great numbers of Southerners. The imposing pillars were originally painted to look like Siena marble. Mr. and Mrs. Mondale—direct, friendly, at ease—stood in a receiving line just below the Air Force Strolling Strings. They greeted everybody who stepped up, and what seemed like thousands stepped up. Spotted Averell Harriman in a greatcoat, looking trim, tanned, and young. Spotted Treasury Secretary-designate Michael Blumenthal, Peter Rodino, Al Shanker. Noted Georgia fruitcakes, strawberries, watercress sandwiches, Joan Mondale's pumpkin bread, drinks. Mondale was in a sober dark-blue suit and dark tie, and spoke of his hopes for a close working relationship with Congress and for reunifying the nation behind principles that had made the nation great. We were all getting into the spirit now. I went down to the Library of Congress cafeteria for some fried chicken. Later, after dusk, I went to the Longworth House Office Building, on Capitol Hill, for a party of the Georgia State Society, held in the cafeteria of that building—low ceiling, stainless-steel equipment, pipes, coffee urns, the cafeteria décor enlivened by lots of balloons and bunting and puffs of colored paper. The Georgians were happy, and they were gracious. They were being entertained by a four-piece combo—the Gran Jazz, of Griffin, Georgia. Met a Mr. M. Yoshida, whose card, instantly offered, identified him as executive vice-president of YKK Zipper (U.S.A.), Inc., with offices in Lyndhurst, New Jersey, and two hundred and fifty employees in Macon, Georgia. He said that when Carter was Governor of Georgia he had encouraged Japanese investment there as part of his trade program. Mr. Yoshida was pleased with Carter; he was also pleased with the zipper business. Yummy things at the Georgia State party: spiced shrimp, crab salad, sides of beef, rare. Back onto glazed streets. House and Senate office buildings brightly lighted, corridors mobbed, hundreds of people pouring through to one party or another. Slid over to Library of Congress, and to the free concert, in the Coolidge Auditorium, of the Western Wind Vocal Ensemble (under Inaugural auspices), singing songs from the singing schools of the Revolutionary and Federal periods. Hall jammed—scores of young people carrying knapsacks. Left Library of Congress, wondered about transportation, and was hailed by a quiet woman in a station wagon, who said, "Hop in. It's too cold to walk. I'll take you where you want to go." Took advantage of her hospitality and asked if she would drive past Blair House. Carter had arrived a few hours earlier and was in residence there. Not a soul outside Blair House, but an imposing man stood squarely behind the glass front door, his arms crossed, guarding the President-elect. But there didn't seem to be much danger that night, either.

Inauguration Day. Bright sky again, but the temperature up a bit. Still a great chill in the air. Stopped off at a drugstore at Seventeenth and K Streets shortly after 9 A.M. and was told by an excited clerk that if I would just wait a moment John Wayne would be right back to pick up a prescription. Said I had to hurry along to the Capitol and watch the swearing in of a new President. Took a stunning subway, with soft lights and orange-and-beige seats, on an almost noiseless ride to Union Station. Military guards everywhere, examining credentials, but politeness, soft speaking, and smiles were the order of the day on Capitol Hill. Marines were in dress uniform, and the one who took my ticket had no overcoat—his teeth chattered. Sat down just below the stand where the President was to take the oath, and glanced at the vast crowd that had already filled the East Plaza on Capitol Hill and was backed up all the way to the steps of the Senate office buildings and the Supreme Court. Senators and representatives filed in and took their places to right and left of the Inaugural platform. The United States Marine Band was massed below and in front of the platform, and in front of the Marine Band was a hundred-and-twenty-four-voice all-black choir, both men and women—the Atlanta University Center Chorus, led by Dr. Wendell P. Whalum. The crowd was very quiet while assembling, but there was something unmistakably emotional in the air. Some of the emotion burst through when the choir sang "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." President-elect Carter took the oath. When he paid his unexpected tribute to his predecessor, an unknown young lady seated next to me apologized for some tears trickling down her cheeks. They quickly froze. When President Carter said, so softly that it could barely be heard, "We are a strong nation and we will maintain strength so sufficient that it need not be proven in combat—a quiet strength based not merely on the size of an arsenal but on the nobility of ideas," the "special" people on the platform and directly in front made no stir, but from the anonymous crowds far back came a roaring wave of applause. He had been heard back there.

President Carter's and Mrs. Carter's long, steady outdoor stride down Pennsylvania Avenue, the cries of "He's walking! He's walking!," the Carters' brief and relaxed-looking appearances at the Inaugural Parties (formerly Balls)—I hold these in my mind. But I also hold some words that Oliver Wendell Holmes spoke in 1913, at a dinner of the Harvard Law School Association of New York: "It was evening. I was walking homeward on Pennsylvania Avenue near the Treasury, and as I looked beyond Sherman's statue to the west the sky was aflame with scarlet and crimson from the setting sun. But, like the note of downfall in Wagner's opera, below the skyline there came from little globes the pallid discord of the electric lights. And I thought to myself the Götterdämmerung will end, and from those globes clustered like evil eggs will come the new masters of the sky. It is like the time in which we live. But then I remembered the faith that I partly have expressed, faith in a universe not measured by our fears, a universe that has thought and more than thought inside of it, and as I gazed, after the sunset and above the electric lights there shone the stars."

Sale

AN ad that recently ran in the sports section of the *Times* caught our eye, because it bore the still familiar logo of last summer's Olympics. The ad disclosed that eleven "Super olympian pole vault pits" and an equal number of "Super olympian high jump



A Salt by the Sea

pits" (all accompanied by base units, top pads, and, in the case of the vaulting pits, full fronts) were for sale in Montreal at reduced prices. Interested parties were invited to phone Anthony R. Nelson, Manager, Revenue Analysis, Organizing Committee of the 1976 Olympic Games. We phoned.

Mr. Nelson told us that the response had been highly gratifying, and that, indeed, if all the people who had already said they wanted Olympic pits actually followed through, he'd be sold out. "We don't deliver," he said, "and we don't consider a sale confirmed until customers arrive to pick up their pits. When we acquired them, they were vacuum-packed, but now they're open, and harder to transport, though we believe you could squeeze four of them into a single very large truck."

What was he asking per pit?

"Thirteen hundred and sixty dollars for the pole-vaults, which are larger and heavier, and eleven hundred and twenty for the high-jumps," he said.

We fleetingly pondered inquiring about trade-ins, then moved on to sales taxes or other extras.

No extras, Mr. Nelson said. "All our inquiries to date have come from New York and New Jersey," he went on. "We didn't advertise anywhere besides the *Times*, because we figured that to move them very far would be prohibitively expensive."

What shape were the pits in?

"These, of course, are more luxurious than most pits, because they have wide dimensions and special density of foam," he said. "They're first-rate pits—though, naturally, used."

What sort of people were his prospective customers?

"Mostly institutions—schools and colleges," Mr. Nelson replied. "Although there was one call from an individual who said he was interested in buying a pit for his back yard; it seems his son is on a high-school track team."

Did the sale include the pits employed in the main stadium during the Games, and, if so, would they be going at a premium?

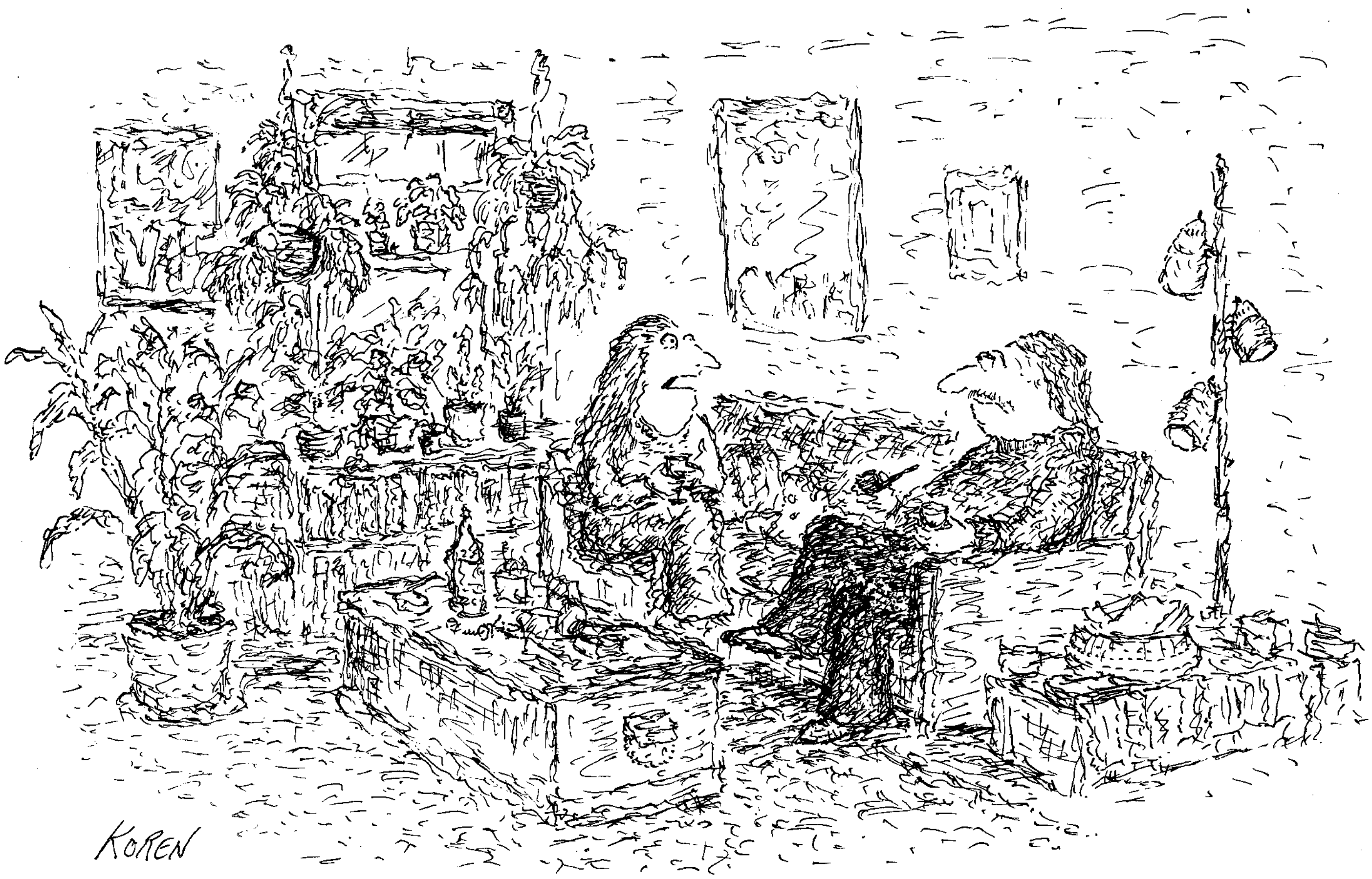
"Unfortunately, all the pits were moved together into a warehouse before we contemplated this sale, and we have no way of knowing now which were used for practice and which in actual competitions," Mr. Nelson said. "We hope that we'll realize somewhere around twenty-seven thousand dollars from the entire lot, which will be applied to the deficit of the Games. I don't know what the final deficit will be, but I'm afraid that this sum, however welcome, won't make a significant dent in it."

As we go to press, there are three pits left. The number to call in Montreal is (514)-286-3396, if you have a teen-age daughter or son who needs a pit.

Stepping Out

HARVEY'S CHELSEA RESTAURANT, a spot that, if we were in the restaurant-rating business, would certainly garner four silk hats for the care and attention and intelligence of the staff, and four monocles for the actual enjoyment experienced by the customer, is the work of Dick Harvey, a young restaurateur who seems to be turning into a one-man Landmarks Preservation Commission. According to Harvey, what he does is see places he falls in love with and then has to figure out how to try to pay for. Four years ago, Harvey, then twenty-eight and a former manager of a number of bistros, including O'Neal's Baloon, opposite Lincoln Center (he's still legendary among New York barkeeps as the fastest bartender who has ever worked New York; O'Neal's is the kind of place that can get packed in a minute and a half during an intermission), reopened the Landmark Tavern as a faithful reconstruction of a turn-of-the-century New York Irish bar-and-restaurant, on the original site, at Eleventh Avenue and Forty-sixth Street—a place that within not very many months became (by word of mouth, since Harvey doesn't like to advertise) a favorite midtown hangout. Harvey, who enjoys work, put in eighteen-hour days for over a year, and finally allowed himself a vacation. He went out to Hampton Bays for three weeks and tended bar at a place a friend owned. Harvey has now given the Harvey treatment to a handsome old German family-style restaurant, the Old Chelsea Restaurant, on the south side of Eighteenth Street just west of Sixth Avenue. It reopened shortly before Christmas, on a then unexpectedly frigid and—for Harvey—horrifying Monday, and New Yorkers in the know are already beating a path to its door, because nothing delights a New Yorker more than being able to say to another New Yorker, "I've discovered a little spot you'll like."

The Chelsea first opened its doors in 1889, in an era when Sixth Avenue, around the corner, was the home of the biggest department stores in the city. Some of these beached whales, now transformed into industrial lofts, still loom nearby. It boasted a forty-foot-long bar of burled red mahogany constructed with incredible love by a team of Anheuser-Busch craftsmen who were being sent around the country in those days to make showpieces and help restaurants get on their feet. The bar had rear cabinets fronted by bevelled glass etched with silver sunbursts, and as pretty as any glass ever seen around here; a brass seven-day clock that filled one cabinet and surmounted an enormous and solemn brass pendulum; and a marble step instead of a rail at its base up front, so burghers in the mood could really belly up to the bar in fine style. The Chelsea hung on, precariously, for years after the department stores had gone their way uptown, and finally shut down for good a year ago—which was about when Dick Harvey caught sight of it and decided to go to work. What Harvey has done—besides refinishing the mahogany and installing new mahogany wainscotting to match and an intricate Victorian arched room divider beyond the bar to give the back of the restaurant more privacy and quiet (he found the room divider all in pieces in a shop on Hudson Street and had to assemble it like a jigsaw puzzle)—is add five wonderful chandeliers, two of them antiques with cut-glass globes, and the others (with frosted-glass globes from France) specially made for the restaurant, and stock the bar with a historic display of bar-and-restaurant glassware. Harvey's dad, in Ohio, works for Anchor Hocking, a big glass firm, and he grew up with a fine eye for the best. So the bar has six-ounce stemware Martini glasses, fourteen-ounce Collins glasses, the small, tulip-shaped Dutch liqueur glasses, twenty-four-ounce balloon brandy snifters, and tall, thin-lipped Pilsner glasses. (Harvey says there are few things worse than drinking beer out of fat-lipped glasses.) There's also a smaller room downstairs, suitable for private parties. The Chelsea is open seven days a week, noon to midnight, and features simple dishes elegantly prepared and cooked fresh to order—real shepherd's pie, for instance, which is quite an experience for anyone who only remembers it from the school-lunchroom steam counter, and a German lamb stew, a portion of which is big enough to make a German's eyes pop. Every diner gets a fresh hot loaf



"I used to think you were a Renaissance man, Michael, but now I think you're a Neanderthal."

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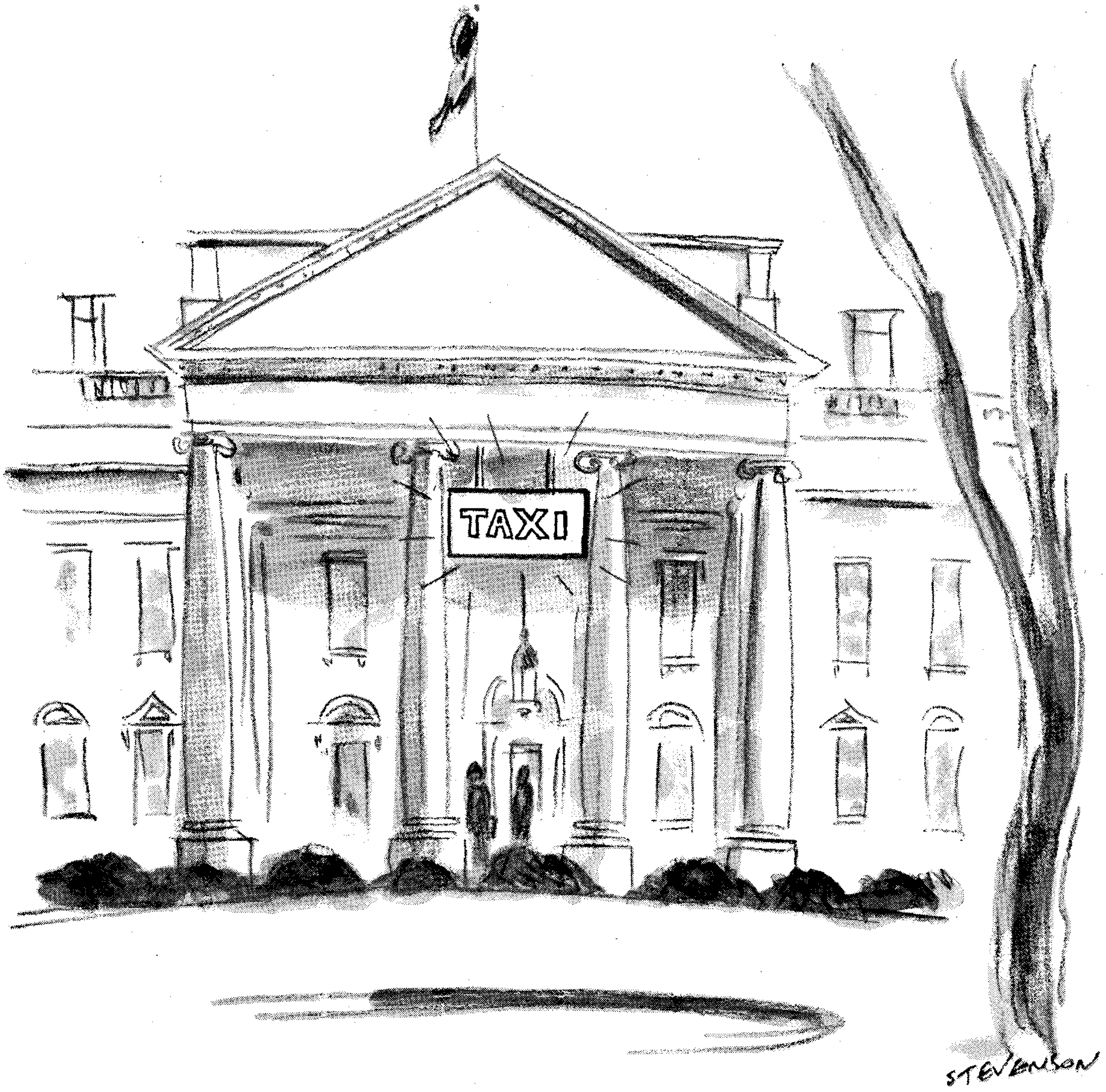
of home-baked soda bread, but watch out! One bite, and you finish the whole loaf. A Sunday-brunch (noon to five) option is a five-egg omelette. Service has to meet the standards that Harvey has always set for himself. Bartenders are expected to empty and clean an ashtray after every cigarette, and only bottled soda is ever used—not splashes from a squirt gun.

If a bad dress rehearsal in fact insures a good run, the weekend before Harvey's Chelsea Restaurant opened will give it the life span of Fraunces Tavern: on Saturday, the refrigerators conked out and the food spoiled; Sunday night, the draught-beer lines from the cellar snapped, flooding the bar; then, on opening day, Monday, the drains stopped up and the dishwasher wouldn't work; and when the whole mess was cleaned up the Ansul fire system in the kitchen activated itself, spraying everything with flame-suppressant powder. Harvey was about to padlock the door and send his staff home, but then a couple of people came in for lunch. So he said "What the hell!" and broke out laughing and stayed open. The lunches emerged after only a short delay, and no one who hadn't been told ever realized anything was amiss. Since then, Harvey's Chelsea hasn't had any problems at all.

Underestimated Duck

WHETHER it will destabilize the rest of the economy remains to be seen, but the market in secondhand comic books looks erratic these days, and we have been hearing rumors of particularly irresponsible profiteering in back issues of *Howard the Duck.* When we refer to Howard the Duck—not to be confused with any other Howard or any other duck—we mean the extravagantly anthropomorphized bright light in the Marvel Comics publishing empire. Howard looks exactly like a cartoon duck, smokes cigars, subscribes to mainstream Social Darwinism, occasionally gets headaches, often sounds like a web-footed Eric Hoffer, and, in times of personal crisis, reassures himself with claims like "I'm my own duck! I go where I want, say what I want!" Just like the rest of us. A few days ago, we received a phone call from a thirteen-year-old named Jason, who lives in the Midwest and owns copies of all ten extant issues of *Howard the Duck,* plus a copy of every issue ever published of *Daredevil, Conan, X-Men,* and *Avengers,* and most of the back numbers of *Incredible Hulk* and *Fantastic Four.* "Look out for *Howard the Duck,*" Jason said. "I just heard that a copy of *Howard the Duck* No. 1, the first issue, sold at a comic-book convention in New York for eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents."

This piece of information inspired us to do some research—research that leads us to the conclusion that *Howard the Duck* No. 1's selling at eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents has less to do with a nostalgic fondness for old comic books than with an immediate fondness for new money. A copy of a fresh issue of *Howard the Duck* now retails for thirty cents—the price that was in effect when *Howard the Duck* No. 1 hit the newsstands, fifteen months ago. Turmoil developed, however, because large numbers of the first issue of *Howard* never actually reached the newsstands or were immediately bought up in large quantities by mysterious speculators. When this happened, something resembling a panic ensued. It appears that a *Howard the Duck*-shortage panic is several quantum leaps more disorienting than a coffee-shortage panic or a soybean-short-



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age panic. Thus, some speculators have been able to unload their *Howard* No. 1's for eighteen seventy-five, turning a nifty six-thousand-one-hundred-and-fifty-per-cent profit. For an explanation of how all this happened, we have consulted a few local experts.

Theory No. 1 (proposed by John Carreno, Village Comic Art Shop, Sixth Avenue): "I personally believe that *Howard the Duck* was fabricated by the speculators. They hoarded him, kept him out of the hands of the reading public. Take the big newsstand at the southeast corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Seventh Avenue. Somebody tried to buy up its entire allotment—about a hundred and fifty copies—just like that. See, Howard first appeared as a character in another comic book, *Fear* No. 19, about three years ago. It was just done as a goof, something having to do with interdimensional transportation, but pretty soon everybody's going around saying 'Howard the Duck this, Howard the Duck that.' Then Marvel Comics gave Howard a couple more spreads in *Giant Sized Man-Thing* Nos. 4 and 5. Everything must have clicked. In the comic-book business, the news comes out seven or eight months in advance—there's inside information. So people knew that *Howard the Duck* No. 1 was coming long before it was published. Then, when the hoarders went to work, people panicked. The prices of *Fear* No. 19 and the *Giant Sized Man-Things* went from fifty cents to six or seven dollars. I heard *Howard* No. 1 was selling for twenty dollars in Canada, and five, seven, ten dollars other places. We're selling him for five dollars, but I'd be careful. I have a feeling the market's very shaky right now."

Theory No. 2 (proposed by David Toplitz, Super Snipe Comic Book Art Emporium, Second Avenue): "The answer to the question 'When is *Howard the Duck* No. 1 going to turn up in massive quantities?' is 'Never.' There's a rumor that half of the press run got sent to Canada by a computer error, and when the dealers didn't sell them they were destroyed. The rule of thumb is that a thirty-cent comic is worth fifty cents when it's a month old, sixty to seventy-five cents after it reaches a year. We've got *Howard the Duck* No. 10 now for the retail price, thirty cents. We'll sell you No. 1 for five dollars. Anyone who pays eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents is making a big mistake. The thrill is gone."

Theory No. 3 (proposed by Ed Shukin, circulation director for Cadence Industries, which puts out Marvel Comics): "This duck is a collectors' item because the collectors decided to make him a collectors' item. The hard-core collectors—the speculators—range in age from ten or eleven years to people in their thirties or forties. In this case, considering the amount of cash that must have been involved, I suspect a middle-aged crowd. The circulation figures I've seen are such that you add two and two and you're going to come up with four. We have reports of massive quantities of *Howard* No. 1 being bought up from wholesale distributors. The wholesaler who does this isn't a bootlegger. He's just cutting out a lot of trouble and expense. It can be a shortsighted policy, because it could create *x* number of people who don't want to buy *Howard the Duck* in the future, because they've never heard of him. I've heard prices as high as twenty dollars for a single *Howard*, but that's hearsay. The initial press run on *Howard* No. 1 was two hundred and seventy-five thousand. We now handle four hundred thousand copies per issue. At first, before the première issue, I said, 'What's with this duck? He's just another Walt Disney character. It won't work.' So that's why we only printed two hundred and seventy-five thousand. At the time, I hadn't actually read a copy of *Howard*. That was a mistake. I underestimated that duck. Howard the Duck is still hot. He's in a continuing growth pattern."

THE KING OF JAZZ

WELL I'm the king of jazz now, thought Hokie Mokie to himself as he oiled the slide on his trombone. Hasn't been a 'bone man been king of jazz for many years. But now that Spicy MacLammermoor, the old king, is dead, I guess I'm it. Maybe I better play a few notes out of this window here, to reassure myself.

"Wow!" said somebody standing on the sidewalk. "Did you hear that?"

"I did," said his companion.

"Can you distinguish our great homemade American jazz performers, each from the other?"

"Used to could."

"Then who was that playing?"

"Sounds like Hokie Mokie to me. Those few but perfectly selected notes have the real epiphanic glow."

"The what?"

"The real epiphanic glow, such as is obtained only by artists of the calibre of Hokie Mokie, who's from Pass Christian, Mississippi. He's the king of jazz, now that Spicy MacLammermoor is gone."

Hokie Mokie put his trombone in its trombone case and went to a gig. At the gig everyone fell back before him, bowing.

"Hi Bucky! Hi Zoot! Hi Freddie! Hi George! Hi Thad! Hi Roy! Hi Dexter! Hi Jo! Hi Willie! Hi Greens!"

"What we gonna play, Hokie? You the king of jazz now, you gotta decide."

"How 'bout 'Smoke'?"

"Wow!" everybody said. "Did you hear that? Hokie Mokie can just knock a fella out, just the way he pronounces a word. What a intonation on that boy! God Almighty!"

"I don't want to play 'Smoke,'" somebody said.

"Would you repeat that, stranger?"

"I don't want to play 'Smoke.' 'Smoke' is dull. I don't like the changes. I refuse to play 'Smoke.'"

"He refuse to play 'Smoke'! But Hokie Mokie is the king of jazz and he says 'Smoke'!"

"Man, you from outa town or something? What do you mean you refuse to play 'Smoke'? How'd you get on this gig anyhow? Who hired you?"

"I am Hideo Yamaguchi, from Tokyo, Japan."

"Oh, you're one of those Japanese cats, eh?"

"Yes I'm the top trombone man in all of Japan."

"Well you're welcome here until we hear you play. Tell me, is the Tennessee Tea Room still the top jazz place in Tokyo?"

"No, the top jazz place in Tokyo is the Square Box now."

"That's nice. O.K., now we gonna play 'Smoke' just like Hokie said. You ready, Hokie? O.K., give you four for nothin'. One! Two! Three! Four!"

The two men who had been standing under Hokie's window had followed him to the club. Now they said:

"Good God!"

"Yes, that's Hokie's famous 'English sunrise' way of playing. Playing with lots of rays coming out of it, some red rays, some blue rays, some green rays, some green stemming from a violet center, some olive stemming from a tan center—"

"That young Japanese fellow is pretty good, too."

"Yes, he is pretty good. And he holds his horn in a peculiar way. That's frequently the mark of a superior player."

"Bent over like that with his head between his knees—good God, he's sensational!"

He's sensational, Hokie thought. Maybe I ought to kill him.

But at that moment somebody came in the door pushing in front of him a four-and-one-half-octave marimba. Yes, it was Fat Man Jones, and he began to play even before he was fully in the door.

"What're we playing?"

"'Billie's Bounce.'"

"That's what I thought it was. What're we in?"

"F."

"That's what I thought we were in. Didn't you use to play with Maynard?"

"Yeah I was on that band for a while until I was in the hospital."

"What for?"

"I was tired."

"What can we add to Hokie's fantastic playing?"

"How 'bout some rain or stars?"

"Maybe that's presumptuous?"

"Ask him if he'd mind."

"You ask him, I'm scared. You don't fool around with the king of jazz. That young Japanese guy's pretty good, too."

"He's sensational."

"You think he's playing in Japanese?"

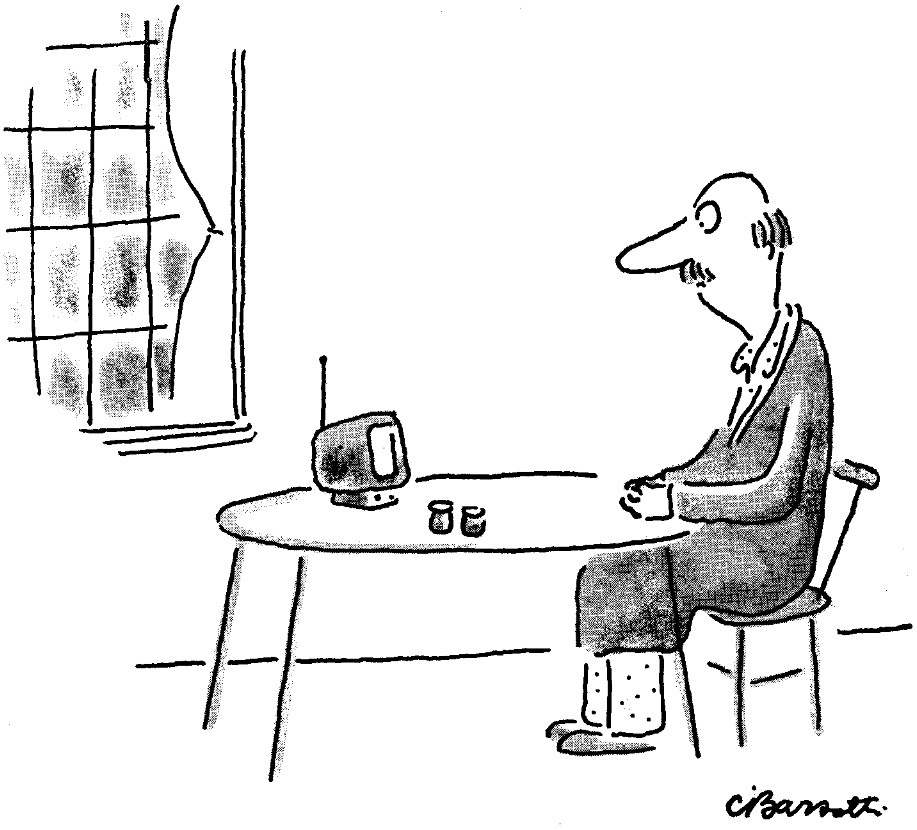
"Well I don't think it's English."

This trombone's been makin' my neck green for thirty-five years, Hokie thought. How come I got to stand up to yet another challenge, this late in life?

"Well, Hideo—"

"Yes, Mr. Mokie?"

"You did well on both 'Smoke' and 'Billie's Bounce.' You're just about as



"That concludes our broadcast day. Go to bed!"

good as me, I regret to say. In fact, I've decided you're *better* than me. It's a hideous thing to contemplate, but there it is. I have only been the king of jazz for twenty-four hours, but the unforgiving logic of this art demands we bow to Truth, when we hear it."

"Maybe you're mistaken?"

"No, I got ears. I'm not mistaken. Hideo Yamaguchi is the new king of jazz."

"You want to be king emeritus?"

"No, I'm just going to fold up my horn and steal away. This gig is yours, Hideo. You can pick the next tune."

"How 'bout 'Cream'?"

"O.K., you heard what Hideo said, it's 'Cream.' You ready, Hideo?"

"Hokie, you don't have to leave. You can play too. Just move a little over to the side there—"

"Thank you, Hideo, that's very gracious of you. I guess I will play a little, since I'm still here. Sotto voce, of course."

"Hideo is wonderful on 'Cream'!"

"Yes, I imagine it's his best tune."

"What's that sound coming in from the side there?"

"Which side?"

"The left."

"You mean that sound that sounds like the cutting edge of life? That sounds like polar bears crossing Arctic ice pans? That sounds like a herd of musk ox in full flight? That sounds like male walruses diving to the bottom of the sea? That sounds like fumaroles smoking on the slopes of Mt. Katmai? That sounds like the wild turkey walking through the deep, soft forest? That sounds like beavers chewing trees in an Appalachian marsh? That sounds like an oyster fungus growing on an aspen trunk? That sounds like a mule deer wandering a montane of the Sierra Nevada? That sounds like prairie dogs kissing? That sounds like witchgrass tumbling or a river meandering? That sounds like manatees munching seaweed at Cape Sable? That sounds like coatimundis moving in packs across the face of Oklahoma? That sounds like—"

"Good God, it's Hokie! Even with a cup mute on, he's blowing Hideo right off the stand!"

"Hideo's playing on his knees now! Good God, he's reaching into his belt for a large steel sword— Stop him!"

"Wow! That was the most exciting 'Cream' ever played! Is Hideo all right?"

"Yes, somebody is getting him a glass of water."

"You're my man, Hokie! That was the dadblangedest thing I ever saw!"

"You're the king of jazz once again!"

"Hokie Mokie is the most happening thing there is!"

"Yes, Mr. Hokie sir, I have to admit it, you blew me right off the stand. I see I have many years of work and study before me still."

"That's O.K., son. Don't think a thing about it. It happens to the best of us. Or it almost happens to the best of us. Now I want everybody to have a good time because we're gonna play 'Flats.' 'Flats' is next."

"With your permission, sir, I will return to my hotel and pack. I am most grateful for everything I have learned here."

"That's O.K., Hideo. Have a nice day. He-he. Now, 'Flats.'"

—Donald Barthelme

LIKE WINGS

Last night I dreamed I was the first man to love a woman,
and woke shaking, and went outside to watch
the faded rag of the sky burn into dawn.
I am tired of the river before feeling,
the joy we must carve from shadow,
tired of my road-thick tongue.

I cannot hand you my breath or wrap the horizon
round your wrist and be forgiven.
I cannot rub the dry wood of my ribs to fire,
and sleep. The edge of sleep isn't sleep.
I go room to room tying my feelings into knots.
The space we filled now fills me.
The light & dark won't mix.

I cannot leave myself like a house frozen in the background.
I am this body and the weather all year round.
I think of the light that opened over you our first morning,
how the glass in my lungs turned to sound,
and I saw you woman and child, and couldn't breathe, for love.
Fear is the edge that is the risk that is loving.
It stinks of blood, draws sharks.

The nights you waltzed naked round our bed,
myself holding the chair I'd painted blue again,
the cats flowing in the wings of your good yellow hair.
There is much men don't know about women,
how your hands work the air to water, the seed to life,
why the salt at the tips of your breasts glows
and tastes of mollusk.

There are hours when the future gives up all hope
and stops in the middle of busy streets
and doesn't care. But think of the distance we have come,
the hands which have wound us.
There will be others.

I have read of ancient people
who held razors to their doctor's throat
as he operated—as if love could have such balance,
like wings.

One night I followed your tracks through deep snow,
and stood in an old schoolhouse watching the new sun
come red and shimmer over the opening fields,
the world white and flat, and a light
I'd known all my life burned in my head like a fist of rags,
how I couldn't remember what we feared
we'd taken or left,
my arms opened to your shape, how I couldn't lift
out of my body, my mouth frozen
round the sound of your name.

—Philip Schultz

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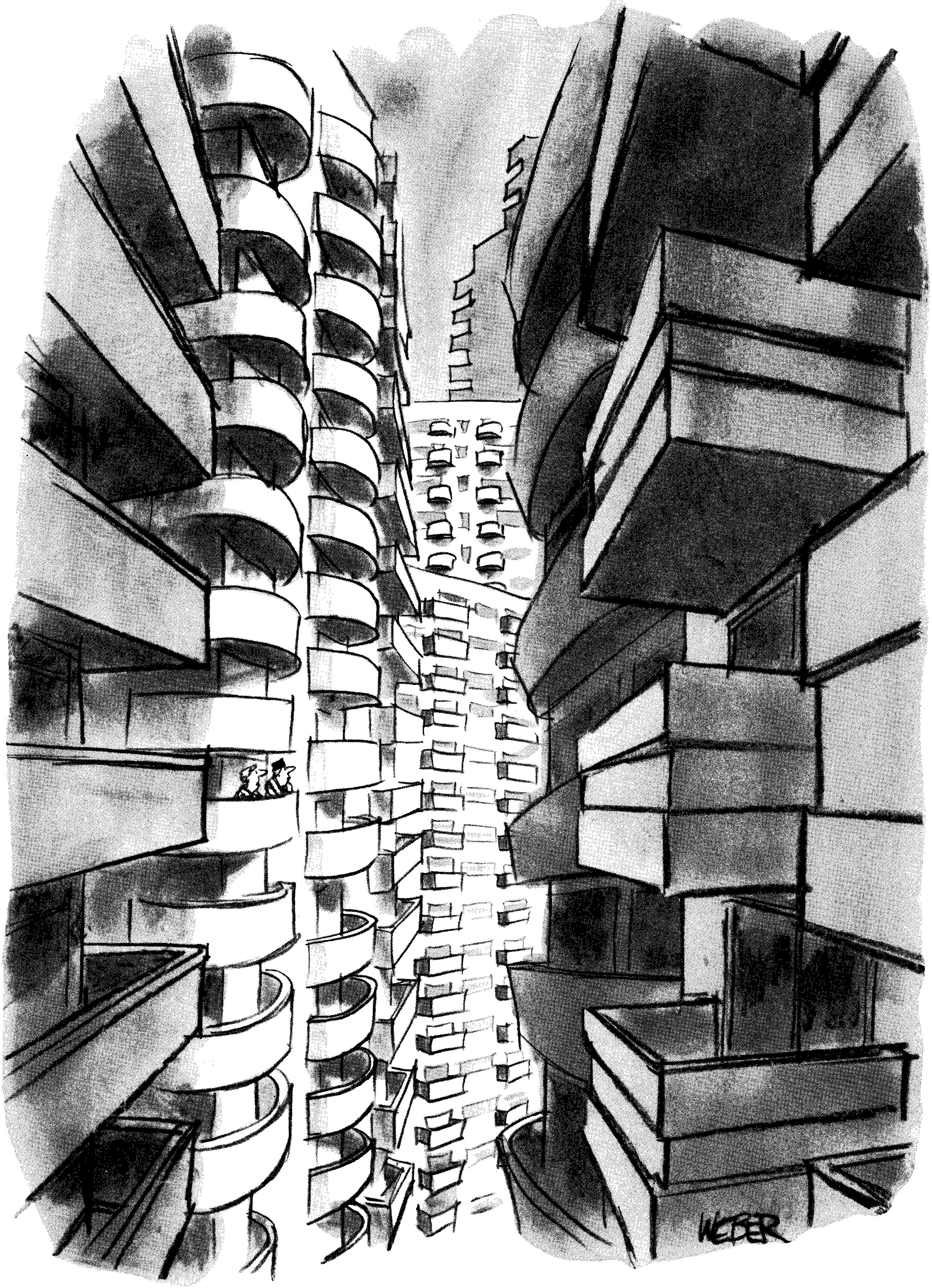


"On a warm spring day, it's bedlam."

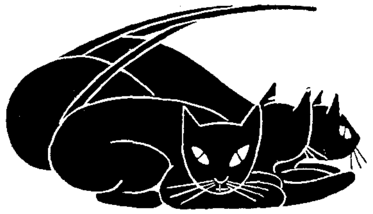
IN THE MIRO DISTRICT

WHAT I most often think about when I am lying awake in the night, or when I am taking a long automobile trip alone, is my two parents and my maternal grandfather. I used to suppose, after I had first got to be a grown man and had first managed to get away from Tennessee, that those two parents of mine thrusting my grandfather's company upon me as they did when I was growing up, and my company upon him when he was growing very old, and their asking the two of us to like it, though we possessed the very opposite natures, was but that couple's ruthless method of disposing of the two of us, child and aging parent, in one blow. But I can see now—from the vantage point of my own late middle age—that there was really no ruthlessness in it on their part. Because I realize that living their busy, genteel, contented life together during the nineteen-twenties they didn't have the slightest conception of what that old man my grandfather was like. Or of what that boy, their son, was like either. They weren't people to speculate about what other people and other times were "like." They knew only that what they did was what everybody else still did about grandfathers and grandsons in or about the year 1925—in and around Nashville, Tennessee.

The fact is, my two parents were destined to go to their graves never suspecting that they had put a grandfather and a grandson in so false a position with each other that the boy and the old man would one day have to have it out between them. Indeed, they would go to their graves never suspecting that long before either of them had ever given a serious thought to dying, Grandfather and I had already had it out between us quite brutally and fatefully and had it out, as a matter of fact, in the front hall of their house in Acklen Park, in Nashville. It happened the summer when my grandfather was seventy-nine and I had just turned eighteen. Any real pretense at companionship between the old man and me came to an abrupt and unhappy end that summer. It left me with complications of feeling that I had not known before. For my grandfather, of course, whose story this is meant to be—more than mine—it did something considerably worse than leave him with complications of feeling.

What actually happened was that he turned up at our house in Acklen Park one day in July, driving his Dodge touring car and wearing his gabardine topcoat and his big straw hat, arrived there unheralded and unannounced, as he himself was fond of saying, and let himself in our front door with his own key, the key that, despite his protests, my two parents always insisted upon his having. And what he found inside the house that day was not a clean-cut young boy whom he had watched growing up and whom his daughter and son-in-law—away then on a short summer trip—had left at home to see after the premises. He found, instead, a dishevelled, disreputable-looking young fellow of eighteen summers who was hardly recognizable to his own grandfather, a boy who had just now frantically pulled on his clothes and who instead of occupying his parents' house alone was keeping a young girl in the house with him, a girl whom he had hurriedly hidden at the first sound of his grandfather's tires in the driveway—hidden, as a matter of fact, in the big oak wardrobe of the downstairs bedroom which his visiting grandfather was always expected to occupy. The ensuing confrontation between the grandfather and the grandson seemed on its surface to be accidental and something that might finally be forgotten by both of them. But it was not quite so simple as that. . . . The old man and his grandson were never quite the same after that day—not the same with each other and probably not the same within themselves. Whatever their old relationship had been, it was over forever.

TO me it seems natural that I should think about all of this whenever I am lying awake at night or when I am behind the wheel of my car on some endless highway. The memory of it raises questions in my mind that there seem to be no answers to, and those are inevitably the questions one entertains at such times. I find myself wondering why, in that antediluvian Tennessee world I grew up in, it was so well established that grandfathers and grandsons were to be paired off and held answerable to each other for companionship; why it was that an old graybeard and a towheaded little boy, in that day and age, were expected to be more companionable even than fathers and sons are told today they ought to be. For it really is my recollection that anywhere one turned in that world one was apt to see a bent old man and a stiff-necked little boy trudging along a country road together or plodding along the main street of a town. The world I am speaking of isn't the hard-bitten, Monkey Trial world of East Tennessee that everybody knows about but a gentler world in Middle Tennessee and more particularly the little region around Nashville which was known fifty years ago as the Nashville Basin and which in still earlier times, to the first settlers—our ancestors—was known somewhat romantically perhaps, and ironically, and incorrectly even, as the Miro District.



My grandfather, who did not take Nashville so seriously as my parents did, was fond of referring to the city itself as the Miro District (because he said only an antique Spanish name could do justice to the grandeur which Nashvillians claimed for themselves). According to Grandfather, this region had originally been so called in honor of one Don Estevan Miro, last of the Spanish governors of Spanish Louisiana, and according to this same knowledgeable grandfather of mine, the entire state of Tennessee had once been claimed to be a rightful part of that province by both the French and the Spanish in their day as its rulers. He used often to say to me, all irony about grandeur aside, that knowing such odd pieces of history about the place where one lived made the life one lived there seem less boring. He didn't couch it quite that way. He would not of course have used the word "boring." It wasn't in his vocabulary. But there is no doubt that's what he meant. And I used to try to imagine why it was that when he was scouting through the low ground or hill country west of the Tennessee River during the Civil War, it had made the war seem less hateful to him at times and less scary and less boring for him to know—or to believe—that the Spanish and the French had once held title to what was by then his own country or that the Indians had once held that land sacred, or for him to realize whenever he came in to Nashville that the site of the old citadel itself, Fort Nashborough, had once actually been known merely as French Lick.

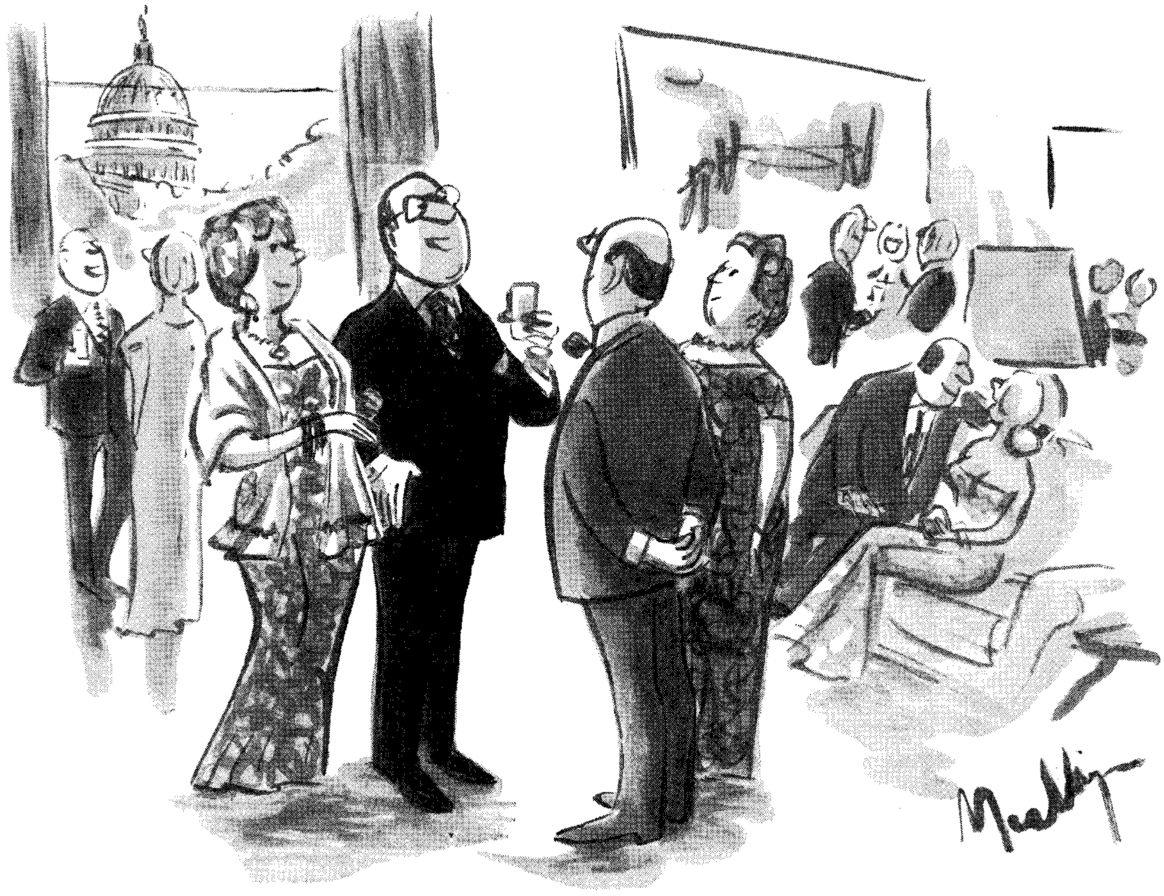
MY grandfather, when I first remember him, lived over in the next county from us, forty miles west of Nashville. But he was always and forever driving over for those visits of his—visits of three or four days, or longer—transporting himself back and forth from Hunt County to Nashville in his big tan touring car, with the canvas top put back in almost all weather, and usually wearing a broad-brimmed hat—a straw in summer, a felt in winter—and an ankle-length gabardine topcoat no matter what the season was.

He was my maternal grandfather and was known to everyone as Major Basil Manley. Seeing Major Manley like that at the wheel of his tan touring car, swinging into our driveway, it wasn't hard to imagine how he had once looked riding horseback or muleback through the wilds of West Tennessee when he was a young boy in Forrest's cavalry, or how he had looked, for that matter, in 1912, nearly half a century after he had ridden with General Forrest, at the time when he escaped from a band of hooded night riders who had kidnapped him—him and his law partner (and who had murdered his law partner before his eyes, on the banks of Bayou du Chien, near Reelfoot Lake).

Even when I was a very small boy, I always dreaded the sight of him out there in our driveway in his old car when he was arriving for a visit. I hated the first sound of his tires in the gravel as he came wheeling up to the house and then suddenly bore down on the brakes at the foot of our front-porch steps. I dreaded him not because I was frightened by his coming or by the history of his violent exploits, which I knew about from an early time, but because I was aware always of the painful hours that he and I who had nothing in common and for whom all our encounters were a torture would be expected to put in together.

The old man had always had a way of turning up, you see—even when I was little more than an infant—just when it suited *me* least, when I had *other* plans, which might include almost anything else in the world but the presence of a grandfather with whom it was intended I should be companionable. Sometimes he would go directly into our back yard, if it were summertime, without even removing his hat or his gabardine coat. He would plant one of the canvas yard chairs on the very spot where I had been building a little airfield or a horse farm in the grass. Then he would throw himself down into the chair and undo his collar button and remove his starched collar—he seldom wore a tie in those days—and next he would pull his straw hat down over his face and begin his inevitable dialogue with me without our having exchanged so much as a glance or a how-do-you-do. It used to seem to me he only knew I was there with him because he knew I was required to be there. "I guess you've been behaving yourself," he said from under his hat, "the way a Nashville boy ought to behave himself." And, of course, I knew well enough what was meant by that. It meant I was some kind of effeminate city boy who was never willing to visit his grandfather alone in the country and who could never comprehend what it would be to ride muleback through the wilds of West Tennessee—either in pursuit of Yankee marauders or in flight from hooded night riders. Looking up at the old man from the grass beside his chair (or from the carpet beside his platform rocker if we were settled in his downstairs bedroom), I thought to myself—thought this, or something like it—Someday you and I will have to have it out between us. I shall have to show you how it is with me and how I could never be what you are. . . . I often looked up at him, wanting—I know now—to say something that would insult him and make him leave me alone or make him take his walking stick to me. The trouble was, of course—and I seemed to have sensed this before I was school age even—that we couldn't understand or care anything about each other. Something in each of us forbade it. It was as though we faced each other across the distasteful present, across a queer, quaint world that neither of us felt himself a part of.

When I looked up at him while we were talking, often out in the back yard but more often in his room, I could never think exactly what it was about him that I hated or if I really hated him at all. Yet many a time I had that shameful feeling of wanting to insult him. And so I got into the habit of trying to see him as my two parents saw him. That's the awful part, really. I would look at him until I saw him as I knew they saw him: an old country granddaddy who came to town not



"*Many were called. I was chosen.*"

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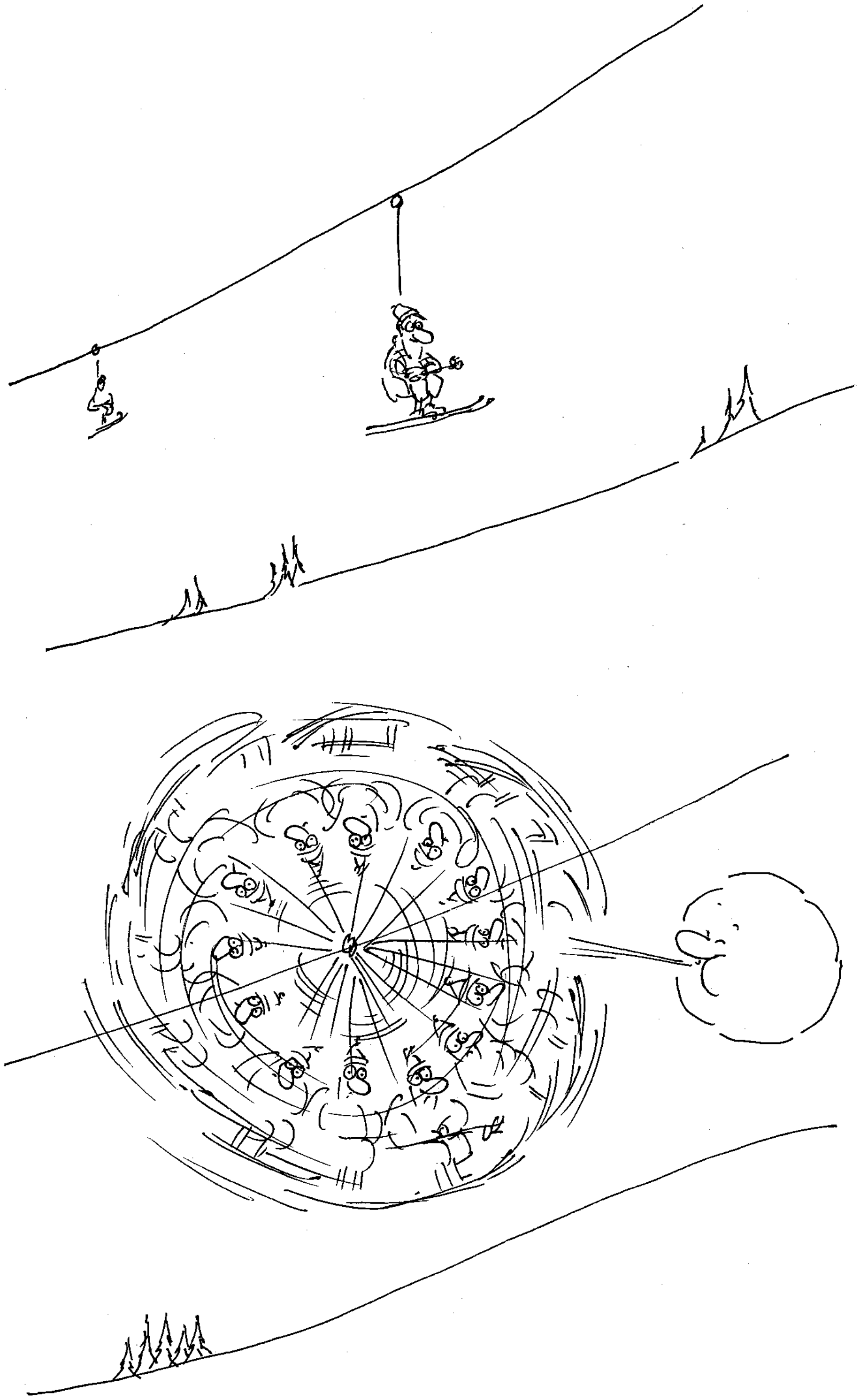
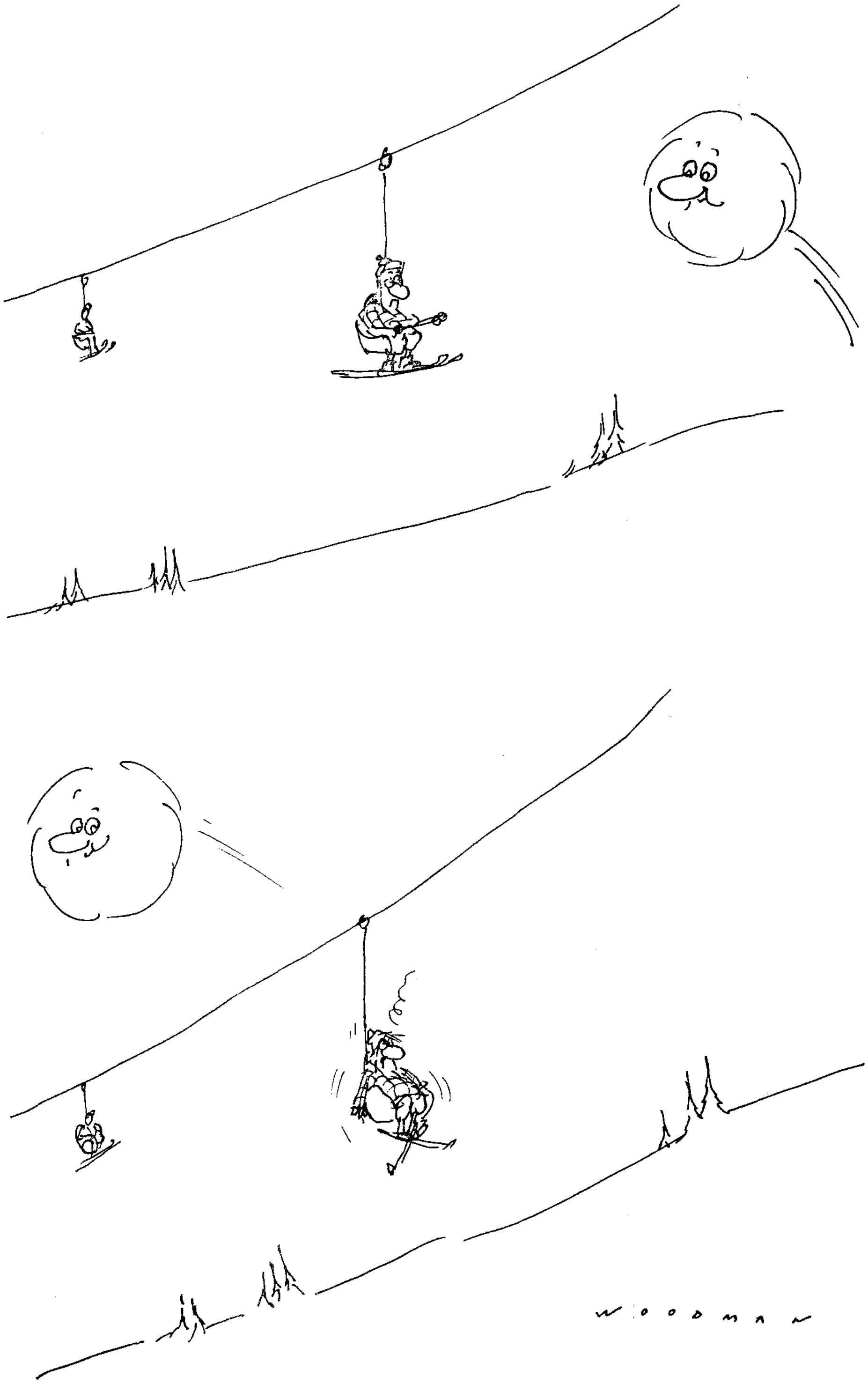
wearing a tie and with only a bright gold collar button shining where a tie ought to have been in evidence. It seems shocking to me nowadays how well I knew at that tender age just how my parents did surely see such an old man and, indeed, how they saw all else in the world about us. They saw everything in terms of Acklen Park in the city of Nashville in the Nashville Basin in Middle Tennessee in the old Miro District, as it had come to be in the first quarter of the twentieth century. I suppose it was my knowing how Mother and Father saw the other grandfathers, who did actually live with *their* families in the Acklen Park neighborhood, that made me know for certain how they saw Major Basil Manley. To them, those other grandfathers seemed all elegance while he seemed all roughness. Those others lived quietly with their sons and daughters while he insisted upon living apart and in a county that was only on the periphery of Middle Tennessee. Those other grandfathers were a part of the families who had taken them in. (They had managed to become so or perhaps had always been so.) When you saw one of those other grandfathers out walking with a little grandson along West End Avenue, it was apparent at once that the two of them were made of the same clay, or at least that their mutual aim in life was to make it appear to the world that they were. Sometimes the old man and the little boy walked along West End hand in hand or sometimes with their arms about each other, the old man's arm on the little boy's shoulder, the little boy's arm about the old man's waist. It is a picture that comes into my mind almost every day that I live.



THIS ancient and well-established practice of pairing off young with old so relentlessly and so exclusively had, I think, as one of its results the marvel that men over fifty whom one meets in Nashville nowadays are likely to seem much too old-fashioned to be believed in almost—much too formal in their speech for any modern man, much too stiff in their manner to be taken seriously at all. They seem to be putting on an act. It is as if they are trying to *be* their grandfathers. Either that or these grandsons of Confederate veterans are apt to have become pathetic old roués and alcoholics, outrageously profane and willing to talk your ear off in the country-club bar—usually late at night—about how far they have fallen away from their ideals, about how very different they are from the men their grandfathers were. To hear them talk, one would actually suppose none of them ever had a father. One gets the impression that they only had grandfathers—elegant grandfathers born before 1860.

What is more to the point, though, is that this business of pairing off bent old men with stiff-necked little boys plainly had its effect, too, upon the old men—the grandfathers themselves. For when finally they approached their last years they often became absurd martinets, ordering the younger men and boys in their families about in their quavery old voices (and often getting laughed at behind their backs). Or some among these very same old men who had once stood firm at Missionary Ridge or had fought in the trenches before Petersburg or, like Grandfather Manley, had ridden with General Forrest became toward the very end as thoroughly domesticated as any old woman—could be seen fussing about the house like some old spinster great-aunt, rearranging the furniture or washing up little stacks of dishes, forever petting and hugging the young people in the family or clucking and fretting and even weeping softly whenever the young people didn't behave themselves as they ought to do.

My Grandfather Basil Manley was an exception to all of this, and I had



been fully aware of the fact long before the time he caught me and my girl staying in his room. He was an exception in the first place because he refused from the very start to move into the same house with my mother and father—at the time when he was widowed—or even, for that matter, to come and live in the same town with us. He had resisted making that fatal mistake that so many of his contemporaries made—of moving in with their children. He was clearly different from them in a number of other respects, too, but it must have been that first, firm refusal of his to move in with us that allowed him to think for a few years that he could altogether escape the ignominious fate—of the one kind or the other—which his contemporaries had to endure.

He did not turn into an old woman and he did not try to play the martinet. Except for those relatively brief visits of his, he was free of the rules and mores of my parents' Nashville life. After three or four days spent mostly in my company, he would be off again to his farm in Hunt County and to the "primitive" life he lived there. If it was hard for anyone to see why he insisted on living in Hunt County when he could have lived so comfortably in Nashville, I at any rate thanked God on my knees that he had made that choice and prayed that he would never change his mind. For the most part, he went on living in the drafty, unheated farmhouse that he and his father before him had been born in. And on a farm where both cotton and tobacco had once been the money crops, but where tomatoes, strawberries, and corn had now become more profitable. There was no prestige or tradition about the kind of farming he did over there. (It was somehow felt an embarrassment that he raised only tomatoes, strawberries, corn. It amounted to *truck* farming, though we did not even say the word.) And certainly there was no romance about the place itself. That is to say, his farm and the county it was in were considered somewhat beyond the pale, not being in the handsome, bluegrass, limestone country where livestock farms—and particularly horse farms—made the landscape a joy to look upon and where the people had always held themselves well above other mortal Tennesseans. He preferred to go on living over there even after my father had bought our fine house in Acklen Park and set aside the room there for his exclusive occupancy.

It will be useful at this point to explain that before that day when I hid my girl in the wardrobe there actually had been two other serious and quite similar face-offs between my grandfather and me and useful that I give some account of those earlier confrontations. They both took place when I was eighteen, in the very same year as the fateful one. And on both of those occasions Grandfather stayed on in the house afterward, just as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. This was so despite there having been more violent interplay between us—verbal and otherwise—in those two encounters than there was destined to be in the last.

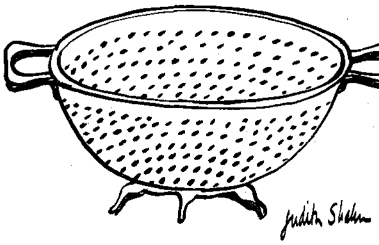
The first of them was in April of that year. My parents were not out of town that time. Rather, my father was in the hospital to undergo an operation on his prostate gland. He went into the hospital on the Sunday afternoon before the Monday morning when the operation was scheduled. Possibly he and my mother regarded the operation more apprehensively than they should have. My mother managed to obtain a room next to his in the hospital. She went in with him on Sunday in order to be near him during that night. My grandfather had of course been notified of the circumstances. Mother had even made a long-distance telephone call from Nashville to Huntsboro. And since Grandfather declined still to have a telephone in his house or to let the lines to other houses go across his land, he had had to be fetched by a messenger from his farm to Central's office on the town square.

That was on Saturday afternoon, and Mother had hoped he might come to Nashville on Sunday and stay in the house—presumably to keep me company—at least until Father was safely through the operation. But the old man was offended by everything about the situation. He resented being sent for and brought to the telephone office. He resented having to hear Mother's indelicate news in the presence of Central herself (a local girl and a cousin of ours). And the worst of it was, so he said on the telephone to Mother, he didn't believe in the seriousness of the operation. Actually, when Mother and Father had previously mentioned to him the possibility of such surgery he had insisted that no such operation "existed" and that the doctor was pulling Father's leg. I was told this afterward by my father—long afterward—who said the old man had clearly resented such an unseemly subject's being referred to in his presence by his daughter or even by his son-in-law.

Anyhow, my mother told me that Grandfather would not be coming to stay with me on Sunday. I don't know whether or not she believed it. And I cannot honestly say for sure whether or not *I* believed he wasn't coming. I know only that on that Sunday afternoon, after my parents had left for the hospital, I telephoned two of my friends, two Acklen Park boys who would be graduating with me from Wallace School that June, and invited them to come over and to bring with them whatever they could manage to filch from their fathers' liquor closets. Actually, it was only my way of informing them of what I had in mind for that Sunday afternoon and evening, because I knew where the key to Father's closet was and knew there was more than enough bourbon whiskey there to suffice for three boys on their first real binge. Since this was an opportunity we had all been contemplating for some time, my invitation was only a matter of form.

I heard Grandfather Manley in the driveway at about half past six. In fact, I had lost track of time by then. We had been gulping down our whiskey as though it were lemonade. I could hardly stand on my feet when he came into the breakfast room, where we were seated about the table. I had made a stab at getting up when I first heard his car outside. My intention was to meet him, as usual, in the front hall. But as soon as I had got halfway up I felt a little sick. I knew I would be too unsteady on my feet to effect my usual sort of welcome in the hall, which would have entailed my taking his bag to his room for him and helping him off with his topcoat. Instead, I was still seated at the table when he stepped into the breakfast-room doorway. I did manage to rise from my chair then, scraping it crazily along the linoleum floor, which, at any rate, was more than the other two boys managed. And I faced him across the gold pocket watch that he was now holding out in his open palm like a piece of incriminating evidence. Although I say I faced him across the watch, his eyes were not really on me when he spoke but on the other boys at the table. "It's more than half an hour past my suppertime," he said. "I generally eat at six." That is how I can account for the time it was. Drunk as my two friends assuredly were and difficult as they undoubtedly found it to rise, they did, when Grandfather said that about suppertime, manage to rise somehow from their chairs and without a word of farewell went stumbling out through the kitchen and out of the house.

Grandfather then turned and went to his room, giving me an opportunity to put away the liquor and the glasses. Or I suppose that was his purpose. Perhaps he had only gone to remove his topcoat and his hat. When he came back, I had not stirred but still sat



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THE HOURS

(For Ingrid Erhardt, 1951-71)

The meadows are empty. There are two villages:
One to the north and another to the south.
It's first light, and the two villages are striking
Their two bells. This is a green valley
That has an echo. Now, the bell to the south
Follows immediately the bell in the north.
So when the bell to the north is struck
Its echo is not heard by anyone, for it is lost
To the sound of the bell
Being struck from the south. A pilgrim
Has just climbed down into the valley.
Does he believe that he hears
One, two, or four bells working in the morning?

This much is clear: When the bells stopped,
The pilgrim thought, at first, that he had
Heard last that bell to the north, followed
By the bell to the south, followed by the echo
Of the bell to the south. So he would tell us
That there are three bells being struck
In the morning. But
You know how after hearing bells
You seem to carry them around
For some time inside your skull? And, also,
The echo of the bell to the north that is lost
So often each morning, where does it go?

Perhaps it goes where the pilgrim is going. And
Neither north nor south. We will all be lost,
Even down to the very last memories that others have
Of us, and then these others who survived us, they
Too will be lost. There were many more bells
Than we thought, they will

Never stop for us, as waking to them we realize that
Throughout our lives, in the light and in the dark,

We were always counting our losses.

—Norman Dubie

"*Aaah—sharp pencils! We're back in business, boys!*"

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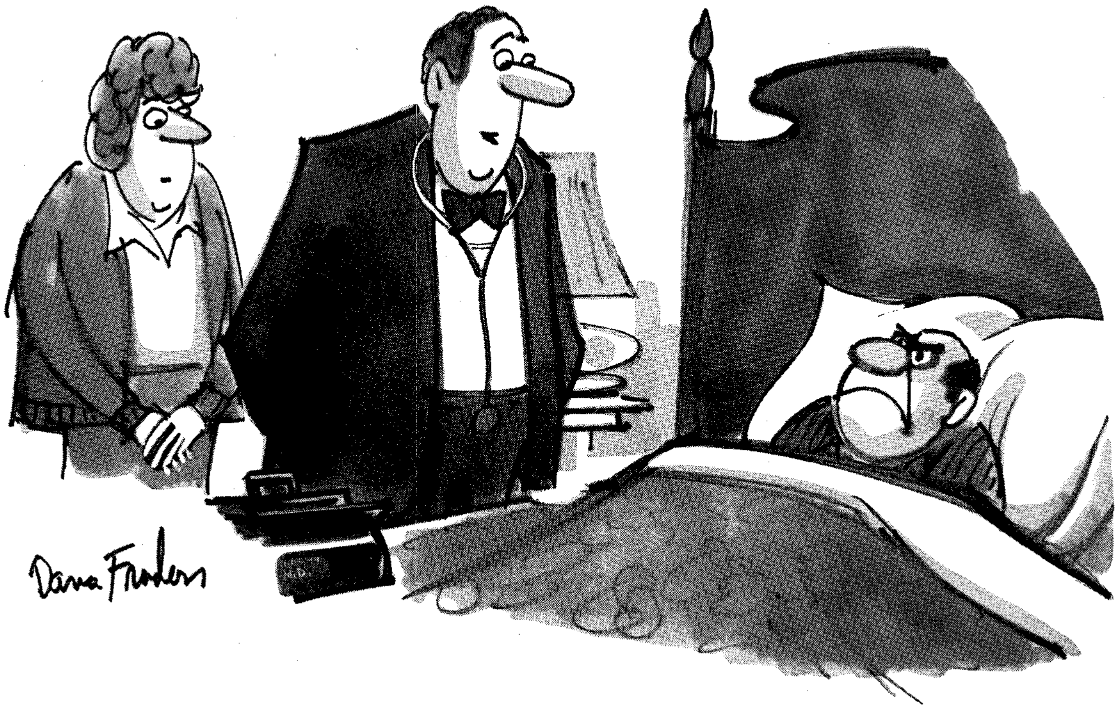
there with one hand on the quart bottle, fully intending to pour myself another drink. I had waited, I think, with the intention of pouring it in his presence. Looking at me, he said, "It's a fine sort of company you are keeping nowadays here in Nashville." At that, I took up the bottle and began pouring whiskey into my glass.

"They're my friends," I said, not looking at him. He stepped over to the table, seized the bottle by its neck with one hand, and took hold of my glass with the other. But I held on firmly to each—did so for several moments, that is. Together we were supporting both glass and bottle in midair. And then it must have been simultaneously that each of us relinquished his hold on both. The glass fell to the table, crashing and breaking into small pieces and splashing its contents over the tabletop. The bottle landed sidewise on the table, spewing out whiskey on Grandfather Manley's trousers, then rolled onto the floor, coming to rest there, unbroken but altogether empty. Immediately Grandfather Manley said, "Now you get that mess cleaned up." And he went off through the house to his room again.

His command had literally a sobering effect upon me, as probably nothing else could have—more so, certainly, than the breakage and spillage had. Though I was feeling unsteady, I did clean up the tabletop and I wiped up the floor. I decided to take the fragments of glass and the empty bottle out to the garbage can in the alley. I didn't want my mother to see any of it and to raise questions when she came home on Monday. As I was returning from the garbage can to the house through the dark back yard, I had sudden guilt feelings about my mother and father, visualizing them in the hospital, Father lying in the white bed and Mother sitting in a straight chair beside him. I knew that I had to go to my grandfather's room and take whatever satisfaction I could from the scolding I fancied he would surely give me.

I found him in his room, seated in his platform rocker, which like all the other furniture in the room was made of golden oak, with caning in the seat and back. He sat in it as if it were a straight chair, with one of his long, khaki-clad legs crossed stiffly over the other and one high-topped brown shoe sticking out assertively into the room. All the furniture in the room was furniture that he had brought there, at my mother's urging, from his house in Hunt County. It was in marked contrast with the rest of the furniture in our house. Mother had said, however, that he would feel more comfortable and at home with his own things in the room, and that he would be more likely to take real possession of it—which, after all, was what she and Father hoped for. I suspect they thought that would be a first step toward moving him in to live with us. In the end, Mother was actually disappointed at the particular pieces he chose to bring. But there will be a time later on for me to say more about that.

Anyway, there he was in his rocker, already divested of his starched collar and of the vest he always wore under his gabardine coat. His suspenders were loosened and hanging down over the arms of the chair. And he had lit his first cigarette of the evening. (He had given up his pipe at the time of his escape from the night riders and had taken up cigarettes, instead, because he said they gave more relief to his nerves. He had given up his beard and mustache then, too, because he couldn't forget how awful they had smelled to him when he had been hiding in the swamp for days on end and under stagnant water for many hours of the



"You should take it easy for a while, Mr. Harner. You've been infected by the virus of hate."

time.) I came into the room and stood before him, my back to the great golden-oak folding bed, which, when it was folded away against the wall, as it was now, could easily be mistaken for a large wardrobe like the one I was facing on the other side of the room, matching it almost exactly in size, bulk, and color. I stood there in silence for several moments, waiting for him to begin the kind of dressing down which he had never given me and which if he could have given me then might have made all the difference in the world in our future relations—and perhaps our lives.

For a while, he said nothing. Then he said, "I don't want any supper tonight. If the cook left something, you'd better go eat it. Because if you *can* eat, it will likely do you good!" There was no note of sympathy in his voice—only an acknowledgment of my condition. But I could tell there was going to be no dressing down, either. It was going to be just like always before when we had been left alone together.

"I can't eat anything," I said. And I began to feel that I was going to be actively ill. But somehow I was able to control and overcome that feeling. Then I began to feel drunk again, as drunk as I had been when he first came in on us. I slumped down onto a leather ottoman and sat with my elbows on my knees, still looking at him. It was just as it had always been before. We had nothing to say to each other—nothing we *could* say. And thinking about all the times we had been left together like this when I was a little boy, it seemed to me that I had always been somewhat drunk whenever he and I had had to talk, and had always been unable to make any sense at all.

"Tell me what it was like," I suddenly began now in a too loud voice. "Tell me what it was like to be kidnapped by those night riders . . . out in Lake County." He sat forward in his chair as if so astonished by what I had said that he would have to come to his feet. But still he didn't get up, and I went on. "And what it was like . . . to see Captain Tyree hanged before your very eyes." I was hesitating and stammering as I spoke. I had never before said anything like this to him. In the past, you see, when we had been wanting a topic, I had always pressed him to tell me about the Civil War—not because I cared much about the War but because, as I realize now but didn't understand then, it was what my parents cared about and were always telling me I ought to get him to talk about. But he didn't want to talk about the War. Not in a serious way. He would say, "There's little to tell, God knows," and put me off with a slapstick anecdote or two, about shooting a man's hat off outside the Gayoso Hotel during the raid on Memphis, or about meeting General Forrest on a backcountry road when, as a boy of sixteen and riding bareback on a mule, he was on his way to enlist in Forrest's own critter company, and how General Forrest and some other officers had forced him off the road and into a muddy ditch and didn't even look back at him until he yelled out after them every filthy kind of thing he could think of. "But since I was a mite small for my age," he would say, "they must have mistook me for some local farm boy. Only Forrest himself ever looked back—looked back with that sickly grin of his." And then he was sure to end that anecdote saying, "Likely I'm the onliest man or boy who ever called Bedford Forrest a son of a bitch and lived."

That was not the kind of war story I wanted, of course. My father, who read Civil War history, would, in my presence, try to draw the old man out on the subject, asking him about Forrest's strategy or whether or not the War might have been won if Jeff Davis had paid more attention to the "Western theatre." And all Grandfather Manley would say was: "I don't know about any of that. I don't know what it matters."

But that Sunday night in his room, instead of plaguing him to talk about the War, as I had always previously tended to do, I took the opposite tack. And I think I could not have stopped myself from going on even if I had wanted to. As I rattled on, I felt my grandfather looking at me uncertainly, as though he were not sure whether it was I or he that was drunk. "Tell me about your kidnapping," I said, actually wavering on the big leather ottoman as I spoke, and my voice rising and lowering—quite beyond my control. "Or tell me about the earthquake in 1811 that your old daddy used to tell you about, that made the Mississippi River run upstream and formed Reelfoot Lake, and how you imagined when you were lost in the swamp, and half out of your head, that you could see the craters and fissures from the earthquake still there."

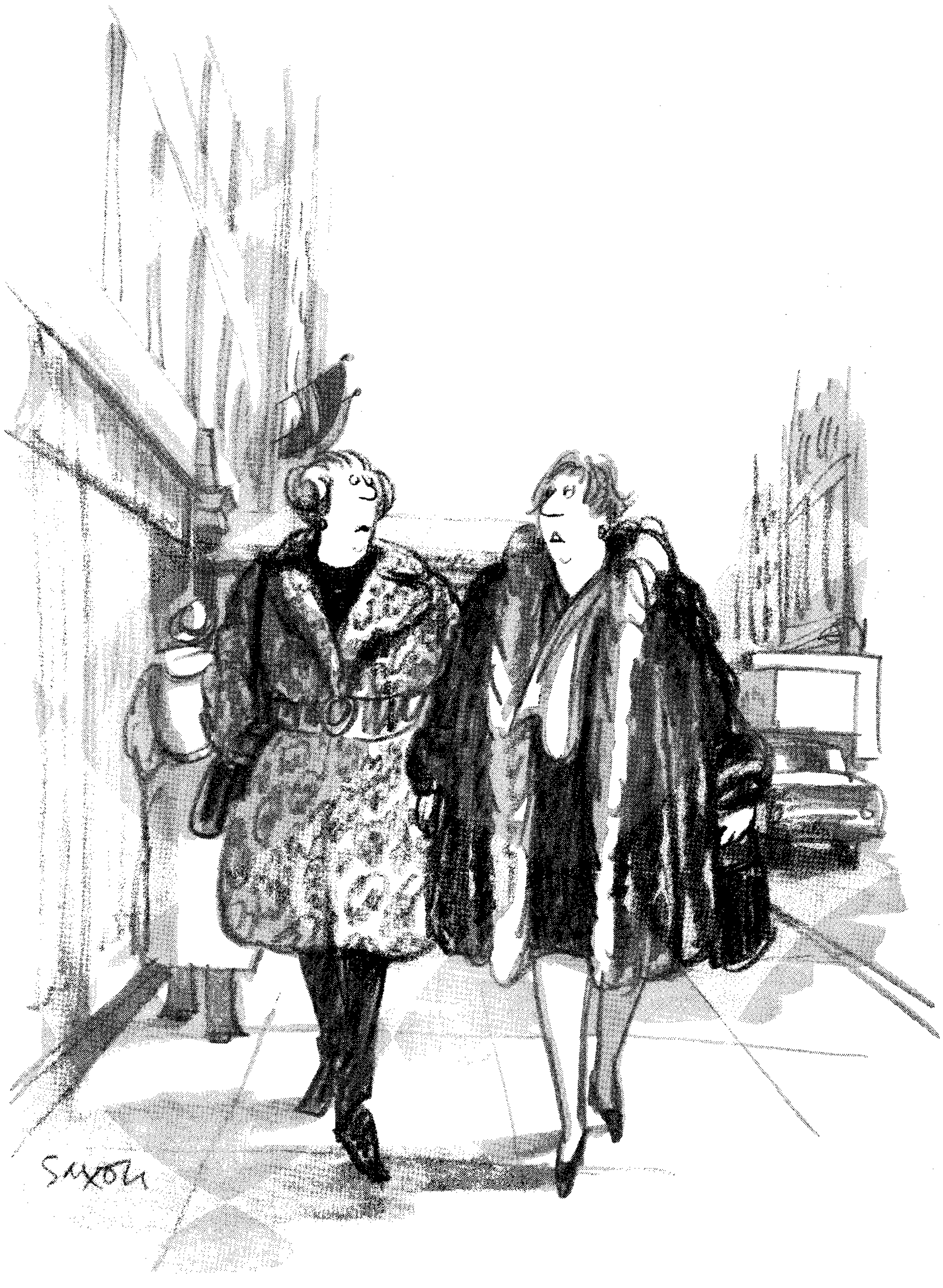
Suddenly Grandfather lit his second cigarette, got up from his chair, and went over and stood by a window. I suppose it occurred to him that I was mocking him, though I couldn't have said, myself, whether or not I was. "You're all worked up," he said. "And it's not just that whiskey in you. Your mother's got you all worked up about this damnable operation of your dad's."

"Tell me what it was like," I began again. In my confused and intoxicated state, my whole system seemed determined to give it all back to him—all the scary stories I had listened to through all the years about the night riders of Reelfoot Lake. I can hear myself clearly even now, sometimes speaking to him in a singsongy voice more like a child's voice than the ordinary man's voice I had long since acquired. "Tell me what it was like to wake up in the Walnut Log Hotel at Samburg, Tennessee. . . . Tell me what it was like to lie in your bed in that shackly, one-story, backwoods hotel and have it come over you that it was no dream, that hooded men on horseback filled the yard outside, each with a blazing pine-knot torch, that there really was at every unglazed window of your room the raw rim of a shotgun barrel."

As I babbled away, it was not just that night but every night that I had ever been alone in the house with him. I had the sensation of retching or of actually vomiting not the whiskey I had in my stomach but all the words about the night riders I had ever had from him and had not known how to digest—words I had not ever wanted to hear. My confusion was such that some of the time I did not know at all what I was saying. I knew only that this was the beginning of my freedom from him. And I had no notion of why it should be so. Only now and then a vague thought or an image took shape for me—of him as the young soldier on horseback or of the war itself that he would not reveal to us, that he always substituted talk about the night riders for. But now I would not have to have any of the night-rider business again. I was giving it all back. And as I did so, how nerve-racking my voice was, almost beyond endurance—to me no less than to my grandfather, he who sat before me in the bright light he had now put on in the room, wearing his rough, country clothes, his blue shirt and khaki trousers, blinking his veiny eyelids at me, not really listening any longer to what I said. He was thinking then, as I knew he had always thought: *You don't want to hear such stuff as that. Not from me, you don't. You just want to hear yourself sketching in my old stories, giving them back to me. It makes you feel good. It helps you hide your feelings or whatever it is you've always wished to hide.* He sat before me blinking and thinking—or one process; or one rhythm, at any rate. And not really listening to me at all.

But I couldn't stop myself, any more than he could stop me with his blinking or with the twisting back and forth of his weak chin and lean jaw. The twisting was somehow offensive to me. It was something I had seen him do to other people who troubled or annoyed him in some way. It was almost as if he were chewing tobacco and looking for a place to spit—which was something he liked to boast he had never done. And I heard my awful childlike voice going on. It was as though it were not mine and as though I were someone hidden on the far side of the room from us in the big oak wardrobe where I would one day hide that girl. But my voice persisted. I went on and on, so nervous as I looked into his white-blue eyes that I feared I would burst into tears or, worse still, into silly, little-boy laughter.

"Tell how they ordered you and Marcus Tyree out of your beds, though you each slept with a revolver at your side, ordered you up from your straw mattresses on those homemade bed-



"I'm learning to think not only with my mind but with my entire body."

"We've decided not to go anywhere this winter. We're saving up for a divorce."

• •

steads and required the two of you to get fully dressed, even to putting on your starched collars and your black shoestring ties, and then escorted you both on muleback, at gunpoint, out to the edge of the bayou."

But he said nothing. He only kept on blinking at me. And the bright light had little or nothing to do with it. In recent years, he had always blinked at me. (When I was fourteen, when I was sixteen, when I was eighteen. Those were the years when it got to be unbearable.) Each time we met, I pressed him to tell me tales about his war exploits and the suffering he had endured. ("Ask him!" my father had said to me. "Ask him!" my mother had said to me.) That was what set him blinking usually. He distrusted all garrulous young people. Most of all, those who asked questions. *Why have you never waited and allowed me to speak for myself?* I knew he was thinking but didn't say. *And why is it you've never opened your mouth to me about yourself?*

He had always thought I was hiding something. Tonight, his suspicion was so strong I could hear it in his breathing. I went on and on. "Tell me again how you, alone, escaped! How the night riders made a bonfire on the banks of the bayou and put a rope around Captain Tyree's neck, torturing him, pulling him up and letting him down until finally he said, 'Gentlemen, you're killing me.' And then one of the men said, 'That's what we aim to do, Captain.' And they yanked him up for the last time. How a moment later, when all eyes were on the strung-up body of your friend, your law partner, your old comrade-in-arms from the War days and with whom you had come there only as 'two friends of the court' to settle old land disputes made not by any man on earth but by an earthquake a hundred years before almost to the day, how at that moment, really in one of your wicked explosions of temper—afterward it was your rage you remembered most clearly—you vowed to survive (vowed it in your rage) and yourself bring to justice those squatters-turned-outlaws. And seeing your one chance to escape, you, in your saving rage, dived into the brackish water of the Bayou du Chien—you a man of sixty and more even then. Tell me how . . . you hid under the log floating in the bayou (somebody made a gavel from its wood for you later) and how in the predawn dark they filled the dead log you were under full of buckshot, supposing it was you that was dead out there, supposing it was your body they saw floating, drifting sluggishly in the Bayou du Chien toward Reelfoot Lake."

Before I finished, he had begun to laugh his sardonic courtroom laugh, which was more like an old piece of farm machinery that needed oiling than like most human laughter. It was a laugh that was famous for having destroyed the case of many a courtroom lawyer in Hunt County—more frequently than any argument or rhetoric he had ever employed. I had heard him laugh that way at our dinner table, too, when my father had expressed some opinion or theory that Grandfather had not agreed with but that he knew he could not refute with logic. And I went on long after I knew that any use there might have been in my performance that day was over. Long after I had realized that if my performance were going to have any effect it had already been had. At some point I could see that he was no longer listening and that, after all, the victory of this engagement was somehow his. Finally I was silenced by his si-

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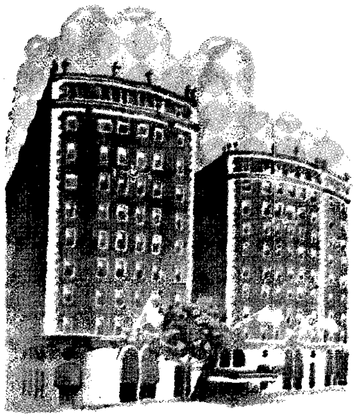

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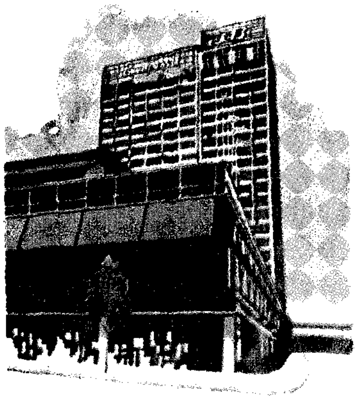

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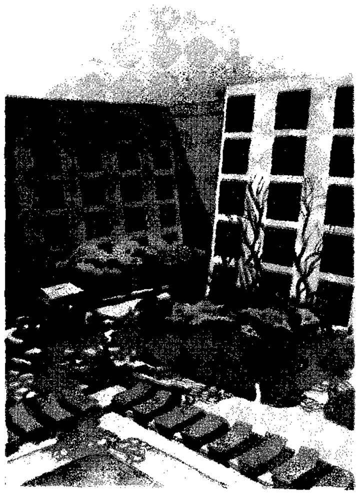

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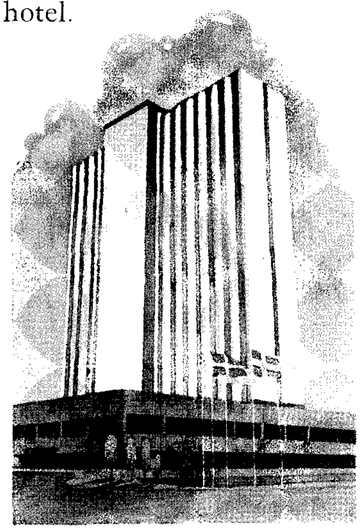

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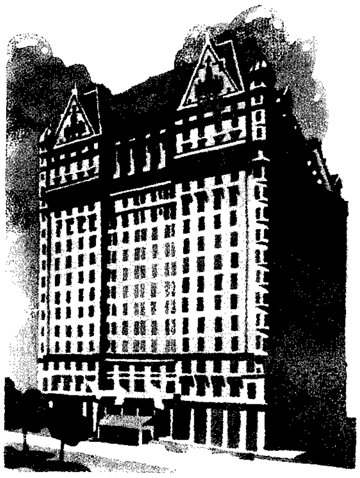

THE WORLD

UNITED STATES	
Anchorage	Anchorage-Westward
Atlanta	Peachtree Plaza
Chicago	Continental Plaza
Costa Mesa, Southern Cal.	South Coast Plaza
Detroit	Detroit Plaza (March 1977)
Detroit (Southfield)	Michigan Inn
Honolulu	Ilikai
Houston	Houston Oaks, Galleria Plaza (Late 1977)
Kansas City, MO	Crown Center
Los Angeles	Century Plaza, Los Angeles Bonaventure (Jan. 1977)
New York	The Plaza
Pittsburgh	Carlton House
Portland, OR	Benson
San Francisco	Miyako, St. Francis
Seattle	Olympic, Washington Plaza, Space Needle Restaurant
Tulsa	Williams Plaza (Summer 1978)
Wailea (Maui)	Wailea Beach (Early 1978)
Washington, D.C.	Mayflower
AUSTRALIA	
Sydney	(Affiliated) Wentworth
CANADA	
Calgary	Calgary Inn
Edmonton	Edmonton Plaza
Montreal	Bonaventure
Toronto	Hotel Toronto
Vancouver	Bayshore Inn
Winnipeg	Winnipeg Inn
DENMARK	
Copenhagen	Hotel Scandinavia
EL SALVADOR	
San Salvador	Camino Real
GUATEMALA	
Guatemala City	Camino Real
HONG KONG	
Kowloon	Miramar
JAPAN	
Kyoto	Miyako
Tokyo	Takanawa Prince, Tokyo Prince
MEXICO	
Acapulco	Las Brisas
Cancun	Camino Real
Guadalajara	Camino Real
Mazatlan	Camino Real
Mexico City	Alameda, Camino Real
Puerto Vallarta	Camino Real
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Tampico	Camino Real
NORWAY	
Oslo	Hotel Scandinavia
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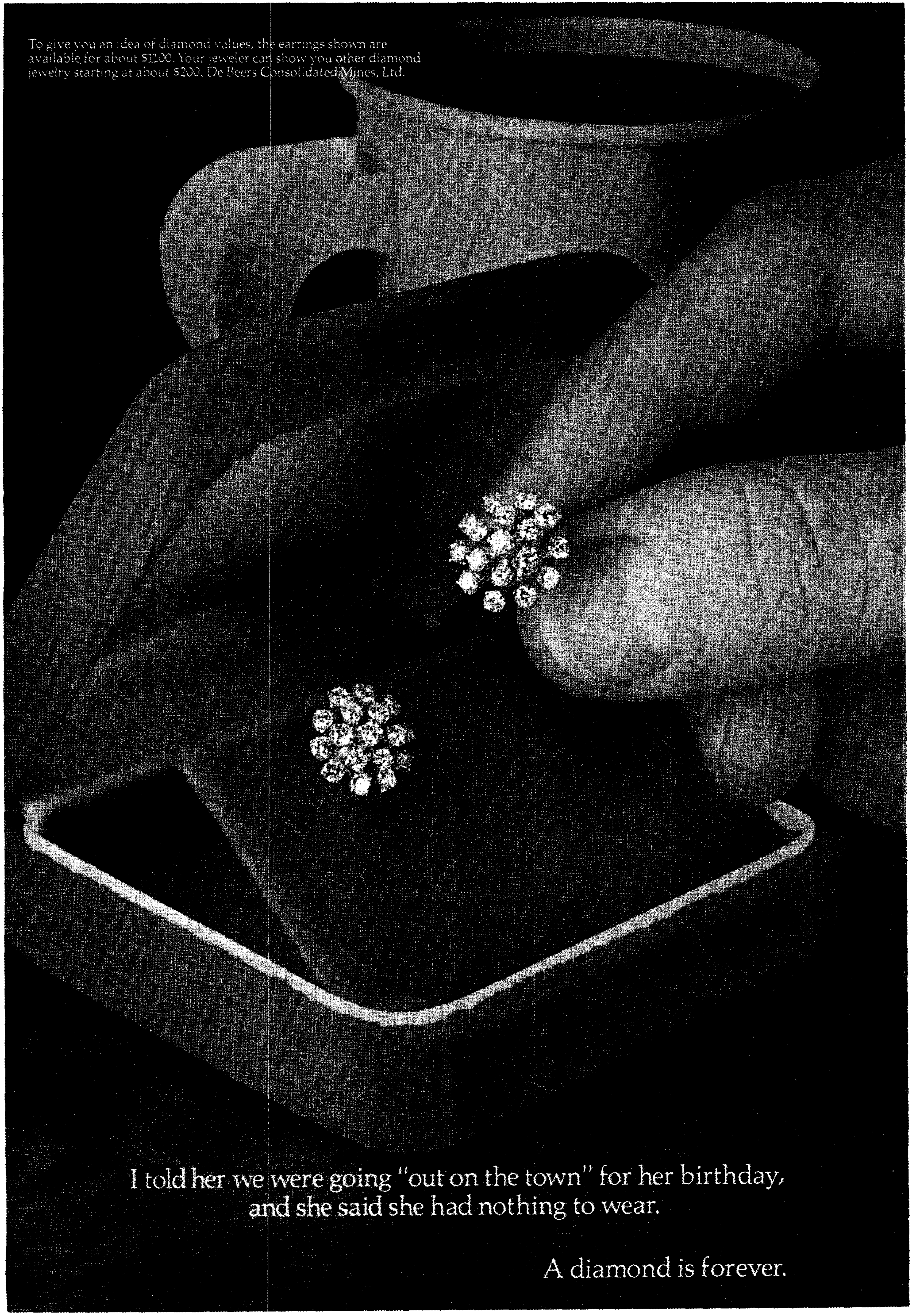

To give you an idea of diamond values, the earrings shown are available for about $1100. Your jeweler can show you other diamond jewelry starting at about $200. De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

I told her we were going "out on the town" for her birthday, and she said she had nothing to wear.

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lence. Now he had come back from the window and sat down in the chair again and was smiling his wickedest courtroom smile at me. His blue eyes seemed very bright, and I could tell that for a few moments at least my singsong recounting of his experiences had stirred his memory. I felt that if I encouraged him and if he permitted himself he would even now take up where I had left off and describe one more time his ten days of wandering in the swamp after his escape and then perhaps his finally reaching a logging road on high ground and there lapping up water like an Indian out of the hoofprints of horses, because he knew it was rainwater and pure, and then the ride to Tiptonville, concealed under the hay in a farmer's wagon bed. And at last the trial of the nine night riders.

He loved to dwell upon the fact that all nine men were proved to be previously convicted criminals, not downtrodden backwoodsmen whose livelihood in fishing and hunting the government and the big landowners of Lake County wished to take away. Perhaps he went over all that in his mind for a few moments, but what his wicked smile and the light in his eyes spoke of was a victory he was revelling in at that present moment. My long spiel about the night-rider trouble had reflected the many times I had had to listen to his account of it. And to him, I somehow understood in a flash of insight, it meant above all else what was perhaps dearest to his soul of all things during those years. It meant how many times he had successfully avoided reminiscing about the War. In retrospect, I can see that it had become almost mechanical with him to answer any requests I made for stories about the War with stories about his adventures at Reelfoot Lake. For a number of years, I think, he had tried to distract me with just any of his old stories about hunting bear or deer or about lawsuits he had had that took him into tough communities where he had sometimes to fight his way out of the courtroom and sometimes share a bed in a country hotel with a known murderer whom he was defending. But for a long time there had been no variations in his response.

I did not know then, and do not know now, at what moment he took a vow never to talk about the Civil War and his own experiences in it, or whether he unconsciously and gradually began to avoid the subject with members of his family—after he had already ceased talking about it with anybody else. But from his smile that day and his laughter, which I had only before heard him direct at my parents, I began to sense that he regarded me chiefly as their agent and that yielding to me in my pressing him to tell me about his war would be the first chink in his armor of resistance to my parents and could end with nothing less than their bringing him into Nashville and into our house to live.

At last, he got up from his chair again. He was no longer smiling at me but clearly he was no longer angry with me, either. And at the end, when he dismissed me from his room, it occurred to me that seeing an eighteen-year-old boy drunk was nothing new to a man of his experience in the rough sort of world he came along in and that my pilfering my father's whiskey while he was in the hospital seemed to him almost a natural and inevitable mistake for a boy my age to have made. "You've had a hard day," he said—rather sternly but not more so than if he had been correcting me about some show of bad manners. "Get yourself a night's sleep, and we'll go to the hospital tomorrow to see how your dad is making out. Seems to me he and your mama've got you so worked up there's no telling what you *might* have done if I hadn't shown up as I did, unheralded and unannounced."

IT was hardly six weeks later that we had our second run-in. He came in to Nashville on Decoration Day, when, of course, the Confederate veterans always held their most elaborate services and celebrations out at the State Fairground. Father and Mother had gone to Memphis to visit Father's sister out there over the Decoration Day weekend. They wouldn't have planned to go, so they said, except that Grandfather as usual swore he was never again going to attend a Confederate Reunion of any kind. He had been saying for years that all the reunions amounted to were occasions to promote everybody to a higher rank. He acknowledged that once upon a time he had been a party to this practice. He had been so for many years, in fact. But enough was enough. It was one thing to promote men like himself who had been private soldiers to the rank of captain and major but quite another to make them colonels and generals. They had voted him his majority back in the years before his kidnapping by the night riders. But since the experience of that abduction by those murderous backwoodsmen he had never attended another Confederate Reunion. For more than a dozen years now he had insisted that it would not be possible for him to pass in through the Fairground gates on any Decoration Day without being sure to come out with the rank of colonel. He could not countenance that. And he could not countenance that gathering of men each year to repeat and enlarge upon reminiscences of something that he was beginning to doubt had ever had any reality.

From the first moment after I had put my parents on the train for Memphis, I think I knew how that weekend was going to go. I would not have admitted it to myself and didn't admit it for many years afterward. I suspect, too, that from the time some weeks earlier when he had heard of my parents' plans to go to Memphis—that is, assuming that he would not be coming in for the Reunion—Grandfather must also have had some idea of how it might go. Looking back, it seems almost as if he and I were plotting the whole business together.

It didn't of course seem that way at the time. Naturally, I can only speculate on how it seemed for him, but he had made more than one visit to Nashville since the day he found me there drinking with my friends, and I had observed a decided change in him—in his attitude toward me, that is. On one occasion he had offered me a cigarette, which was the next thing, it seemed to me then, to offering me a drink. I knew, of course, that Grandfather had, at one time or another, used tobacco in most of its forms. And we all knew, as a matter of fact, that when he closed the door to his room at night he nearly always poured himself a drink—poured it into a little collapsible tumbler that, along with his bottle of sour mash, he had brought with him in his Gladstone bag. His drinking habits had never been exactly

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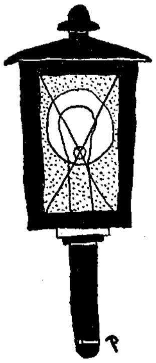
a secret, though he seldom made any direct reference to them except in certain stories he told. And whatever changes there were in his style during his very last years, his drinking habits never changed at all—not, I believe, from the time when he was a young boy in the Confederate Army until the day he died.

It is true that I often smelled liquor on his breath when he arrived at our house for a visit, but I believe that was because he made a habit of having a quick one when he stopped along the way to rest and to relieve himself at the roadside. Moreover, that was only like the drink he had in his room at night—for his nerves. I believe the other drinking he had done in his lifetime consisted entirely of great bouts he had sometimes had with groups of men on hunting trips, often as not in that very region around Reelfoot Lake where he had witnessed the torture and strangulation of his old comrade-in-arms and law partner and where he had then wandered for ten nights in the swampy woodland thereabouts (he had regarded it as unsafe to travel by day and unsafe to knock on any cabin door, lest it be the hideaway of one of the night riders), wandered without food and without fresh water to drink, and suffering sometimes from hallucinations.

I feel that I must digress here in order to say a few things about those hallucinations he had, which must actually have been not unlike delirium tremens, and about impressions that I myself had of that country around the lake when I visited it as a child. As a very young child—no more than three or four years old—I had been taken on a duck-hunting trip to the lake with Father and Grandfather and a party of men from Hunt County. I didn't go with them, of course, when, attired in their grass hats and grass skirts and capes—for camouflage—they took up their positions in the marshlands. I was left in the hunting lodge on the lake's edge in the care of the Negro man who had been brought along to do the cooking. I don't remember much about the days or the nights of that expedition. I must have passed them comfortably and happily enough. All I remember very clearly is what seemed the endless and desolate periods of time I spent during the early-morning hours and the twilight hours of each day of our stay there, all alone in the lodge with Thomas, the cook. As I sat alone on the screened porch, which went all the way round that little batten-board lodge (of no more than three or four rooms and a loft), and listened to Thomas's doleful singing in the kitchen, all I could see was the dark water of the lake on one side and of the bayou on the other, with the cypress stumps and other broken trees rising lugubriously out of the water and the mysterious, deep woods of the bottomlands beyond on the horizon. It seemed to me that I could see for miles. And the fact was, the lodge being built high upon wooden pilings, it was indeed possible to see great distances across the lake, which was five miles wide in places.

During those hours on the screened porch, I would think about the tales I had heard the men tell the night before when they were gathered around the iron stove and I was going off to sleep on my cot in a far corner of the room. I suppose the men must have been having their drinks then. But I can't say that I remember the smell of alcohol. All the smells there in that place were strange to me, though—the smell of the water outside, the smell of the whitewash on the vertical boarding on the lodge, and the smell of the musty rooms inside the lodge, which stood empty most of the year. The tales the men told were often connected with the night-rider trouble. Others were old tales about the New Madrid Earthquake that had formed the lake more than a hundred years before. Some of the men told old folktales about prehistoric monsters that rose up out of the lake in the dark of the moon.



I don't recall my father's contributing to this talk. My memory is that he sat somewhat outside the circle, looking on and listening appreciatively to the talk of those older men, most of whom had probably never been outside the state of Tennessee, unless it was to go a little way up into Kentucky for whiskey. But my Grandfather Manley contributed his full share. And everyone listened to him with close attention. He spoke with an authority about the lake, of course, that none of the others quite had. When those other men told their stories about prehistoric monsters rising from the lake, one felt almost that Grandfather when he emerged from his ten days in the swampland, according to his own account, must have looked and smelled like just such a prehistoric monster. To me the scariest of his talk was that about some of the hallucinations he had,

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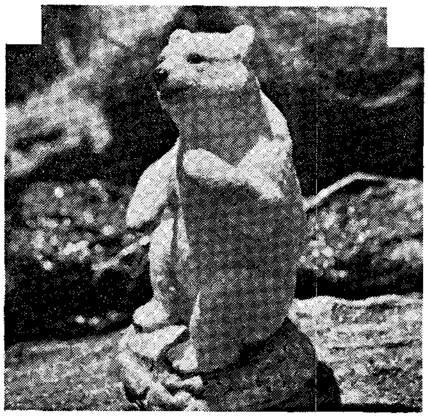

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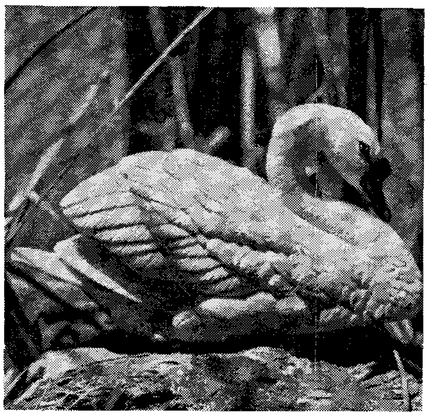

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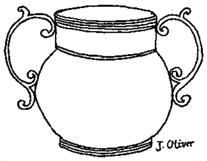
by Aynsley

hallucinations about the hooded men mounted on strange animals charging toward him like the horsemen of the Apocalypse. But almost as frightening as his own reminiscences were the accounts he had heard or read of that earthquake that made the lake.

The earthquake had begun on December 16, 1811, and the sequence of shocks was felt as far away as Detroit and Baltimore and Charleston, South Carolina. Upriver, at New Madrid, Missouri, nearly the whole town crumbled down the bluffs and into the river. The shocks went on for many days—even for several months—and in between the shocks the earth vibrated and sometimes trembled for hours on end "like the flesh of a beef just killed." Men and women and children, during the first bad shocks, hung on to trees like squirrels. In one case, a tree "infested with people" was seen to fall across a newly made ravine, and the poor wretches hung there for hours, until there was a remission in the earth's undulation. Whole families were seen to disappear into round holes thirty feet wide, and the roaring of the upheaval was so loud that their screams could not be heard.



Between Memphis and St. Louis, the river foamed and in some places the current was observed to have reversed and run upstream for several hours. Everywhere, the quake was accompanied by a loud, hoarse roaring. And on land, where fissures and craters appeared, a black liquid was ejected sometimes to a height of fifteen feet and subsequently fell in a black shower, mixed with the sand that it had forced up along with it. In other places, the earth burst open, and mud, water, sandstone, and coal were thrown up the distance of thirty yards. Trees everywhere were blown up, cracking and splitting and falling by the thousand at a time. It was reported that in one place the black liquid oozed out of the ground to the height of the belly of a horse. Grandfather had heard or read somewhere that John James Audubon had been caught in some of the later, less violent shocks and that his horse died of fright with him sitting it. Numbers of people died, of course, on the river as well as on the land, and many of those who survived were never afterward regarded as possessing their right senses.

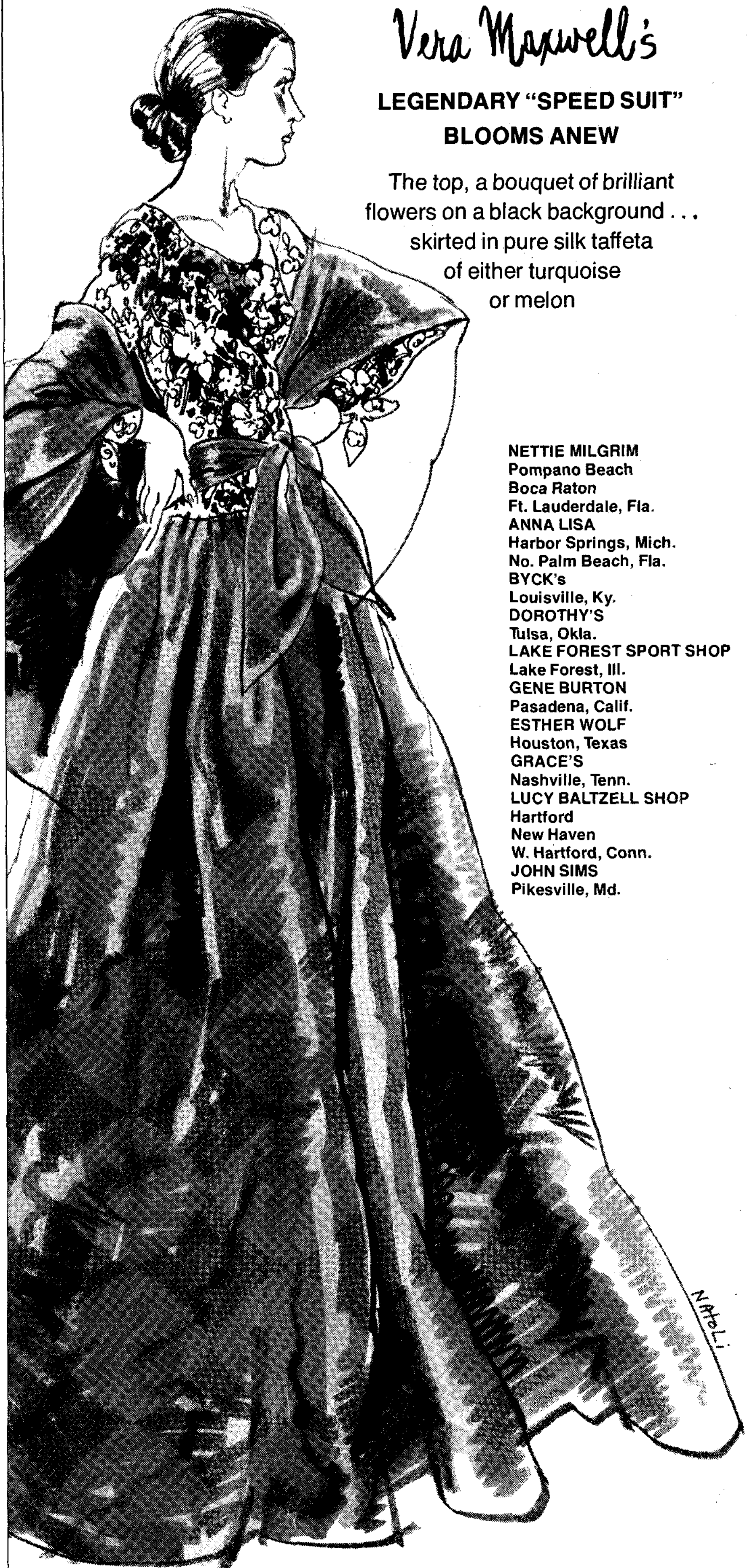
Among the hallucinations that my grandfather had while wandering in the low ground after his escape was that that earthquake of a hundred years before—almost to the day of the month—had recurred, commenced again, or that he was living in that earlier time when the whole earth seemed to be convulsed and its surface appeared as it must have in primordial times. And he imagined that he was there on that frontier in company with the ragged little bands of Frenchmen and Spaniards and newly arrived American settlers, all of whose settlements had vanished into the earth, all of them in flight, like so many Adams and Eves, before the wrath of their Maker.

My father told me more than one time—again, long after I was grown—that it was only after Grandfather Manley had had a few drinks and was off somewhere with a group of men that he would describe the time of wandering in the swamps and describe his hallucinations about the earthquake. And I myself heard him speak of those hallucinations, when I was at the lodge with them and was supposed to be asleep in my cot, heard him speak of them as though they were real events he had experienced and heard him say that his visions of the earthquake were like a glimpse into the eternal chaos we live in, a glimpse no man should be permitted, and that after that all of his war experiences seemed small and insignificant matters—as nothing. And it was after that, of course, that he could never bring himself to go back to those Reunions and take part in those reminiscences with the other old soldiers of events so much magnified by them each year or take part in their magnification of their own roles by advancing themselves in rank each year.

Grandfather could only confide those feelings of his to other men. He would only confide them when he had a little whiskey in him. And what is important, too, is that he only drank alone or in the company of other men. He abhorred what my father and mother had come to speak of in the nineteen-twenties as social drinking. Drinking liquor was an evil and was a sign of weakness, he would have said, and just because one indulged in it oneself was no reason to pretend to the world that there was virtue in it. *That*, to him, was hypocrisy. Drinking behind closed doors or in a secluded hunting lodge, though one denounced it in public as an evil practice, signified respect for the public thing, which was more important than one's private character. It signified genuine humility. And so it was, I must suppose, that he in some degree approved of the kind of drinking bout he had caught me in. And his approval, I suppose, spoiled the whole effect for me. It put me in the position, as I understand it now, of pretending to be like the man I felt myself altogether unlike and alien to.

And so it was that the circumstances he found me in were quite different on that inevitable Decoration Day visit of his. My parents were no sooner aboard the train for Memphis that Friday night than I had fetched a certain acquaintance of mine named Jeff Patterson—he was older than I and had finished his second year at Vanderbilt—and together we had picked up two girls we knew who lived on Eighth Avenue, near the Reservoir. We went dancing at a place out on Nine Mile Hill. We were joined there by two other couples of our acquaintance, and later the eight of us came back to Acklen Park. (I must say that I was much more experienced with girls by that age than I was with liquor.) We had had other, similar evenings at the houses of the parents of the two other boys who joined us that night, but until then I had never been so bold as to use my parents' house for such purposes.

The girls we had with us were not the kind of girls such a boy as I was would spend any time with nowadays. That is why this part of the story may be difficult for people of a later generation to understand. With one's real girl, in those days, a girl who attended Ward-Belmont School and who was enrolled in Miss Amy Lowe's dancing classes, one might neck in the back seat of a car. The girl might often respond too warmly. But it was one's own manliness that made one overcome one's impulse to possess her and, most of all, overcome her impulse to let herself be possessed before taking the marriage vow. I am speaking of decent boys and girls, of course, and I acknowledge that even among decent or "nice" young people of that day there were exceptions to the rule. One knew of too many seven-month babies to have any doubt of that. Still, from the time one was fourteen or fifteen in Nashville one had to know girls of various sorts and one had to have a place to take girls of "the other sort." No one of my generation would have been shocked by the events of that evening. The four couples went to bed—and finally slept—in the four bedrooms on the second floor of my parents' house in Acklen Park. I had never before brought such a party to our house, and I gave no thought to



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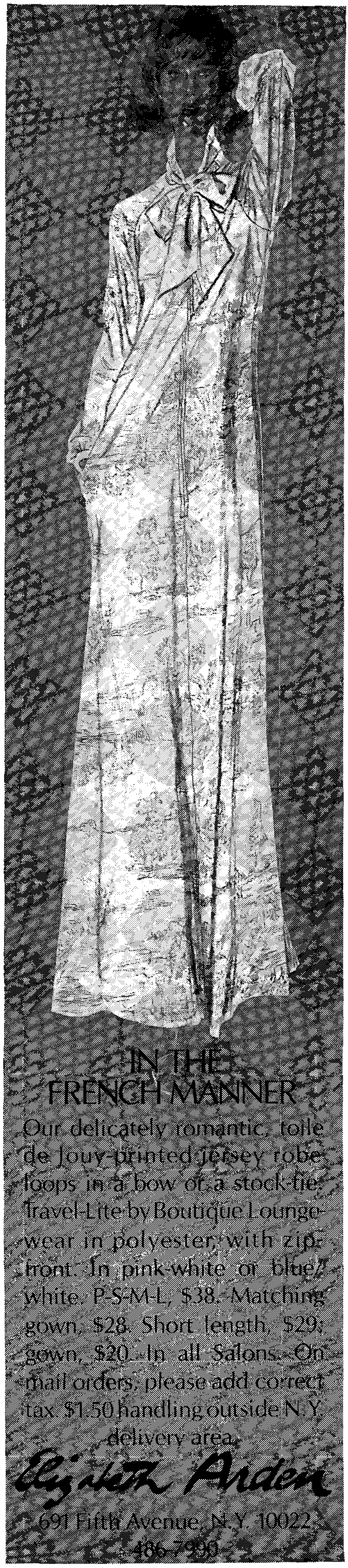

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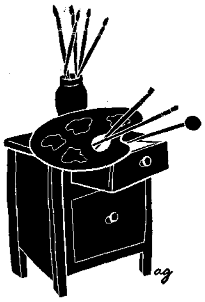
how I would clean up the place afterward or how I would conceal what had gone on there.

It was only a few minutes past seven the next morning when I heard Grandfather's car outside in the driveway. I was at once electrified and paralyzed by the sound. Lying there in my own bed with that girl beside me, and with the other couples still asleep in the other rooms, I had a vision of our big, two-story brick house as it appeared from the outside that May morning, saw the details of the stone quoins at the four corners of the house, the heavy green window blinds and the keystones above the windows, even the acanthus leaves in the capitals of the columns on the front porch. I saw it all through my grandfather's sharp little eyes as he turned into the gravel driveway, and saw through his eyes not only my parents' car, which I had carelessly left out of the garage, but the cars also of the two other boys who had joined us, all three cars sitting out there in the driveway on Sunday morning, as if to announce to him that some kind of party—and even *what* kind of party, probably—was going on inside.

He didn't step into his room to set down his Gladstone bag. I heard him drop it on the floor in the front hall and then I heard his quick footsteps on the long stairway. Then I heard him opening the doors to all the bedrooms. (We *had* had the decency to close ourselves off in separate rooms.) He opened my door last, by design I suppose. I was lying on my stomach and I didn't even lift my head to look at him. But I knew exactly how he would appear there in the doorway, still wearing his long coat and his summer straw hat. That was the last thought or the last vision I indulged in before I felt the first blow of his walking stick across my buttocks. At last he had struck me! That was what I thought to myself.



By the time I felt the second blow from his stick I had realized that between the two blows he delivered me he had struck one on the buttocks of the girl beside me. By the time he had struck the girl a second time she had begun screaming. I came up on my elbows and managed to clamp my hand over her mouth to keep the neighbors from hearing her. He left us then. And over his shoulder, as he went striding from the room, he said, "I want you to get these bitches out of this house and to do so in one hell of a hurry!" He went back into the hallway, and then when I had scrambled out of bed I saw him, to my baffling chagrin and unaccountable sense of humiliation, hurrying into the other rooms, first one and then another, and delivering blows to the occupants of those other beds. Some of the others, I suppose, had heard him crack the door to their rooms earlier and had crawled out of bed before he got there. But I heard him and saw him wielding his stick against Jeff Patterson's backside and against the little bottom of the girl beside him. Finally—still wearing his hat and his gabardine coat, mind you—he passed through the hall again and toward the head of the stairs. I was standing in the doorway to my room by then, but clad only in my underwear shorts. As he went down the stairsteps he glanced back at me and spoke again: "You get those bitches out of your mother's house and you do it in one hell of a hurry."

Even before I was able to pull on my clothes, all four of the girls were fully dressed and scurrying down the stairs, followed immediately by the three boys. I came to the head of the stairs and stood there somewhat bemused, looking down. The girls had gone off into the front rooms downstairs in search of certain of their possessions. I heard them calling to each other desperately: "I left my lipstick right here on this table!" And "Oh, God, where's my purse?" And "Where in the world are my pumps?" I realized then that one of them had gone down the stairs barefoot, and simultaneously I saw Grandfather Manley moving by the foot of the stairs and toward the living room.

I descended slowly, listening to the voices in the front room. First there had come a little shriek from one of the girls when Grandfather entered. Then I heard his voice reassuring them. By the time I reached the living-room doorway, he was assisting them in their search, whereas the three boys only stood by, watching. It was he himself who found that little purse. Already the four girls seemed completely at ease. He spoke to them gently and without contempt or even condescension. The girl who had been my date left with the others, without either of us raising the question of whether or not I might see her home. As they went out through the wide front door the four girls called out "Goodbye!" in cheerful little voices. I opened my mouth to respond, but before I could make a sound I heard Grandfather answering, "Goodbye, girls." And it came over me that it had been to him, not me, they were calling goodbye. When he and I were alone in the hall, he said, "And now I reckon you realize what we've got to do. We've got to do something about those sheets."

It is a fact that he and I spent a good part of that day doing certain cleanup jobs and employing the electric iron here and there. I can't say it drew us together, though, or made any sort of bond between us. Perhaps that's what he imagined the result would be. But I never imagined so for a moment. Though he and I were of the same blood, we had parted company, so to speak, before I was born even, and there was some divisive thing between us that could never be overcome. Perhaps I felt that day that it was my parents, somehow, who would forever be a wall between us, and that once any people turned away from what he was, as they had done, then that—whatever it was he was—was lost to them and to their children and to their children's children forever. But I cannot say definitely that I felt anything so certain or grand that day. I cannot say for sure what I felt except that when he spoke with such composure and assurance to those girls in my parents' living room, I felt that there was nothing in the world he didn't know and hadn't been through.

As he and I worked away at cleaning up the bedrooms that morning, I asked myself if his knowing so well how to speak to those girls and if the genuine sympathy and even tenderness that he clearly felt toward them meant perhaps that his insistence upon living alone in that old house over in Hunt County suggested there were girls or women in his life still. Whatever else his behavior that day meant, it meant that the more bad things I did and the worse they were, then the better he would think he understood me and the more alike he would think we were. But I knew there must yet be something I could do that would show him how different we were, and saw that until I had made him grasp that, I would not begin to discover what, since I wasn't and couldn't be like him, I *was* like.

IN July, Mother and Father went up to Beersheba Springs, on the Cumberland Plateau, for a few days' relief from the hot weather. Beersheba was an old-fashioned watering place, the resort in past times of Episcopal

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When you were younger, it may have pleased you when people mentioned your resemblance to your mother. It was flattering to hear "You lucky girl, you have your mother's hazel eyes" or "Aren't you glad you inherited your mother's marvelous legs!" But lately you may have noticed a subtle difference in the comments. If you've heard even once, "You're beginning to look just like your mother!" it's time you took notice. Your mother may be an attractive and vital-looking woman, but she *is* a generation older . . . and "You're beginning to look like your mother!" probably means you're already looking older than you'd like.

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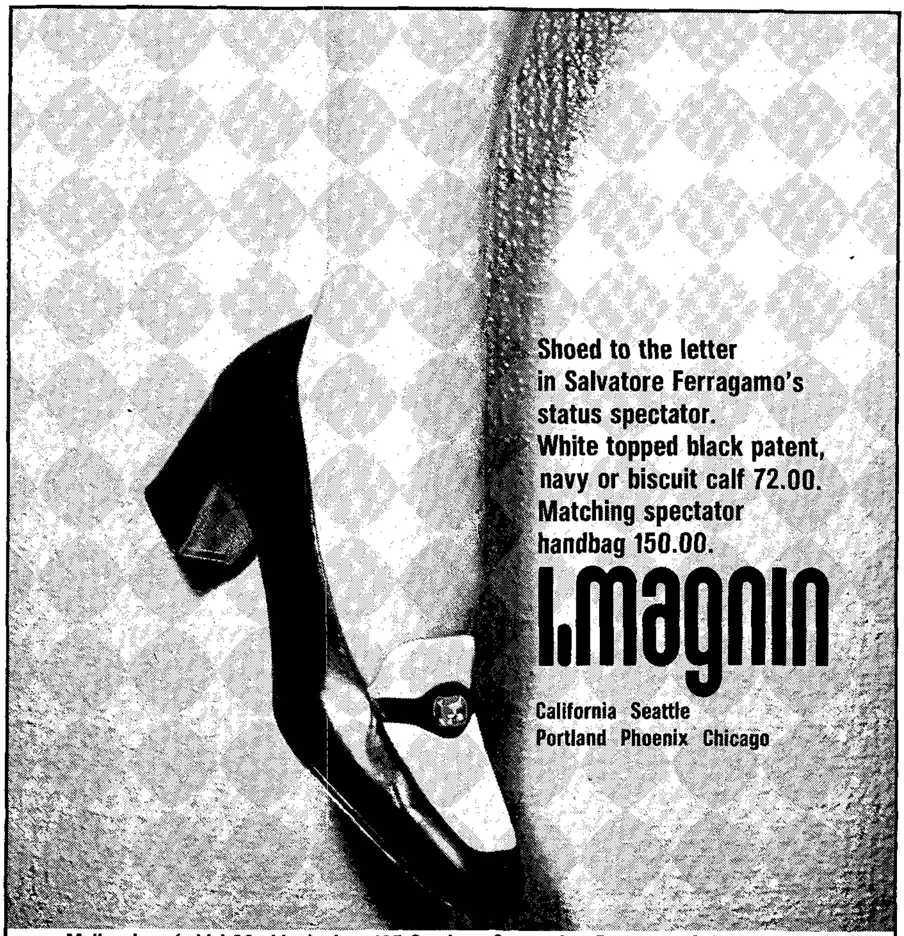
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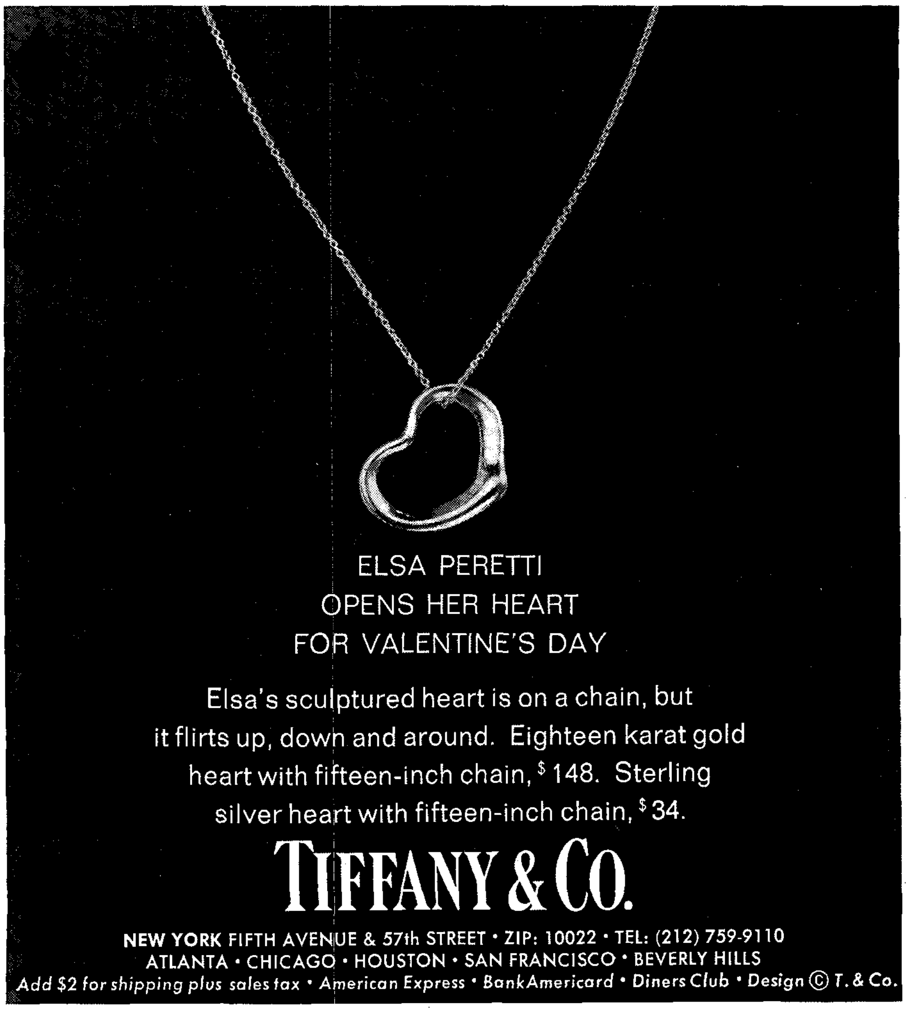
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bishops, Louisiana planters, and the gentry of Middle Tennessee. By the nineteen-twenties only a select few from the Nashville Basin kept cottages there and held sway at the old hotel. It was the kind of summer spot my parents felt most comfortable in. It had never had the dash of Tate Springs or the homey atmosphere of Monteagle, but it was older than either of those places and had had since its beginning gambling tables, horses, and dancing. Behind the porticoed hotel on the bluff's edge, the old slave quarters were still standing, as was also the two-story brick garçonnière, reached by a covered walkway from the hotel. There was an old graveyard overgrown with box and red cedar, enclosed by a rock wall and containing old gravestones leaning at precarious angles but still bearing good Tennessee-Virginia names like Burwell and Armistead. Farther along the bluff and farther back on the plateau were substantial cottages and summer houses, a good number of them built of squared chestnut logs and flanked by handsome limestone end chimneys. The ancient and unreconstructed atmosphere of the place had its attraction even for Grandfather Manley, and my parents had persuaded him to accompany them on their holiday there.

He drove in to Nashville and then, still in his own car, followed Mother and Father in their car to Beersheba Springs, which was seventy or eighty miles southeast of Nashville, on the edge of the plateau and just above what used to be known as the Highland Rim. It seemed a long way away. There was no question in my mind of the old man's turning up in Nashville this time. I looked forward with pleasure to a few days of absolute freedom—from my parents, from my grandfather, and even from the servants, who were always given a holiday whenever my parents were out of town. I was in such relaxed good spirits when Father and Mother and Grandfather Manley had departed that I went up to my room—though it was not yet noon—and took a nap on my bed. I had no plans made for this period of freedom except to see even more than usual of a Ward-Belmont girl whom I had been dating during most of that winter and spring and whom my parents, as an indication of their approval of my courting a girl of her particular family, had had to dinner at our house several times and even on one occasion when my grandfather was there. She was acknowledged by my family and by everyone else to be my girl, and by no one more expressly than by the two of us—by the girl herself, that is, and by me.

I was awakened from my nap just before noon that day by the ringing of the telephone in the upstairs hall. And it so happened that the person calling was none other than she whom I would have most wished to hear from. It was not usual for such a girl to telephone any boy, not even her acknowledged favorite. I have to say that as soon as I heard her voice I experienced one of those moments I used often to have in my youth of seeming to know how everything was going to go. I can't blame myself for how things did go during the next twenty-four hours and can't blame the girl, either. Since this is not the story of our romance, it will suffice to say that though our romance did not endure for long after that time, these events were not necessarily the cause of its failure. The girl herself has prospered in life quite as much as I have. And no doubt she sometimes speaks of me nowadays, wherever in the world she is living, as "a boy I went with in Nashville," without ever actually mentioning my name. At any rate, when she telephoned that day she said she was *very much* upset about something and wanted *very much* to see me at once. She apologized for calling. She would not have been so brash, she said, except that since I had told her of my parents' plans she knew I would probably be at home alone. The circumstance about which she was upset was that since her parents, too, were out of town, her two older sisters were planning "an awful kind of party" that she could not possibly have any part in. She wanted me to help her decide what she must do.

My parents had taken our family car to Beersheba, and so it was that she and I had to meet on foot, halfway between Acklen Park and her house, which was two or three miles away, out in the Belle Meade section. And it ended of course, after several hours of earnest talk about love and life—exchanged over milkshakes in a place called Candyland and on the benches in the Japanese Garden in Centennial Park—ended by our coming to my house and telephoning her sisters that she had gone to spend the night with a classmate from Ward-Belmont. The inevitability of its working out so is beyond question in my mind. At least, in retrospect it is. Certainly both of us had known for many days beforehand that both sets of parents would be out of town; and certainly

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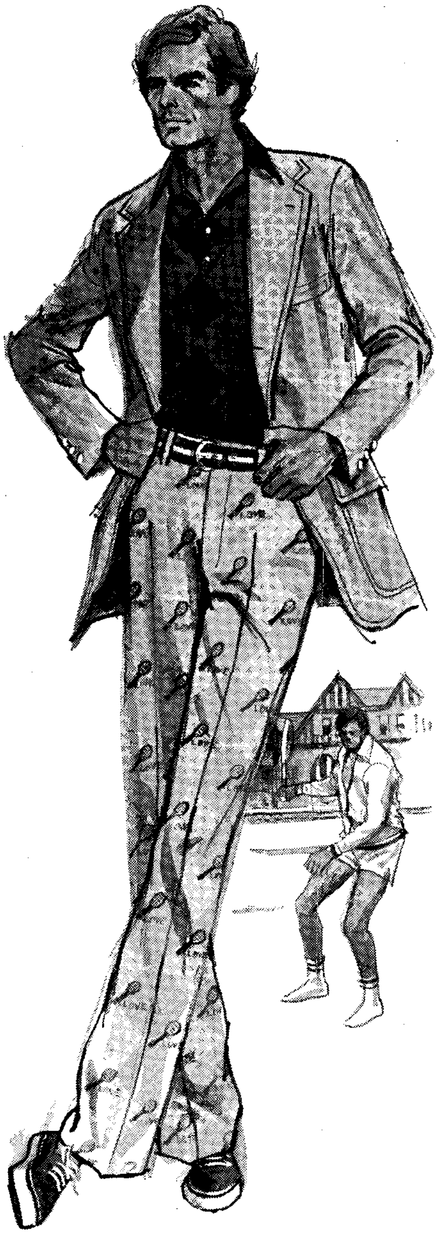

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the very passionate kind of necking which we had been indulging in that summer, in the darkness of my father's car and in the darkness of her father's back terrace, had become almost intolerable to us. But we could honestly say to ourselves that we had made no plans for that weekend. We were able to tell ourselves afterward that it was just something that happened. And I was able to tell myself for many years afterward—I cannot deny it categorically even today—that I would not have consented to our coming to my house if I had thought there was the remotest possibility of Grandfather Manley's turning up there.

And yet, though I can tell myself so, there will always be a certain lingering doubt in my mind. And even after it was clear to both of us that we would sleep together that night, her sense of propriety was still such that she refused to go up to the second floor of my house. Even when I led her into Grandfather Manley's room, she did not realize or did not acknowledge to herself that it was a bedroom we were in. I suppose she had never before seen anything quite like the furniture there. "What a darling room!" she exclaimed when I had put on the floor lamp beside the golden-oak rocker. And when I pulled down the great folding bed, even in the dim lamplight I could see that she blushed. Simultaneously almost, I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror of the oak bureau and I cannot deny that I thought with a certain glee in that moment of my grandfather or deny that I felt a certain premonition of events.

My first thought when I heard his car outside the next afternoon was: We are in *his* room! We are in *his* bed! I imagined that that was what was going to disturb him most. The fact was that we had been in and out of his bed I don't know how many times by then. We had not only made love there in a literal sense, and were so engaged when he arrived, but we had during various intervals delighted each other there in the bed with card games and even checkers and Parcheesi, with enormous quantities of snacks which the cook had left for me in the refrigerator, and finally with reading aloud to each other from volumes of poetry and fiction which I fetched from my room upstairs. If there had been any sense of wrongdoing in our heads the previous afternoon regarding such preoccupations as would be ours during those two days, it had long since been dispelled by the time that old man my grandfather arrived.

When I told her there beside me that it was the tires of my grandfather's car she and I had heard skidding in the gravel and that it was now his quick, light step on the porch steps that I recognized, she seized me by the wrist and whispered, "Even if he knows I'm here, I don't want him to see me, and I don't want to see him. You have to hide me! Quickly!" By the time we had pushed up the folding bed, there was already the sound of his key in the front door. There was nothing for it, if she were to be hidden, but to hide her in the wardrobe.

"Over there," I said, "if you're sure you want to. But it's his room. He's apt to find you."

"Don't you let him," she commanded.

"You put on your clothes" was all I could say. I was pulling on my trousers. And now she was running on tiptoe toward the wardrobe, with nothing on at all, carrying all her clothing and a pillow and blanket from the bed, all in a bundle clutched before her. She opened the wardrobe door, tossed everything in before her, and then hopped in on top of it. I followed her over there, buttoning my trousers and trying to get into my shirt. As I took a last step forward to close the door on her, I realized that except for her and the bundle of clothing she was crouched on the wardrobe was entirely empty. There were no possessions of Grandfather's in it. I thought to myself, Perhaps he never opens the wardrobe even. And as I closed the door I saw to my delight that my brave girl, huddled there inside the wardrobe, wasn't by any means shedding tears but was smiling up at me. And I think I knew then for the first time in my life how wonderful it is to be in love and how little anything else in the world matters. And I found myself smiling back at her with hardly an awareness of the fact that she hadn't a piece of clothing on her body. And I actually delayed closing the door long enough to put the palm of my hand to my mouth and throw her a kiss.

Then, having observed the emptiness of the wardrobe, I glanced over at the oak bureau and wondered if it weren't entirely empty, too. I was inspired by that thought to quickly gather up my books, along with a bread wrapper and a jam jar, a kitchen knife, a couple of plates and glasses, and also my own shoes and socks, and to stuff them all inside a drawer of the bureau. On opening the heavy top drawer I found I was not mistaken. The drawer was empty and with no sign of its ever having been used by Grandfather—perhaps not since the day when the furniture had first been brought from Hunt County and Mother had put down the white paper in it for lining.

Already I had heard Grandfather Manley calling my name out in the front hall. It was something I think he had never done before when arriving at the house. His choosing to do so had given me the extra time I had needed. When I closed the big bureau drawer I looked at myself in the wide mirror above it, and I was almost unrecognizable even to myself. I was sweating profusely. My hair was uncombed. I had not shaved in two days. My trousers and shirt were all wrinkles. But I heard my grandfather calling me a second time and knew I had to go out there.

When I stepped, barefoot, into his view I could tell from his expression that he saw me just as I had seen myself and that I was barely recognizable to him. He was standing at the foot of the stairs, from which point he had been calling my name. No doubt my face showed him how astonished I was to have him call out to me on coming into the house—at the informality and open friendliness of it. No doubt for a minute or so he supposed that accounted wholly for my obvious consternation. He actually smiled at me. It was rather a sickly grin, though, like General Forrest's, the smile of a man who isn't given to smiling. And yet there was an undeniable warmth in his smile and in the total expression on his face. "I couldn't abide another day of Beersheba Springs," he said. "The swells over there are too rich for my blood. I thought I would just slip by here on my way home and see what kind of mischief you might be up to."

Clearly what he said was intended to amuse me. And just as clearly he meant that he preferred whatever low life he might find me engaged in to the high life led by my parents' friends at Beersheba. Presently, though, he could deceive himself no longer about my extraordinary appearance and my nervous manner's indication that something was wrong.

"What's the matter, son?" he said.

"Nothing's the matter," I said belligerently.

The very friendliness of his demeanor somehow made me resent

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B				x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
C	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
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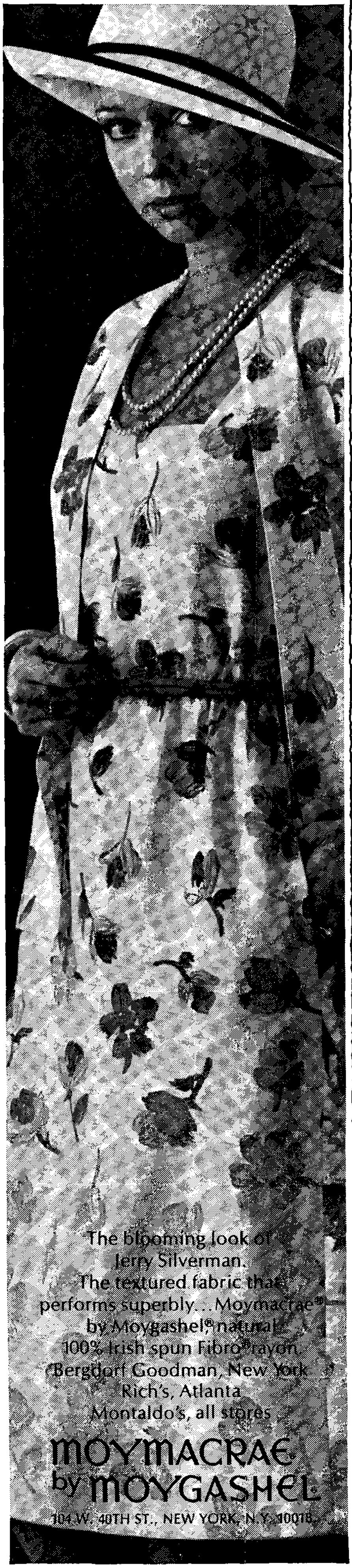

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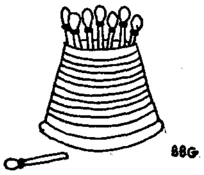
more bitterly than ever before his turning up at so inconvenient a moment. This was my real life he had come in on and was interfering with. Moreover, he had intruded this time with real and unconcealed feelings of his own. I could not permit him, at that hour of my life, to make me the object of his paternal affection. I was a grown man now and was in love with a girl who was about to be disgraced in his eyes. How could there be anything between him and me? His life, whether or not it was in any way his fault, had kept him from knowing what love of our sort was. He might know everything else in the world, including every other noble feeling that I would never be able to experience. He might be morally correct about everything else in the world, but he was not morally correct about love between a man and a woman. This was what I felt there in the hall that afternoon. I was aware of how little I had to base my judgment on. It was based mostly on the nothing that had ever been said about women in all the stories he had told me. In the stories about the night riders, for instance, there was no incident about his reunion with his wife, my grandmother, afterward. And I never heard him speak of her by her first name. Even now I wonder how we ever know about such men and their attitude toward women. In our part of the world we were brought up on tales of the mysterious ways of Thomas Jefferson, whose mother and wife are scarcely mentioned in his writings, and Andrew Jackson and Sam Houston, whose reticence on the subject of women is beyond the comprehension of most men nowadays. Did they have too much respect for women? Were they perhaps, for all their courage in other domains, afraid of women or afraid of their own compelling feelings toward women? I didn't think all of this, of course, as I faced Grandfather Manley there in the hall, but I believe I felt it. It seemed to me that his generation and my own were a thousand years apart.



"What's the matter, son?" he said.

"Nothing's the matter," I said.

There was nothing more for either of us to say. He began to move toward me and in the direction of his room. "Why don't you wait a minute," I said, "before you go into your room?"

His little eyes widened, and after a moment he said, "It ain't my room, y'know. I only stay in it."

"Yes," I said, "but I've been reading in there. Let me go clear up my books and things." I had no idea but to delay him. I said, "Maybe you should go out to the kitchen and get something to eat."

But he walked right past me, still wearing his hat and coat, of course, and still carrying his little Gladstone bag. When he had passed into his room and I had followed him in there, he said, "I see no books and things."

"No," I said. "I hid them in the bureau drawer. I didn't know whether you would like my being in here."

He looked at me skeptically. I went over and opened the drawer and took out my books and my shoes and socks. Then I closed the drawer, leaving everything else in it. But he came and opened the drawer again. And he saw the plates and other things. "What else are you hiding?" he asked. No doubt he had heard the knives and the plates rattling about when I closed the drawer. Then he turned and walked over to the wardrobe. I ran ahead of him and placed myself against the door. "You've got one of those bitches of yours hidden in there, I reckon," he said.

"No, sir," I said, trying to look him straight in the eye.

"Then what is it?" he said. And he began blinking his eyes, not because I was staring into them but because he was thinking. "Are you going to tell me, or am I going to find out for myself?"

Suddenly I said, "It's my girl in there." We were both silent for a time, staring into each other's eyes. "And you've no right to open the door on her," I finally said. "Because she's not dressed."

"You're lying," he came back at me immediately. "I don't believe you for a minute." He left me and went to the folding bed and pulled it down. He set his bag on the bed and he poked at the jumble of sheets with his cane. Then he stood there, looking back at me for several moments. He still had not removed his straw hat and had not unbuttoned his coat. Finally he began moving across the room toward me. He stood right before me, looking me in the eye again. Then, with almost no effort, he pushed me aside and opened the wardrobe door.

She still hadn't managed to get into her clothes but she was hugging the pillow and had the blanket half pulled over her shoulder. I think he may have recognized her from the one time he had met her at dinner. Or maybe, I thought to myself, he was just such an old expert that he could tell what kind

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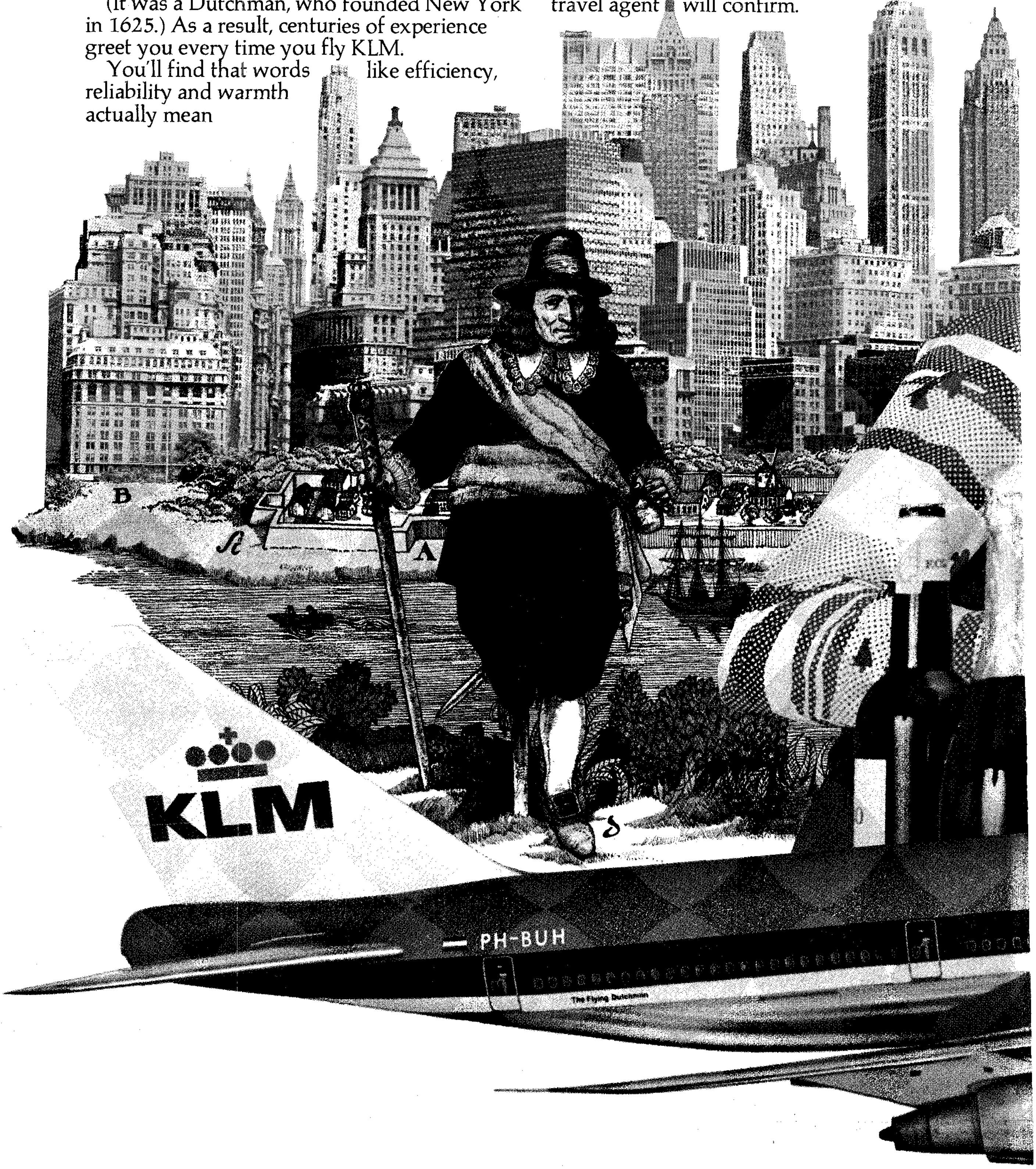

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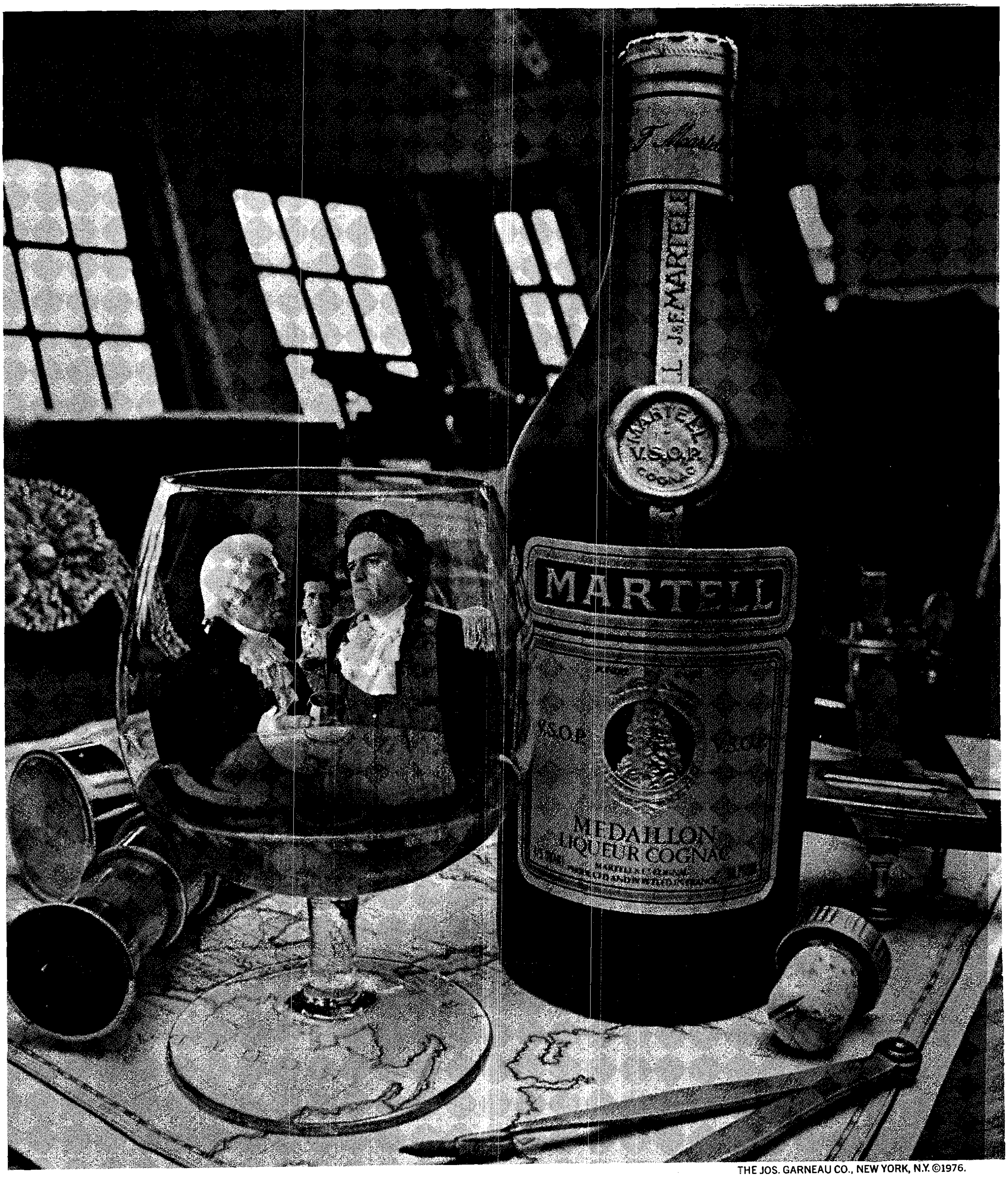

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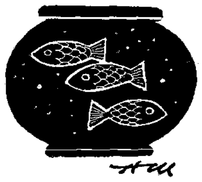
of girl she was from one glance at her. Anyway, he turned on me a look cold and fierce and so articulate that I imagined I could hear the words his look expressed: "So this is how bad you really are!" Then he went directly over to the bed, took up his bag and his cane, left the room, and left the house without speaking to me again.

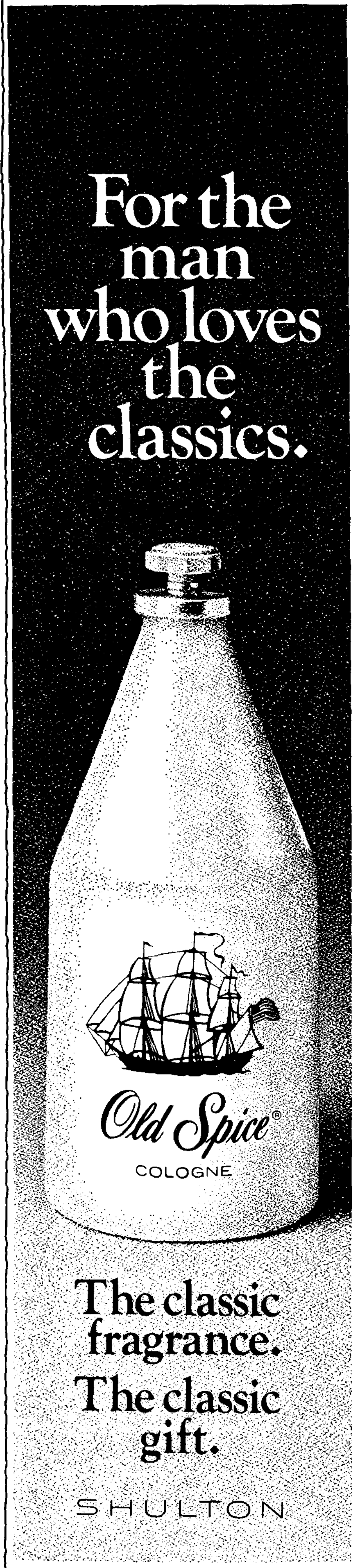
When I had heard the front door close I took the leather ottoman across the room and sat on it, holding hands with that brave and quiet girl who, with the door wide open now, remained crouching inside the wardrobe. When finally we heard him drive out of the driveway, we smiled at each other and kissed. And I thought to myself again that his generation and ours were a thousand years apart, or ten thousand.

I THOUGHT of course that when Grandfather Manley left Acklen Park he would continue on his way to Hunt County. But that was not the case. Or probably he did go to Hunt County, after all, and then turned around and went back to Beersheba Springs from there. Because, according to the account which my parents gave me later, he arrived at Beersheba at about eleven o'clock that night, and it would be difficult to explain how he was dressed as he was unless he had made a trip home and changed into the clothes he arrived in. He left Acklen Park about four in the afternoon, and from that time through the remaining ten years of his life he was never again seen wearing the old gabardine coat or either of his broad-brimmed hats. When he arrived at Beersheba, Mother and Father were sitting on the front gallery of the hotel with a group of friends. They were no doubt rocking away in the big rockers that furnished the porch, talking about the bridge hands they had held that evening, and enjoying the view of the moonlit valley below Cumberland Mountain.



When they saw him drive up, the car was unmistakable of course. But the man who emerged from it was not unmistakable. Major Basil Manley was dressed in a black serge suit, and in the starched collar of his white shirt he wore a black shoestring tie. I can describe his attire in such detail because from that day I never saw him in any other. That is, except on Decoration Day in those later years, when he invariably appeared in Confederate uniform. And in which uniform, at his own request, he was finally buried, not at Huntsboro and not in the family graveyard but at Mount Olivet Cemetery, at Nashville. My father's account of his arrival on the hotel porch is memorable to me because it is the source of a great discovery which I felt I had made. My parents didn't recognize him for a certainty until he had passed along the shadowy brick walkway between the hovering boxwoods and stepped up on the porch. And then, significantly, both of them went to him and kissed him on the cheek, first my mother and then my father. And all the while, as my father described it, Major Manley stood there, ramrod straight, his cheeks wet with tears, like an old general accepting total defeat with total fortitude.

And what I understood for certain when I heard about that ceremony of theirs was that it had, after all, been their battle all along, his and theirs, not his and mine. I, after all, had only been the pawn of that gentle-seeming couple who were his daughter and son-in-law and who were my parents. His disenchantment and his eventual corruption had been necessary to their purposes, and I had been their means of achieving that end. It is almost unbelievable the changes that took place in Grandfather from that day. He grew his beard again, which was completely white now, of course. It hid his lean jaw and weak chin, making him very handsome, and was itself very beautiful in its silky whiteness against his black suit and black shoestring tie. The following year—the very next May—he began attending the Confederate Reunions again. And of course he was immediately promoted to the rank of colonel. Yet he did hold out against ever wearing the insignia of that rank, until he was in his coffin and it was put on him by other hands. As far as I know, he never allowed anyone—not even the other veterans—to address him otherwise than as "Major Manley." And in the fall, after he had first appeared in his new role at Beersheba Springs, he began coming in to Nashville more often than ever. I was not at home that fall, since that was my first year away at college, but when I would go home for a weekend and find him there or find that he had been there, I would observe some new object in his room, an old picture of my grandmother as a girl, bare-shouldered and with dark curls about her face, the picture in its original oval frame. Other family pictures soon appeared, too. And there was a handsome washbasin and pitcher, and there were some of his favorite books, like Ramsey's "Annals



of Tennessee," and lawbooks that had belonged to his father, my great-grandfather. And then, very soon, he began to bring in small pieces of furniture that were unlike the golden-oak pieces already there.

When my mother had first urged Grandfather Manley to come live with us, it was just after my grandmother died and before we had moved into the big house in Acklen Park. He had said frankly then that he thought he would find it too cramped in our little house on Division Street. But when they bought the new house, they had done so with an eye to providing accommodations that would be agreeable to an old man who might before many years not like to climb stairs and who, at any rate, was known to be fond of his privacy. They consulted with a number of their friends who had the responsibility for aging parents. It was a bond they were now going to share with those friends, or a bond which they aspired to, anyway. In those days in Nashville, having a Confederate veteran around the place was comparable to having a peacock on the lawn or, if not that, at least comparable to having one's children in the right schools. It was something anybody liked to have. It didn't matter, I suppose, what rank the veteran was, since he was certain to be promoted as the years passed. The pressure on Major Manley to move in with his daughter and son-in-law was gentle always, but it was constant and it was enduring. One of the most compelling reasons given him was that they wanted him to get to know his only grandson and that they wanted the grandson to have the benefit of growing up in the house with him. Well, when the new house was bought and he was shown that room on the first floor which was to be reserved perpetually for him whenever he might choose to come and occupy it, and when he was urged to furnish it with whatever pieces he might wish to bring in from Hunt County, he no doubt felt he could not absolutely reject the invitation. And he no doubt had unrealistic dreams about some kind of rapport that might develop between him and the son of this daughter and son-in-law of his.

I don't remember the day it happened, of course, but it must have come as a considerable shock and disappointment to Mother when a truck hired in Huntsboro arrived bearing not the rosewood half-canopied bed from her mother's room at home, or the cannonball fourposter from the guest room there, but the foldaway golden-oak bed

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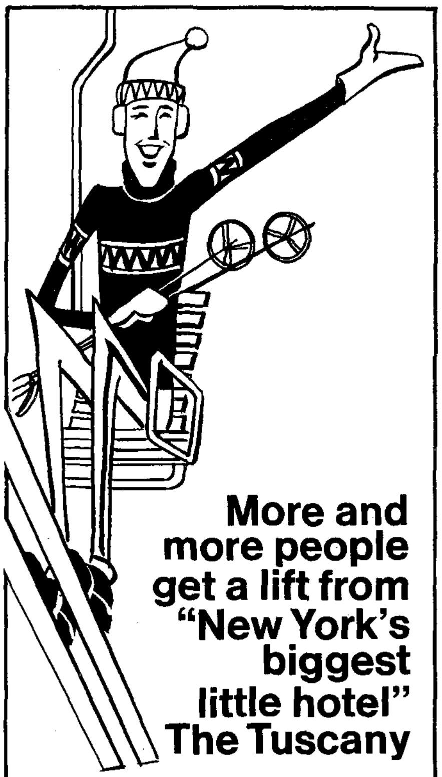

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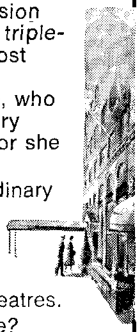

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instead, and the other golden-oak pieces instead of the walnut and mahogany pieces she had had in mind. Yet no complaint was made to the old man. (His daughter and son-in-law were much too gentle for that.) The golden oak had come out of the downstairs "office" in the old farmhouse, which he had furnished when he first got married and brought his wife to live with his own parents. No doubt he thought it most appropriate for any downstairs bedroom, even in Acklen Park. The main object was to get him to occupy the room. And, after his fashion, this of course was how he had occupied it through the years.

But by Christmas of the year he and I had our confrontations he had, piece by piece, moved all new furnishings into the room and had disposed of all the golden oak. The last piece he exchanged was the folding bed for the walnut cannonball bed. When I came home at Christmas, there was the big fourposter filling the room, its mattress so high above the floor (in order to accommodate the trundle bed) that a set of walnut bed steps was required for Grandfather to climb into or out of it. And before spring came the next year Grandfather had closed his house in Hunt County and taken up permanent residence in Acklen Park. He lived there for the rest of his life, participating in my parents' lively social activities, talking freely about his Civil War experiences, even telling the ladies how he courted my grandmother during that time, and how sometimes he would slip away from his encampment, make a dash for her father's farm, and spy on her from the edge of a wood without ever letting her know he had been in the neighborhood.

Such anecdotes delighted the Nashville ladies and the Nashville gentlemen, too. But often he would talk seriously and at length about the War itself—to the great and special delectation of both my parents—describing for a roomful of people the kind of lightning warfare that Forrest carried on, going on late into the evening sometimes, describing every little crossroads skirmish from Between the Rivers to Shiloh, pausing now and then for a little parenthetical explanation, for the ladies, of such matters as the difference between tactics and strategy. Sometimes he would display remarkable knowledge of the grand strategy of the really great battles of the War, of Shiloh and Vicksburg and Stone's River and Franklin and Chickamauga, and of other battles that he had had no part in. When he had a sufficiently worthy

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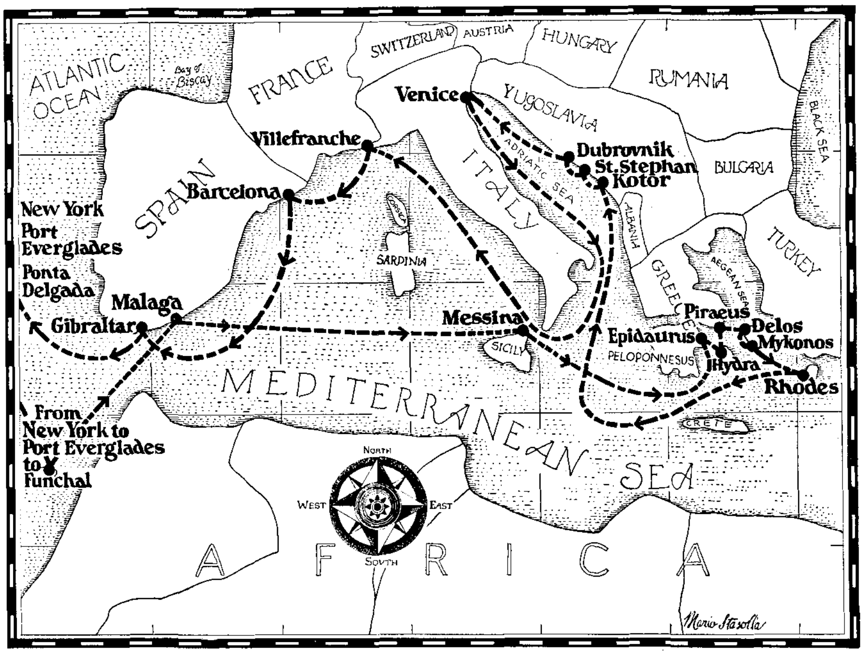
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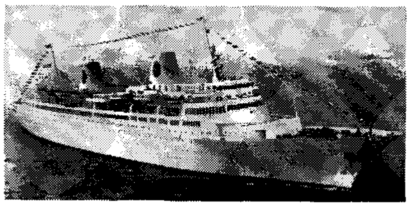

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audience he would even speculate about whether or not the War in the West might have been won if Bragg had been removed from his command or whether the whole War mightn't have been won if President Davis had not viewed it so narrowly from the Richmond point of view. Or he would raise the question of what might have happened if Lee had been allowed to go to the Mountains.

I heard my parents' accounts of all such talk of his. But I heard some of it myself, too. The fall after I had graduated from Wallace School, I went away to the University of the South, at Sewanee. My father had gone to Vanderbilt because he had been a Methodist, and Vanderbilt was the great Methodist university in those days. But he and Mother, under the influence of one of his aunts, had become Episcopalian before I was born even. And so there was never any idea but that I should go to Sewanee. I liked being at Sewanee and liked being away from Nashville for the first time in my life. The university was full of boys from the various states of the Deep South. I very soon made friends there with boys from Mississippi and Louisiana and South Carolina. And since Nashville was so close by, I used to bring some of them home with me on weekends or on short holidays. They of course had never seen Grandfather Manley the way he had been before. And they couldn't imagine his being different from the way he was then. He would gather us around him sometimes in the evening and talk to us about the War Between the States. The boys loved to listen to him. They really adored him and made over him and clamored for him to tell certain stories over and over again. I enjoyed it, too, of course. He seemed quite as strange and interesting an old character to me as he did to them. And sometimes when I would ask him a question, just the way the others did, he would answer me with the same politeness he showed them, and at those times I would have the uneasy feeling that he wasn't quite certain whether it was I or one of the others who was his grandson, whether I was not perhaps merely one of the boys visiting, with the others, from Sewanee. —PETER TAYLOR

•

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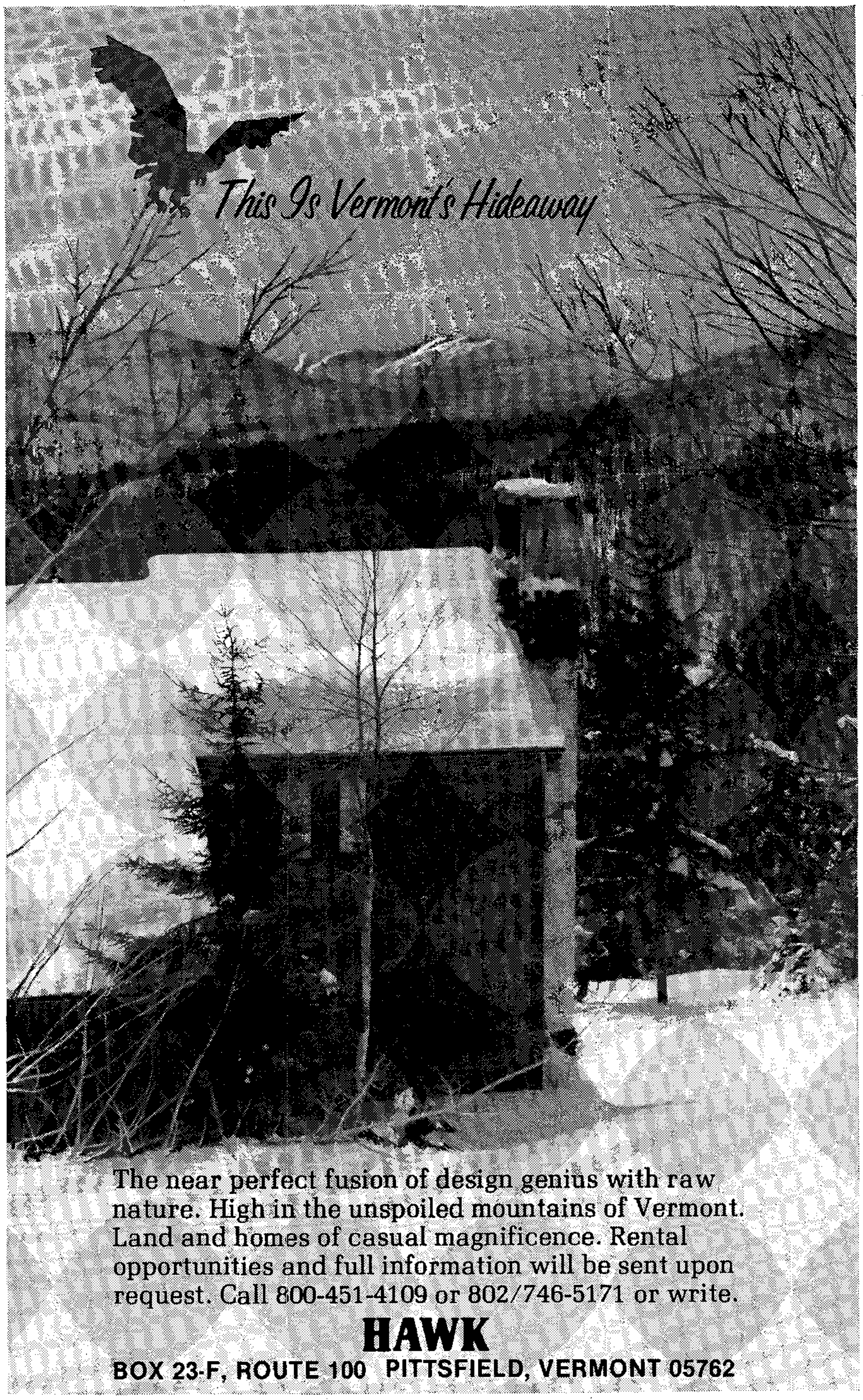

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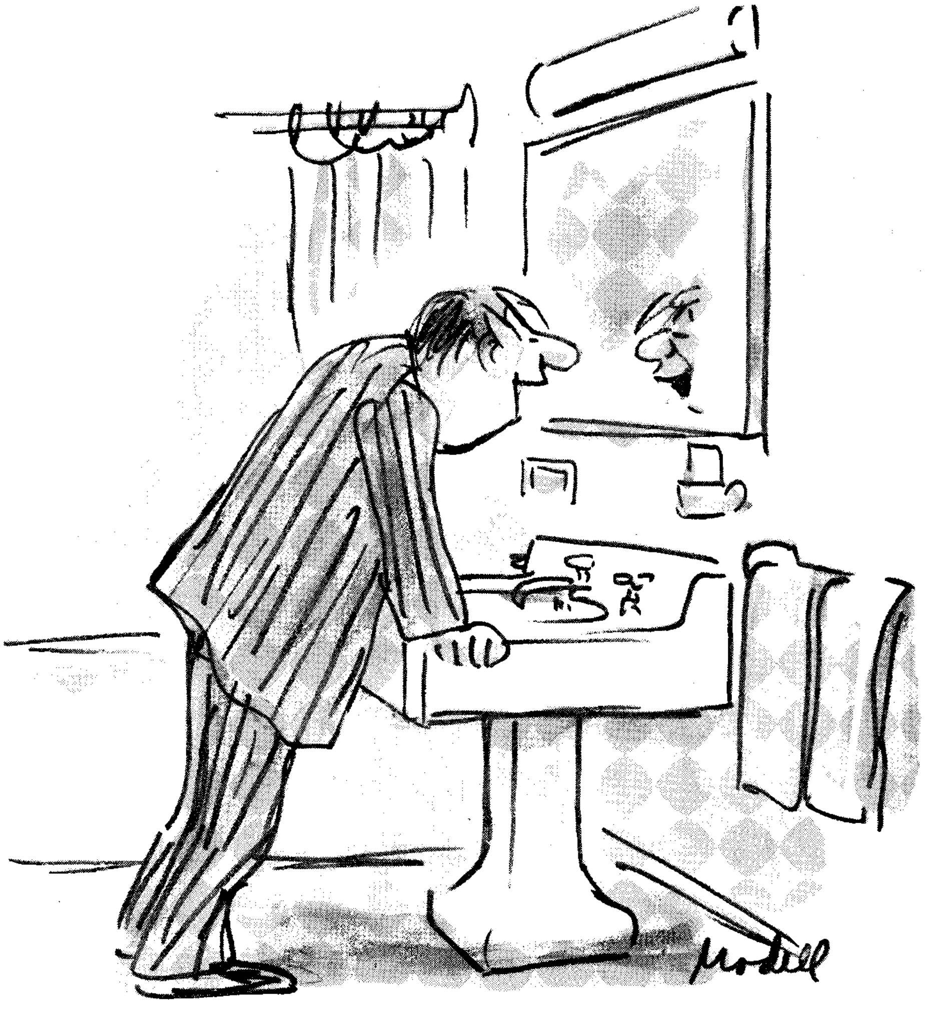
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

THE little theatre at St. Clement's Church has taken the step from Off Off to Off Broadway with its production of Richard Hobson's "Memphis Is Gone," a play with music, of which he is both author and composer. "Memphis Is Gone" tells the story of the partnership of a pair of wino hoboes—a mysterious older man called Moon, of considerable practical and unworldly wisdom, and a much younger, innocent fellow named Jasmine—who meet at a mission house in a California slum, where Moon, recently sprung from jail, is working for the minister's wife. They leave together, and they remain together as itinerant peach pickers for thirteen years. (It is Jasmine's name that makes Moon decide to take him along, because a witch in a bayou long ago predicted that he would team up with a musician called Kansas City Jazzman; Moon's year-in, year-out unavailing efforts to persuade the no-talent Jasmine to learn the harmonica make a gentle running joke.) Throughout the evening, two singing guitarists and a harmonica player stand on a platform above the stage, and their songs are meshed with the action in a most original way; occasionally the actors and singers speak and sing in unison, but more often the effect is contrapuntal. Yet while the play may sound like a free-form, picaresque work, it is not. It is controlled and economical. There are only three sets: the mission house where the two men meet, a hobo jungle on the West Coast (where Moon forces an appalled and revolted Jasmine to skin a cat for their dinner), and Moon's cheap hotel room, where Jasmine, looking old and dirty and beaten after so many years of boozing and vagrancy, comes to tell Moon that their dog, Memphis, is gone, only to find that Moon, too, has disappeared and a professor is sleeping in his bed.

Mr. Hobson's charming, varied songs, his dramatic invention, and his good lines; the skillful, lively performances, under Robert Allan Ackerman's direction; and Arden Fingerhut's subtle, uncanny lighting all combine to give the entire show an aura of legend—not of fake legend about actual people, which has become a commonplace bore, but of the real thing, constructed out of whole cloth and considerable humor. John Kellogg and Kevin O'Connor are Moon and Jasmine—Mr. Kellogg laconic, withdrawn, and quietly in control of every situation that arises; Mr. O'Connor garrulous and genial, his bravado barely covering his inner bewilderment and timidity. Jean DeBaer and William Snikowski are, respectively, three quite different women and three quite different men, and Thom Schuyler, Bill Swiggard, and Robert Paparozzi are the invaluable singing guitarists and the harmonica player. Sets by Eric Head, costumes by Bobby Wojewodski.

CORINNE JACKER's "My Life," at the Circle Repertory, is a complex, difficult play about a physicist, presumably in his early thirties, and his attempts to exorcise his past and its dramatis personae—himself as a youth, his parents and a grandfather, and a dead girl he once loved—and also about his attempts to reconcile human behavior with the more stable laws of science. The physicist, Edward, has come to a complete stop, unable to make up his mind about anything, and we first see him drawing an elaborate diagram on a blackboard as he explains to a young woman who would like to live with him that he is trying to figure out who he is. The action takes place at his house in San Francisco and on the grounds around it, and on a couple of balconies, where he and his family and the dead girl, as they were ten or fifteen years before, forgather. The writing, always professional, is dense with images, literary allusions, learned references, and who-cares information, yet the play is not always as austere or intellectual as I've made it sound; there is some feeling, there is some comedy, and a number of the brief scenes are theatrical. In one of them, Edward, irritated beyond bearing, shoos the characters of the past off the stage, and they



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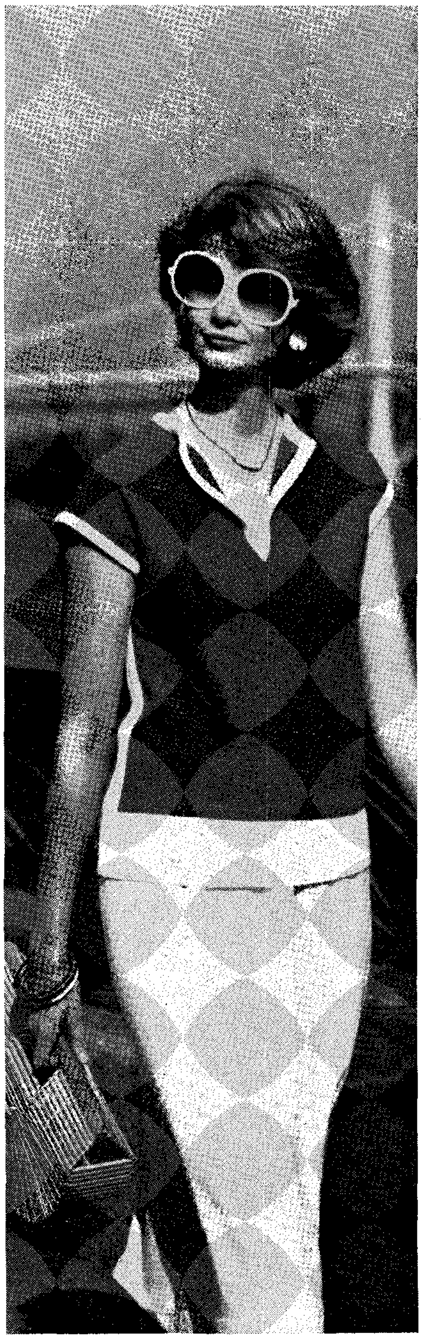


all leave except for the grandfather, whom he knew only by reputation anyway. There is a touching scene between the younger Edward and his girl, a left-wing activist of the sixties who died in jail. There is an actual (and also, I'm afraid, symbolic) onstage swimming pool, into which the characters plunge, to bracing effect—especially near the end, when the dead girl leaps in and the would-be mistress climbs out, dripping.

Although the characters never quite seem to break free of the dramatist, they are actable, and the company, under Marshall W. Mason's direction, does well, singly and collectively. William Hurt plays Edward, in all his frustration, with quiet strength and emotion, and with some humor, too, and I also admired Jo Henderson, Nancy Snyder, Douglass Watson, and Christopher Reeve. The setting, which by some inexplicable feat gives the illusion of unlimited space in a very small space, is by David Potts.

THE revival of Athol Fugard's tragic "Boesman and Lena," at the Manhattan Theatre Club, is a complete success—another gift to the audience from that invaluable upper East Side cornucopia. The play, which, as you may remember, is virtually plotless, is about a threadbare husband and wife—South African "coloreds"—whose work is digging up worms and other bait for fishermen, and who have spent their entire life together moving, with their meagre belongings, from one mud flat to the next, a step ahead of the white man's bulldozer. What is acted out on the stage is one segment of that life—an evening and a night—but since this is a drama, not a documentary, it is an important, even a crucial, segment. As a result of it, Boesman, who has been treated as rubbish by the "baas" for so long that he accepts that judgment himself, comes to realize that he is a man of feeling, whose fires, though banked, are not out—for all the good it will do him. The catalyst is an old Kaffir, a black man whom Lena insists, over Boesman's protests, on sheltering at their fire, and whose presence and eventual death are a terrible danger to the two of them, the rules of apartheid being what they are. The play finishes as it starts: Boesman and Lena, carrying their possessions, again move across the stage a step ahead of disaster, but this time something has been resolved.

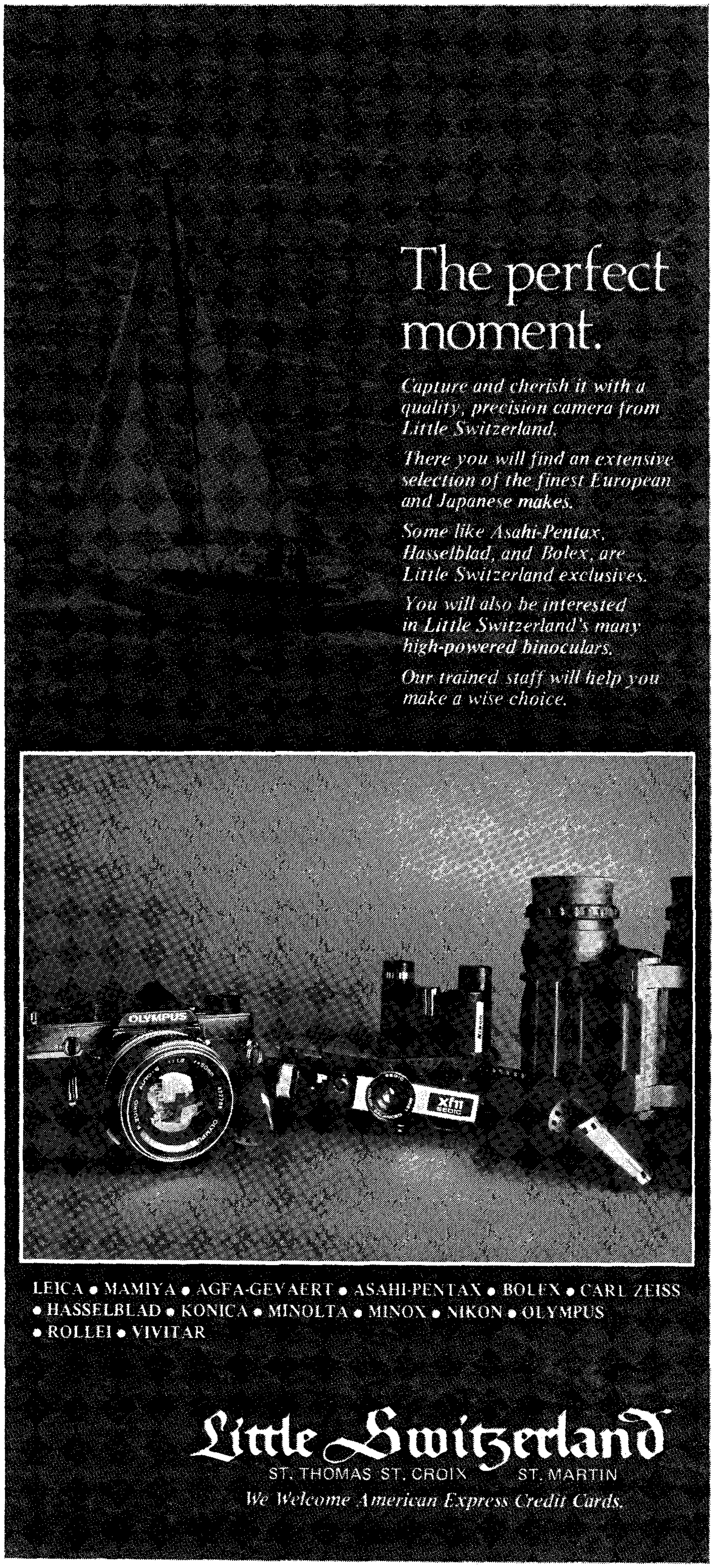
Frances Foster gives a strong performance as Lena, bruised and battered but by far the stronger of the pair. The remarkable Robert Christian makes the role of Boesman his forever, his wary and unblinking eyes revealing Boesman's fear and resentment and belying his contemptuous and self-contemptuous laughter; for all his bullying of Lena and his sporadic brutality to her and the black man, his deep rage and hurt and humiliation, turned in upon himself, have drained much of his energy away. When he does finally talk—an intelligent, inarticulate man articulate at last—the effect is shattering. Paul Makgoba is believable as the Kaffir, unable to understand a word that is spoken or to make himself understood. Every aspect of the play is made clear under Thomas Bullard's firm direction.

THE Roundabout Theatre is usually at its most serviceable when it chooses to produce plays that all of us have heard of but few of us have ever had a chance to see—"The Play's the Thing," for example, and "Clarence," to name a couple of past shows that I've enjoyed there. That rule does not apply to its current "John Gabrie Borkman," which has not been done here for fourscore and seven years and is hardly a household title in any case Reviving it was a good idea, but the revival, under Gene Feist's direction, is not much help, being dull and poky and ranging in style from routine stock-company to downright vacuity. The drama makes great demands upon the actors and offers them great opportunities; the only performance that comes near the mark is that of Valerie French, as a divorcée who runs off with Borkman's son.

JEFF WANSHEL is a humorist and poet whose tone of mockery is all his own. His "Isadora Duncan Sleeps with the Russian Navy," which I first heard in a reading at the Eugene O'Neill Theatre Center at Waterford, Connecticut, and which is now running at the American Place, is a play about making a movie about the life of Isadora Duncan. Marian Seldes, as Isadora—or, to be accurate, as the actress playing Isadora—declaims (eyes front) Miss Duncan's ideas and ideals, and the actual incidents of her life serve as springboards for the incidents in the movie/play. (To give you just one sample of what goes on: When Gordon Craig gets sore because everybody talks to Isadora instead of to him at a cocktail party, someone announces that Craig is "under a black cloud" and someone else drapes black chiffon over him.) It must be said at once that Isadora Duncan (the real one) and what she meant and stood for are not being ridiculed in the play. Isadora as filtered through Hollywood is part of the joke (as are, of course, biographical movies), but not the whole joke. Mr. Wanshel's comedy—and he is a very funny writer—is original and elusive, and it cannot be pinned down. That is to say, it cannot be pinned down by the current production, which, in spite of a few merry moments, is not nearly as funny as it should be. It is too heavy-handed, and far too self-conscious in performance. Of the thirteen members of the company, seven are assigned multiple roles. These roles include Rodin, Stanislavski, Billy Sunday, Walt Whitman (played by Anita Dangler), Mr. Craig, Lenin, Anna Pavlova, Paris Singer, Sol Hurok, a flock of sheep, "all Vienna," and "daredevil sailors of the cruiser Aurora." Bobbi Owen designed the good costumes.

PETER HANDKE's book "A Sorrow Beyond Dreams," translated from the German by Ralph Manheim and published here a couple of years ago, is a memoir of his mother, an Austrian peasant who broke free from her parents' farm for a while to live a life of her own in the cities, and then, when circumstances forced her back to the country, fell into a depression and committed suicide. "Economy and purity" and "elegant, spare beauty" were words used to describe the book in this magazine, and they are the right words. So when I was told that the Phoenix was presenting it as a play in its current series at the Marymount Manhattan Theatre, I almost skipped it, figuring that nothing could be gained from hearing aloud what I had read with such satisfaction. It also occurred to me that if Mr. Handke, himself a distinguished dramatist, had wanted it to be a play, he would have written it as a play. I was dead wrong. Len Cariou, one of our best young actors, is the only actor in it, and as he walks about the stage, script in hand, at times reading and at other times speaking from memory, he gives a performance that matches—actually enhances—the book in depth of emotion and elegance and honesty. The setting is a room sparsely furnished with the writer's desk and a few other pieces of furniture; on the back wall is printed "She was, she became, she became nothing," and beneath this legend are projected newsreels and photographs. Daniel Freudenberger was the adapter and director. "A Sorrow Beyond Dreams" closed after a ten-day run, but it will reopen on February 8th and play through February 20th.

—EDITH OLIVER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U.S. JOURNAL: KENTUCKY

STALKING THE BARBECUED MUTTON

I HAVE wronged the state of Kentucky, but compared to the Kentucky Fried Chicken people I am an innocent. All I did was to pass on the information that a friend of mine named Marshall J. Dodge III—a man renowned on the East Coast for having somehow forged a successful career as a semi-retired amateur folklorist—claimed to have experienced the supreme fried chicken in a town called Rabbit Hash, Kentucky, while touring the area with a calliope restorer of his acquaintance. Local connoisseurs quickly pointed out that Marshall must have been thinking of a chicken restaurant in Cynthiana, Kentucky—Rabbit Hash being a place so small that the goods and services it offers the traveller probably don't extend to high-test. People I know in the state seemed satisfied with my explanation that Marshall is the sort of person who would never say Cynthiana when he could say Rabbit Hash. Not long ago, I thought of making further amends by journeying to Cynthiana and sampling a platter or two of the chicken in question; that sort of penance is one of my specialties. Then a serious eater I know in Covington informed me, in the sort of voice a heavy investor in Mexican savings banks might use to discuss the reëvaluation of the peso, that the Cynthiana restaurant had closed its doors. I was not surprised. In the last several years, legendary fried-chicken places seem to have closed up at about the rate that indoor shopping malls open—Mrs. Stroud's, in Kansas City, and Mrs. Kremer's, near Jefferson City, just to toss off the names of two darkened shrines in my own home state. Because a superior fried-chicken restaurant is often the institutional extension of a single chicken-obsessed woman, I realize that, like a good secondhand bookstore or a bad South American dictatorship, it is not easily passed down intact. Still, in sullen moments I blame these lamentable closings on the agribusiness corporations' vertical integration of the broiler industry. In fact, in sullen moments I blame almost everything on the vertical integration of the broiler industry—the way some people trace practically any sort of mischief or natural disaster back to the Central Intelligence Agency, and some people, presumably slightly more sophisticated, blame everything on the interstate-highway program. If the civilization really is about to crumble, everybody is entitled to his own idea of which is the most significant crack. Which brings us to Kentucky Fried Chicken.

It occurred to me this summer, while I was touring one of the neon-sign displays the Smithsonian mounted in the Bicentennial Year to remind us of the roots of our culture, that Kentucky Fried Chicken is what a schoolboy in Osaka or a housewife in Brussels thinks fried chicken tastes like. The world may be growing smaller, but schoolboys in Osaka have never even heard of Mrs. Stroud. Kentucky Fried Chicken has become the symbol of fast food, even though a chicken fried with care and respect is particularly slow food—pan-frying being a process that requires enough time to make any prospective diner begin worrying about whether he has come close to filling himself up with pickled watermelon rind and assorted relishes. It is also a symbol, I realized, of Kentucky—as if French cuisine were associated in the minds of all foreigners with the sort of frozen French fries dished out to hot-rodders in greasy drive-ins. Are the Swiss thought of as people who sit around all the time eating what high-school dining halls in the Midwest call Swiss steak? The reputation of Kentucky could be reclaimed, I decided, only if the people who spread the word about food were tipped off to a Kentucky specialty that would blot out memories of what Colonel Sanders himself has called "nothing but a fried doughball wrapped around some chicken." I resolved to seek out the barbecued mutton of western Kentucky—a unique regional delicacy I heard about when a restaurant tout wrote me to say that the motto on the menu of her favorite restaurant in Owensboro said, "Mary Had a Little Lamb. Won't You Have Some, Too?"

I made this decision in collaboration with Tom Chaney, a loyal son of the state, who lives in Horse Cave. We were eating country ham at the time. I admit that I would rather say Horse Cave than Owensboro, but, as it happens, Chaney really does live in Horse Cave. In fact, his attachment to his home ground is so strong that he has, by his own count, made no fewer than six unsuccessful attempts to leave for good. The place he keeps coming back to is in the south-central part of the state, in a region noted for tobacco and immense limestone caves and, some say, country ham. We were eating the

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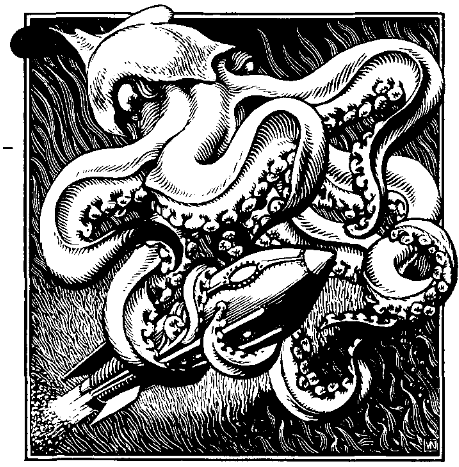

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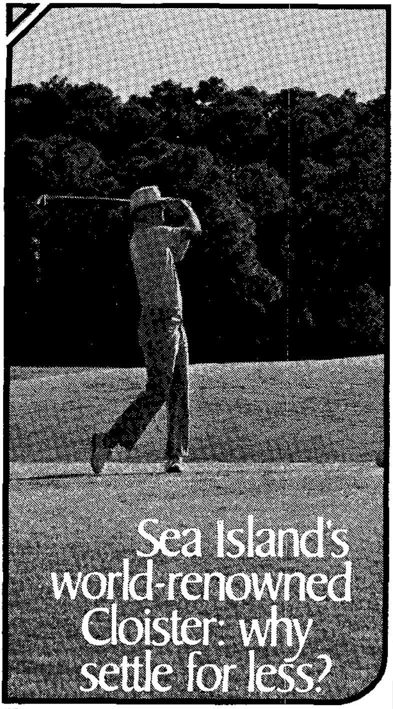
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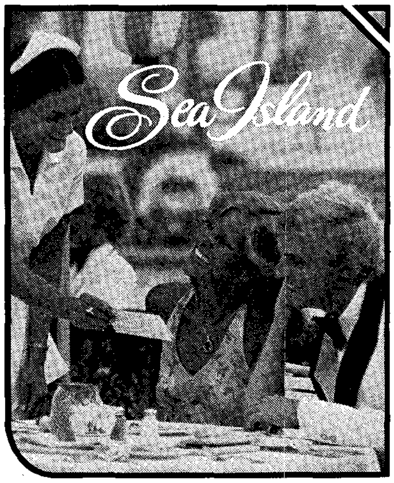

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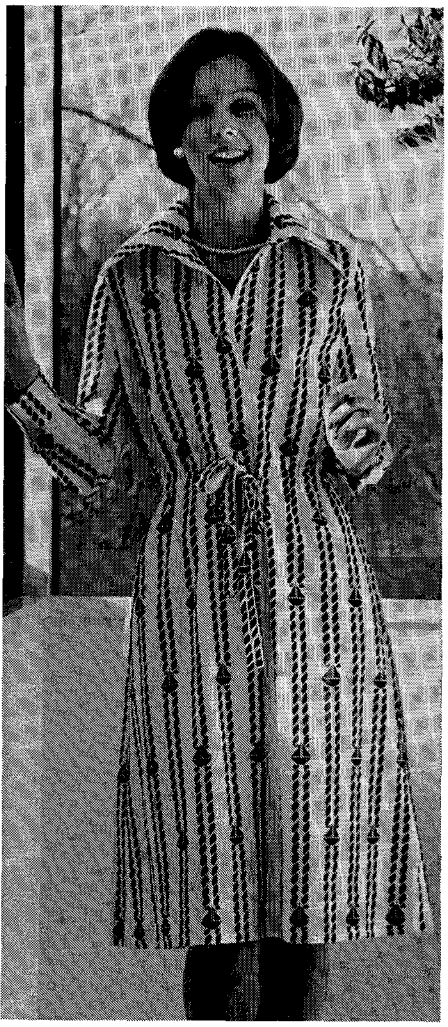
ham in a nearby town called Sulphur Well, in the company of Tom's Aunt Daisie Carter, who spent fifty-one years in the Hart County school system and seems none the worse for wear. The restaurant was a small brick building identified on a Coke sign as Porter's—a place that seems to have inherited the local country-ham trade from the Beula Villa, an old hotel that used to serve as headquarters for people who drank the sulphuric water of the area to clear up whatever seemed to be bothering them. I had sampled the magic spring and, just before we went in to lunch, revealed to Chaney my suspicion that the reputation of Porter's might rest on the fact that anything would taste good after that water. But the ham turned out to be a triumph—sliced thin, and fried, and served with a bowl of redeye gravy. In fact, it occurred to me that country ham rather than barbecued mutton might be the local specialty that could put soggy fried chicken out of the public mind—until Mrs. Carter informed me that the most authentic country hams are illegal.

The actual ham we were wolfing down, she assured me, was quite within the law, but the sort of country ham that local people traditionally bought from a farmer—a farmer who might kill three or four hogs a year, cure the hams to sell, and use the rest of the meat for his own table—could no longer be sold legally because such farmers were obviously not set up to pass modern government inspections.

"You mean you have to buy the country hams you cook at home from a supermarket?" I asked.

"Well, it's sort of like bootleg whiskey," Mrs. Carter told me, making it clear from her tone that she had not been the kind of schoolteacher who spent her spare time roaming the neighborhood kicking over stills and lecturing on the evils of Demon Rum.

I suddenly had a vision of Tom and his Aunt Daisie racing from their supplier with three or four bootleg hams in the back seat, the Agriculture Department's version of revenuers in hot pursuit—Tom and Aunt Daisie tearing around curves, losing the law at last on the back roads they know so well, and arriving home with the contraband they would cook secretly at night, hoping that the succulent aroma would not draw the authorities to their door. Knowing that people in some parts of Kentucky are still sensitive about their reputation for free-lance distilling, I could hardly draw attention to a product whose most authentic version was



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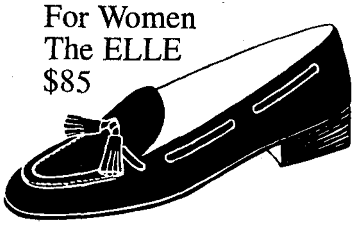

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illegal. We each had two or three more pieces of ham while we talked it over. Then Tom asked me how the sulphur water had affected my health.

"I feel like a million," I said. "A little full, but like a million."

Tom was reminded of a legendary eater in Horse Cave named Miss Fannie Hiser, a large woman who used to live with his Aunt Minnie. After everybody had finished one of the huge Sunday dinners Miss Fannie prepared, Tom recalled, she used to lean back in her chair, fold her hands contentedly under her ample midsection, and say, "Thank God for capacity."

"ARE you sure this place we're going serves decent fried chicken?" I asked Tom late that afternoon. Tom had gathered some barbecued-mutton intelligence from his operatives in western Kentucky, and we decided to go over it while eating a fried-chicken supper with Tom's father, Boots Chaney, a more or less retired insurance man who remains fully active as a chicken eater. What had aroused my suspicion was Tom's choice of the concession restaurant in Mammoth Cave National Park—the sort of restaurant I have been suspicious of since my wife and a friend of ours waited forty-five minutes in a Bryce Canyon version for some broiled brook trout, only to discover when it finally arrived that it had been broiling the entire time.

I was reassured when I noticed that the menu specified native chicken and a thirty-minute wait. "It's heartening to see that a restaurant in a national park is going to take the time to pan-fry some chicken," I told Tom. "It's the sort of thing that could help restore Americans' faith in their government." A necessary assumption in serving the slow-food variety of fried chicken is that the people waiting for it in the dining room are waiting with people they don't mind waiting with. Waiting for pan-fried chicken with the Chaneys is a treat. They share an office in Horse Cave—a two-room affair they sometimes refer to as Bogus Enterprises, Inc. (Tom Chaney's enterprises include helping run a tobacco-and-corn farm, which he owns in partnership with his Aunt Daisie Carter, and trying to form a professional repertory theatre in Horse Cave; Boots Chaney's enterprises were summed up by some tony-looking stationery his son had made up for him with the legend "Widows Tended—Lies Told—Whiskey Hauled.") The Chaneys also share a fondness for anecdotes about the area—particularly about the Cave

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Wars that took place in the twenties and thirties, when independent cave operators competed for the tourist trade with merchandising devices like blowing up each other's entrances, or stealing the body of Floyd Collins from where it was being displayed in a cave near the one that fatally trapped him in 1925, or outfitting their shills in uniforms that looked official enough to make an unwary tourist think he was being directed to a national park rather than to a free-lance hole in the limestone. No wonder people look so sour as they emerge from fast-food emporiums: they probably haven't heard a good story in years.

I APPROACHED Owensboro warily. Barbecue is a touchy subject all over the country. Except for the universal agreement that the best barbecue of all is served in Kansas City, there is a lot of regional quibbling on the subject—not just about whose barbecue is best but even about what barbecue is. In the Southwest, for instance, people ordinarily barbecue ribs, but in North Carolina the word is used as a noun referring only to chopped pork that has been flavored, in a manner of speaking, with a vinegar-based sauce. It is normal for regional loyalists to be both chauvinistic and arcane when talking about the local version. A traveller who returns to, say, New York from a trip to North Carolina and reports to North Carolina expatriates there that the barbecue didn't seem to amount to much subjects himself to stern geographical probing:

"Were you east of Rocky Mount?"

"Is Goldsboro east of Rocky Mount?"

"West. There's no decent barbecue west of Rocky Mount."

"I don't know where Rocky Mount is, but it must be east of all the towns I ate barbecue in."

"I expect so."

Although I assumed that people in Owensboro would be proud of their local version—not just a different sort of pork or a different sauce formula or a different way of slicing beef but an entirely different animal—it also occurred to me that Owensboro might not want to be proclaimed the Barbecued-Mutton Capital of the World. It's a fairly sophisticated city, after all, with four distilleries, and a General Electric plant that was turning out more than half a million tubes a day before it was struck low by the Japanese transistor, and two colleges, and a river port on the Ohio, and a thirteen-story motel just as perfectly round as a good

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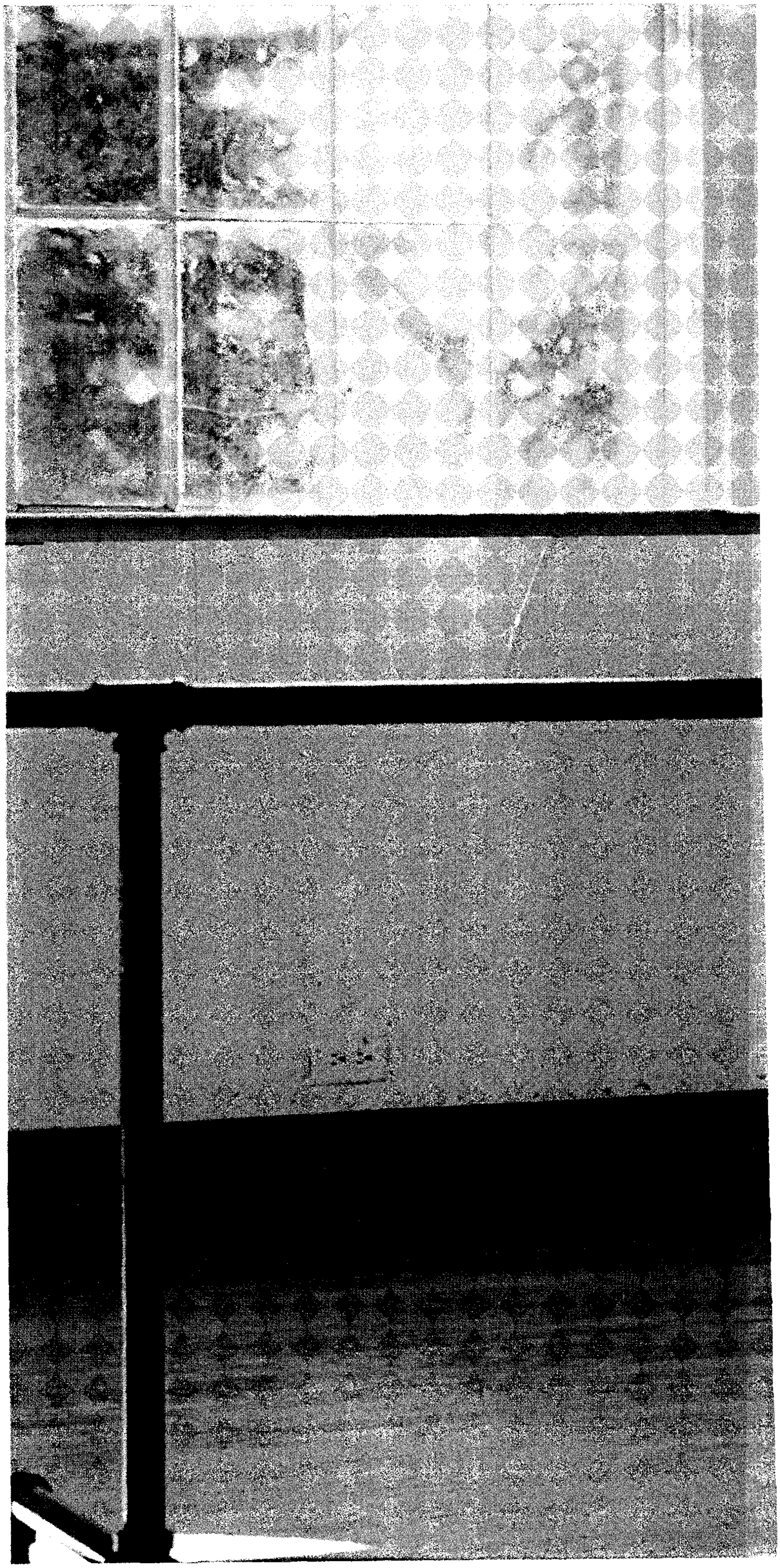

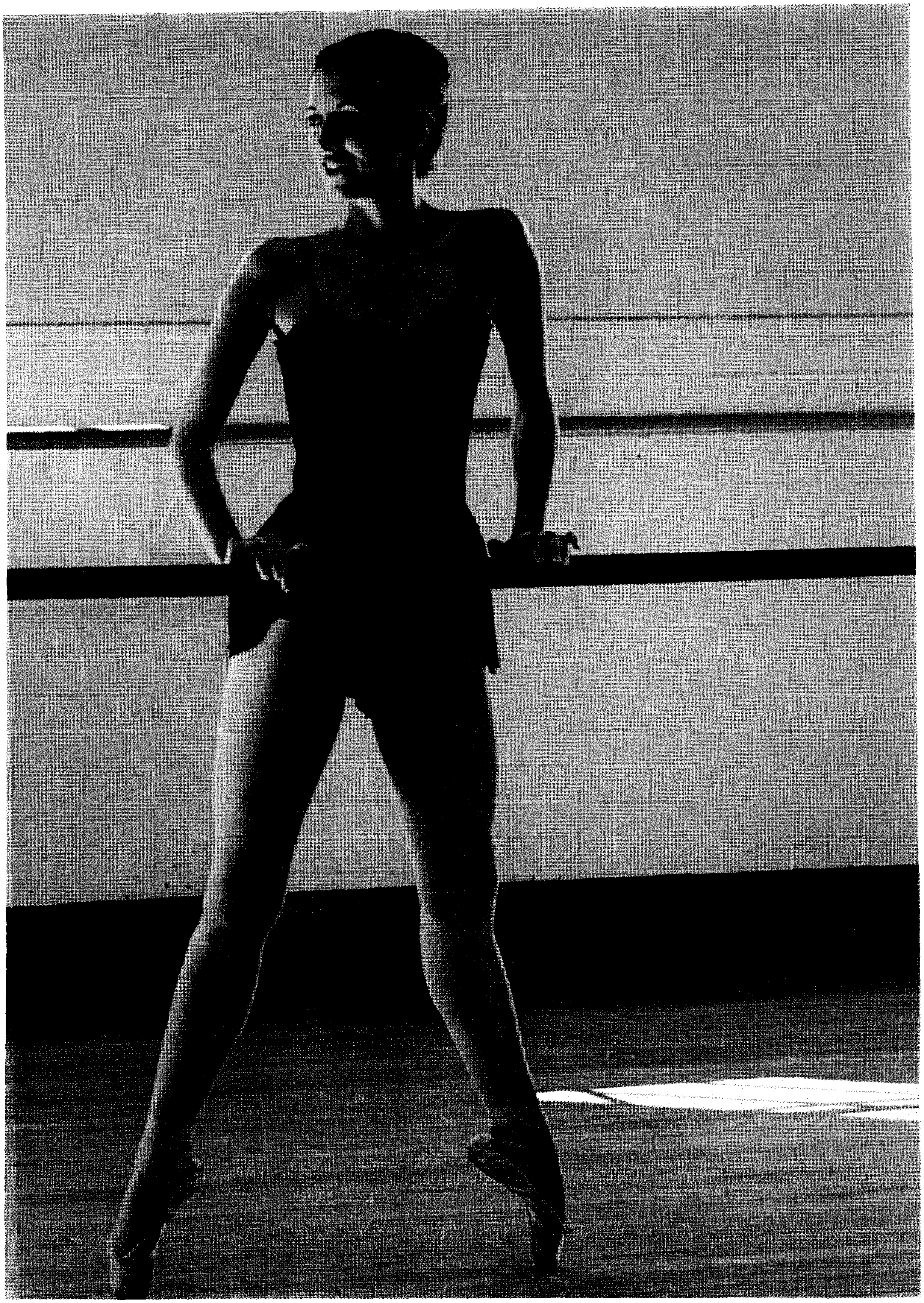

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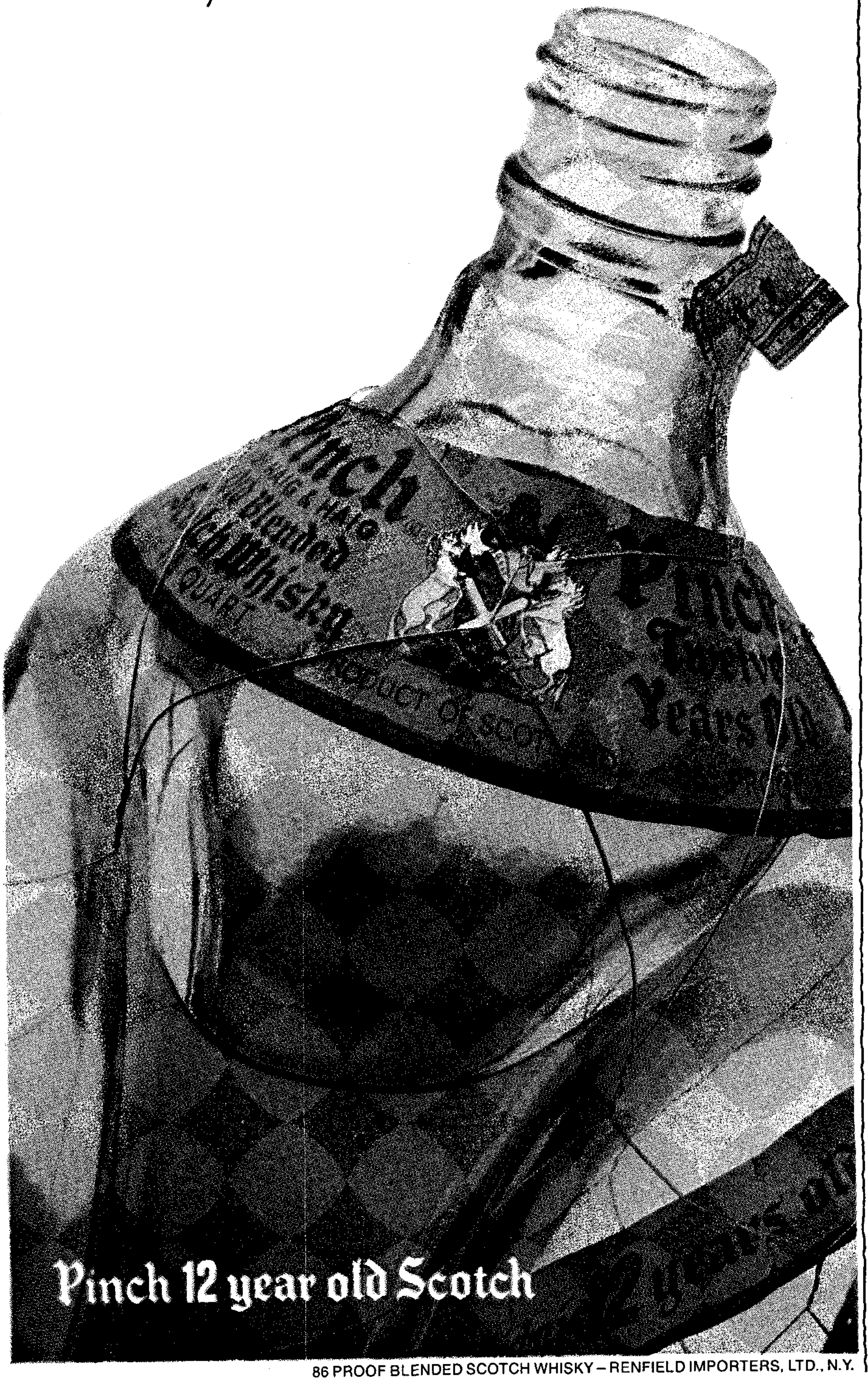

86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY – RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

silo. Baffling as it may seem, there are residents of Cincinnati who are not pleased when I refer to their city as the Center of Greek Chili in Ohio. There was also the possibility that Owensboro already had a slogan that it would be reluctant to part with.

"No, I think slogans for cities are trite," the executive vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce told me. "We don't have one anymore."

"What did the slogan use to be?"

"Opportunity Center of the U.S.A."

"I see what you mean. But you do think that Owensboro is—in fact, if not in slogan—the barbecued-mutton capital of the world?"

"Undoubtedly," he said.

Two hours later, Tom Chaney, who had been doing some further consultation with a specialist from Union County, informed me by telephone that Waverly, Kentucky, forty-five miles west of Owensboro, might be the barbecued-mutton capital of the world. Not an hour after that, the proprietor of Posh & Pat's, a barbecue place in Henderson, on the way to Waverly, said of Owensboro, "They've got the reputation, we've got the barbecue." Meanwhile, I had been told that the premier barbecued mutton was served by a man named Woolfolk in Cairo, Kentucky, just south of Henderson, but only in the summer. I knew I had come to the right territory.

"HOW come this is the only area where mutton is barbecued?" I asked an Owensboro merchant who had been kind enough to give me change for a nickel parking meter.

"I expect because there are so many Catholics here," he said.

I didn't want to appear ignorant. "Yeah," I said. "I suppose that'd do it."

As I was searching my mind for some connection between the Roman rite and mutton consumption, the merchant told me that the large Catholic churches in town have always staged huge picnics that feature barbecue and burgoo—burgoo, another staple of Owensboro barbecue restaurants, being a soupy stew that I, for some reason, had always associated with southern Illinois. In the early days, the church picnics apparently served barbecued goat. In fact, Owensboro might have arrived at barbecued mutton by a process of elimination, since people in the area seem willing to barbecue just about any extant mammal. In western Kentucky, barbecue restaurants normally do "custom cooking" for patrons who have the meat but not the pit, and among the animals that Posh & Pat's offers to barbecue is raccoon. The Shady Rest, one of the most distinguished barbecue joints in Owensboro, has a sign that says "If It Will Fit on the Pit, We Will Barbecue It." It is probably fortunate that the people of the area settled on barbecued mutton as the local delicacy before they had a go at beaver or polecat.

AFTER only six or eight meals of barbecued mutton, I had prepared the report I would give to the first internationally influential eater I ran across. "They serve it just about every way," I would say. "Sliced, chopped, ribs, hidden in burgoo."

"Is it good?"

"It's not bad at all."

"Just not bad?"

"I believe I prefer it to Greek Chili," I would say. "Also, as far as I know, it is not illegal in its most authentic form." Barbecued mutton is, as the saying goes, not Kansas City, but there were reasons not to apply such standards. In Posh & Pat's, after all, the restaurant gossip going on when I walked in was not about someone's secret sauce formula but about the Burger Farm franchise just down the interstate being replaced by a Wiener King. A local restaurant man who happened to be at Posh & Pat's counter downing a sliced-mutton sandwich said he was thinking of opening a new steak restaurant with an "old depot" décor. "It's all Western or Barn here now," he told me. With the franchisers and décor-mongers closing in, any authentic local specialty obviously needs celebrating. Did I want a nice river city like Owensboro—a city that, according to my calculations, has a barbecued-mutton restaurant for every fifty-one hundred and eighty-eight residents—to be known as the Ex-Tube Capital of the World? Was it fair to serious eaters like the Chaneys that foreigners should believe their state to be nothing but a jungle of fast-food franchises? "Kentucky is the Barbecued-Mutton Capital of the World," I would tell the first eater of influence I could find. "Spread the word."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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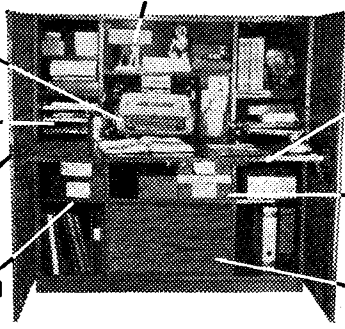
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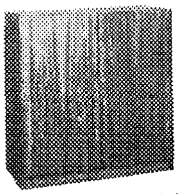
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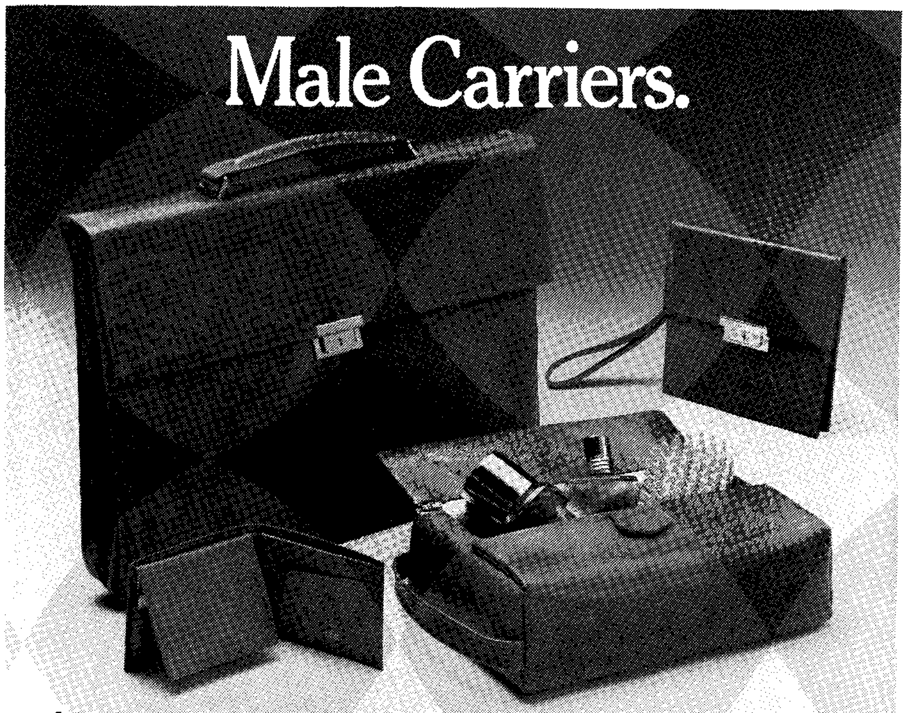

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THE MARTS OF TRADE

RETAKING PITTSBURGH

ON September 2, 1975, Société Imetal, a huge French-based holding company with a variety of mining and mineral-producing interests scattered around the world, publicly announced that it intended to buy all the outstanding stock of the Copperweld Corporation, of Pittsburgh, a sixty-year-old manufacturer of such specialized steel products as tubes and alloy wire, with about thirty-six hundred employees and annual sales of three hundred and twenty million dollars, or just enough to put it near the bottom of *Fortune's* list of the nation's five hundred largest industrial companies. A substantial number of American companies (Brown & Williamson, Baskin-Robbins, Stouffer, and Bantam Books, to name a few) have foreign owners, so on the face of the matter there was nothing especially out of the way about Imetal's plans. There were, however, some unusual aspects to the situation. For one thing, Imetal's attempt to buy Copperweld—through what is known in the trade as a tender offer, in this case a direct offer to all of Copperweld's eighty-two hundred stockholders to buy any or all of their two and a half million shares for $42.50 a share in cash—was being made over the emphatic, even passionate opposition of Copperweld's management. The management had first heard of the planned attempt only four days earlier, on August 29th, when a man from Kuhn, Loeb & Company, one of Imetal's two New York banking representatives, telephoned Copperweld's executive vice-president, Howell A. Breedlove, Jr., to say that he represented Imetal, that the company intended to buy all of Copperweld's shares, and that he wanted to arrange a meeting. Breedlove, who was hearing the name Imetal for only the second time in his life, might have felt less threatened if the company had still been called by its former name, Le Nickel. In any case, he went through what he has since described as a few minutes of shock, and later that day he talked with his boss, Phillip H. Smith, Copperweld's forty-eight-year-old chairman and president, who happened to be in Hawaii. Smith hurried home, and at the meeting with Imetal representatives, which took place early on September 2nd, the representatives said that they intended to make the tender offer with or without Copperweld's blessing. The following day, Smith sent a letter to all Copperweld stockholders characterizing the Imetal offer of $42.50 a share as "substantially below the true value" and strongly recommending that they turn it down. Thus, the Imetal-Copperweld affair became the first hostile takeover attempt—in contrast to friendly merger agreement—of a large American company by a foreign one in the whole era of conglomerate mergers, now more than a decade old. And, of course—particularly in these days, when European capitalists increasingly fear for the future of their domestic political and monetary stability and when Arab oil producers have vast sums of cash to invest as they please—it was almost certainly not going to be the last.

The other arresting aspect of this development was the identity of the insurgent chieftain, the chairman of the board of Imetal. He was Baron (by courtesy) Guy de Rothschild, a great-great-grandson of the original Meyer Amschel Rothschild and, at the age of sixty-six, the nominal head of the current generation of the most celebrated European banking family in history.

OVER the past decade, the form of combat between attackers and defenders in intra-American corporate-takeover attempts has become as stylized as a medieval tournament. For example, it is de rigueur for the aggressor, in laying his battle plans, to refer to the target company in internal memorandums by a code name, presumably to guard against leaks that might cause a premature rise in the price of the target company's stock. Accordingly, Rothschild, apparently well versed in the parochial etiquette of the matter and not above conforming to it, had while en route by airliner from New York to Paris on July 10th, eight weeks before the tender offer was

BOOKS
MORE QUOTATIONS FROM THE PROPHET MICAH
HOLY BIBLE
HOLY BIBLE

made, written a memo to a subordinate—Bernard de Villeméjane, the managing director of Imetal—in which he referred to Copperweld as Bread. In the same memo, he referred to two other American companies, which Imetal later discarded as takeover targets, and whose identity has never been revealed, as Butter and Garlic. ("I don't *like* garlic," the Baron declared later, in Pittsburgh.) Focussing his attention on Bread, Rothschild commented in the memo, "Bread can easily say, perhaps prove, that the stock is worth more than 35 [somewhat more than its market price at the time]. . . . We ought to be able to offer 43-45 so as not to seem broke." (Since Imetal actually offered $42.50, Rothschild's fear of its seeming broke appears to have receded slightly during August.) Of Smith, his future antagonist, Rothschild wrote with rueful respect, "The personality of the boss . . . hard and capable, seems to preclude agreement, and promises a choice of effective and determined means of defense."

The means of defense that Smith chose after the tender offer had been made were equally conventional, with one exception. A standard move for a corporation under attack is to solicit a better offer from some friendlier aggressor, in order to frustrate the original one. Smith, the son of an Australian sea captain in the South Seas trade whose sternness with dockworkers had earned him the nickname Master Hurry-Up, disdained to do this. Once during the Imetal tender offer, another company head called Smith by radiotelephone from his jet, saying that he was on his way to lunch in New York City and would zoom into Pittsburgh afterward to make a bid for Copperweld stock. Smith replied that he was generally around the office until six o'clock and had no intention of remaining later that day. The airborne executive arrived, as promised, but not until after Smith had gone home, as promised. "I wasn't going to solicit counterbids from some Mickey Mouse outfit just to spite Imetal," Smith told me when I visited him at his office recently.

In other respects, Smith went by the book. He flooded Copperweld's stockholders (by letter) and the public (through newspaper advertisements) with arguments to prove that the stockholders would be unwise to tender their shares to Imetal. And, in conformity with custom, his attacks on Imetal's offer were brisk but not savagely ad hominem. A defender in a takeover attempt, like a politician in a primary, must remember that if he loses he will

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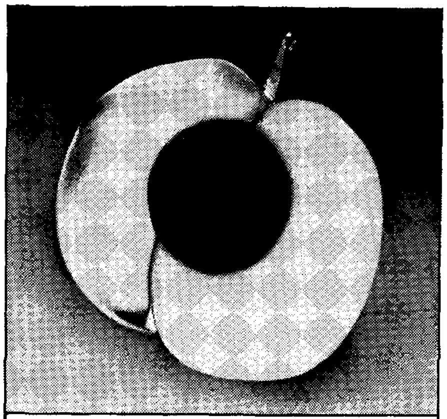
probably end up working for his antagonist—a situation that tends to make for a certain gentlemanliness in the combat statements of corporate defenders. "COPPERWELD SECURITY HOLDERS READ THIS CAREFULLY," Smith headlined a prominent ad in the *Times* and other papers on September 8th. He noted in the ad that Imetal's offer was "inadequate," that Copperweld's sales, earnings, and future prospects were excellent, and that, moreover, the transaction would be fully taxable and might violate various United States laws. No mention at all of the Rothschilds or their possibly sinister intentions. Copperweld did mention the Rothschilds in a subsequent ad, published in various newspapers on October 17th, which read, in part, "The foreign-based holding company is controlled by the Rothschild family. . . . This offer, secretly planned and organized, was presented on a take-it-or-leave-it basis," and went on to cite Smith's argument that "the control of Copperweld by Imetal would not be in the best interests of shareholders, employees, and the communities in which Copperweld plants are located." After the whole thing was over, Smith told me, "I felt deeply committed to Copperweld as an independent company, but I wanted all the blows to land above the belt." As for Imetal, after an initial for-the-record advertisement occupying most of three pages of small type in the *Times* and other papers, in which the tender offer was explained in full, it took no ads except those required by law. Perhaps Imetal, for all its ready adaptability to New World corporate customs, could not quite swallow the notion, generally accepted in the United States, that advertisements in newspapers intended for the general public are essential to persuading a few thousand stockholders, who might more logically be harangued by mail. (American corporations use the mails, too, but are not convinced that their stockholders read letters from them.) Or perhaps Imetal thought that the offer spoke for itself.

One standard feature of the corporate-takeover game that Imetal had early occasion to learn about is that quarrelling over the rules is apt to play a large role in it. Copperweld launched its first legal fusillade on September 5th, by filing suit in federal district court in Pittsburgh asking for an injunction against Imetal on the grounds that Imetal's offer violated the United States antitrust laws, in part because another American company, Amax, Inc., had a substantial minority interest in



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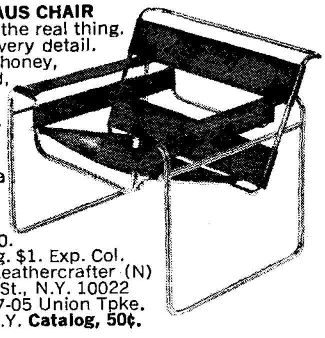

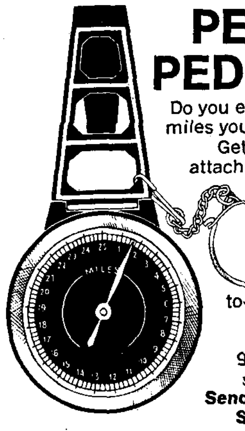

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Imetal, and violated the United States securities laws, because Imetal had failed to make required disclosures about itself to the Securities and Exchange Commission and to Copperweld stockholders. That day, the federal district judge, John L. Miller, issued a temporary restraining order against Imetal pending a hearing on the matter. A few days later, Copperweld opened a new legal front by pointing out that the Imetal offer might violate the securities laws of Ohio, where Copperweld maintained two plants, and a few days after that the Ohio Department of Commerce obtained an order directing Imetal to cease and desist from offering to buy Copperweld shares until hearings could be held. So far, everything was according to Hoyle. But early in the game a most unorthodox element was introduced when the Copperweld non-management employees made clear that they not only opposed an Imetal takeover but opposed it a good deal more strongly than their bosses did.

THROUGHOUT the history of American labor, the unions representing workers have seldom, to say the least, shown a passionate wish to support company managements in their internal quarrels or in any of their other enterprises. Rather, unions have usually regarded corporate power struggles with disdain, taking the attitude that they couldn't care less who their bosses were as long as the bosses supplied good wages and fringe benefits. Furthermore, a decade ago, when American corporations were furiously engaged in extending their operations abroad, there were loud outcries from labor about the evils of thus "exporting jobs." Since labor opposed foreign investment by American companies, wasn't it logical to suppose that labor would *favor* the exact opposite—investment in the United States by foreign companies?

Apparently not. The first public sign of labor's feelings on the Copperweld matter came on September 5th, when I. W. Abel, the president of the United Steelworkers of America, which represented more than two-thirds of the Copperweld workers, issued a statement that read, in part, "The brazen takeover threat initiated against Copperweld by Société Imetal, a foreign holding company based in Paris, France, is a classic example of what we vigorously oppose. . . . We of Labor are vitally disturbed by the special impact the takeover would have on our members . . . their families, and the communities in

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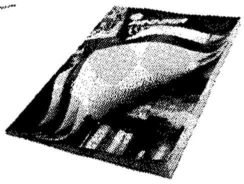

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which Copperweld does business. . . . Our Union intends to do everything possible to protect the interests of our members and their families in this desperate attempt to take over Copperweld." In a rally on September 7th in Shelby, Ohio, the site of Copperweld's Ohio Steel Tube plant, speakers referred to Rothschild as "the robber baron," and one of them expressed the view that "the Rothschilds make the Rockefellers look like French peasants." The next day, about fifteen busloads of workers and their relatives from Copperweld's plant in Warren, Ohio, went to Washington and demonstrated at the French Embassy, the Federal Trade Commission, and the Capitol, carrying placards with such messages as "Keep Copperweld American" and "Go Home, Frenchie." The people of Copperweld's Bimetallics Division, in Glassport, Pennsylvania, had their turn a couple of days later. On the evening of September 10th, a good part of Glassport's population of eight thousand, including the mayor, representatives of the American Legion and the Sons of Italy, and leading local businessmen, staged an anti-Imetal rally outside the Copperweld plant; there was dancing in the streets, with music by the local high-school band, and a cheerfully militant carnival atmosphere prevailed. At midnight, seven busloads of Glassport Copperweld workers and their wives left for New York City. At Rockefeller Center the following morning, they picketed the New Court Securities Corporation, a Rothschild-affiliated banking firm with offices there, which was helping Kuhn, Loeb manage the Imetal offer, and then—with beyond-the-call-of-duty coöperation from the New York police, who not only gave them a traffic escort but offered incidental instruction in how to attract maximum public attention while picketing—proceeded to 40 Wall Street, where for several hours they good-humoredly picketed the offices of Kuhn, Loeb, attracting public attention by shouting and waving placards. Congressional hearings on the Imetal-Copperweld affair were held at Glassport and Shelby on September 12th and at Warren on the 13th. On the morning before the Warren hearing, the Steelworkers' union there, Local 2243, showed its seriousness by spending its own money on a full-page ad in the Warren *Tribune-Chronicle*, which urged all local citizens to attend the hearing and commented, "You may never spend a more important Saturday morning."

That turned out to be a considerable

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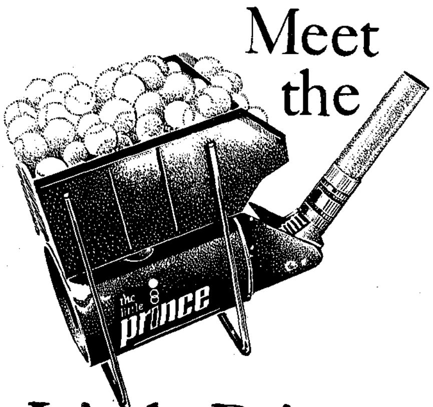

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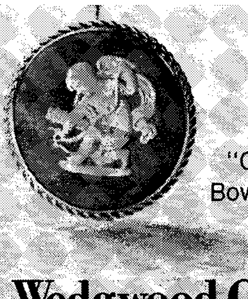

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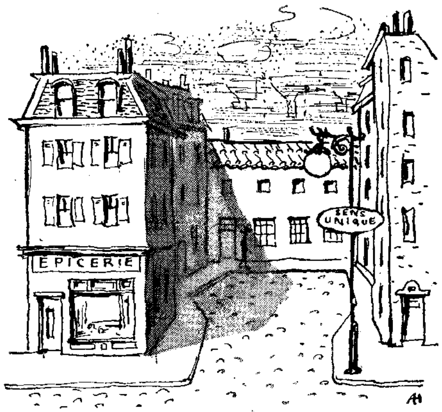
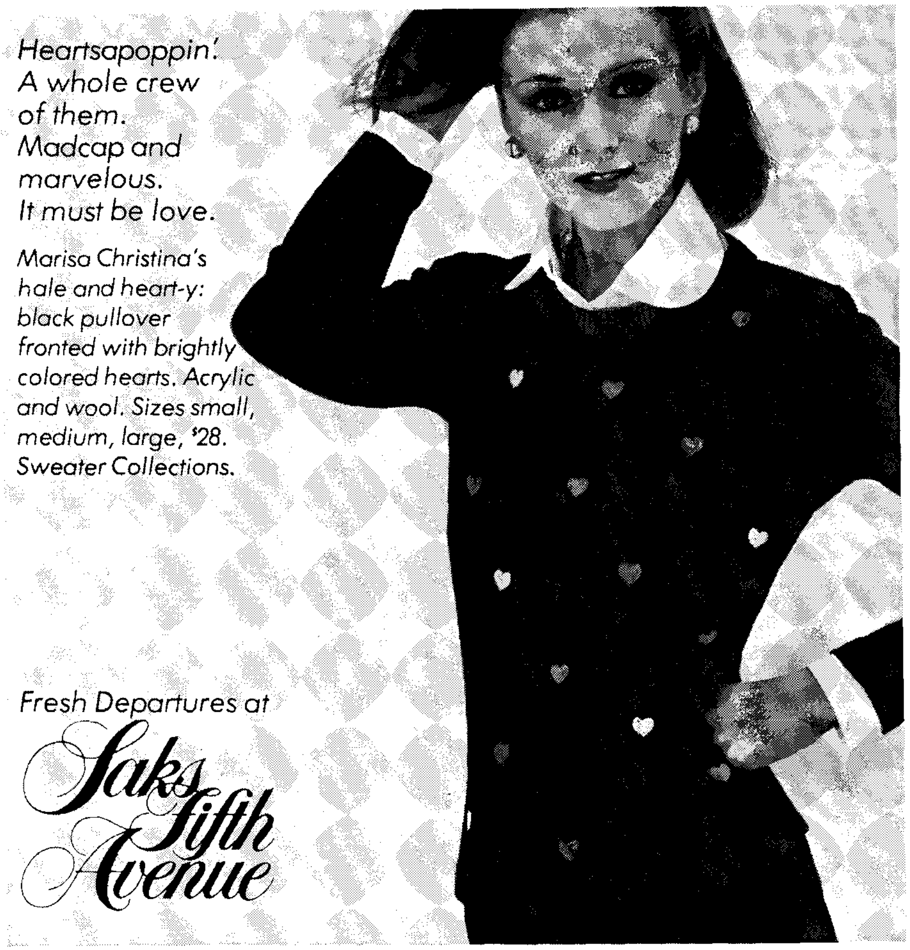
overstatement, but worker opposition to the takeover continued. As the matter was later explained to me by William Kostyzak, the president of Steelworkers Local 7373, representing clerical and technical employees at Glassport, the opposition was based principally on fears that Imetal might eventually close one or more of Copperweld's United States plants and move some of the company's manufacturing operations to France, or that Rothschild, having got control of Copperweld's large cash fund earmarked for expansion, might "take it for his paper empire." (During the period of the tender offer, Rothschild repeatedly denied that he had any such intentions.) "In a situation like that, you have to fear the worst," Kostyzak said. "We thought this guy was going to rape the company." There were also more emotional fears, based on the fact that the insurgent was a foreigner; for example, one Copperweld worker was shown on a Pittsburgh news program saying that he didn't want his children standing in French breadlines. From whatever motive, at any rate, sentiment among Copperweld workers was close to unanimous; according to Kostyzak, more than nine out of ten union members at Glassport vocally opposed a takeover. As for company management, it viewed this bonanza of support from an unlikely quarter with wary approval. When Abel made his statement, the company paid for a new spate of newspaper ads to reprint it in full. Smith, upon hearing of the union plans to picket and demonstrate, at first refused to give his approval, out of fear that the workers were motivated by xenophobia, but he changed his mind when he found out how much "momentum" the movement had, and the company ended up paying for the demonstrators' buses and giving the demonstrating workers an expense allowance to make up part of the wages they lost on the days of their trips. This anomalous identity of interest between management and labor was, of course,

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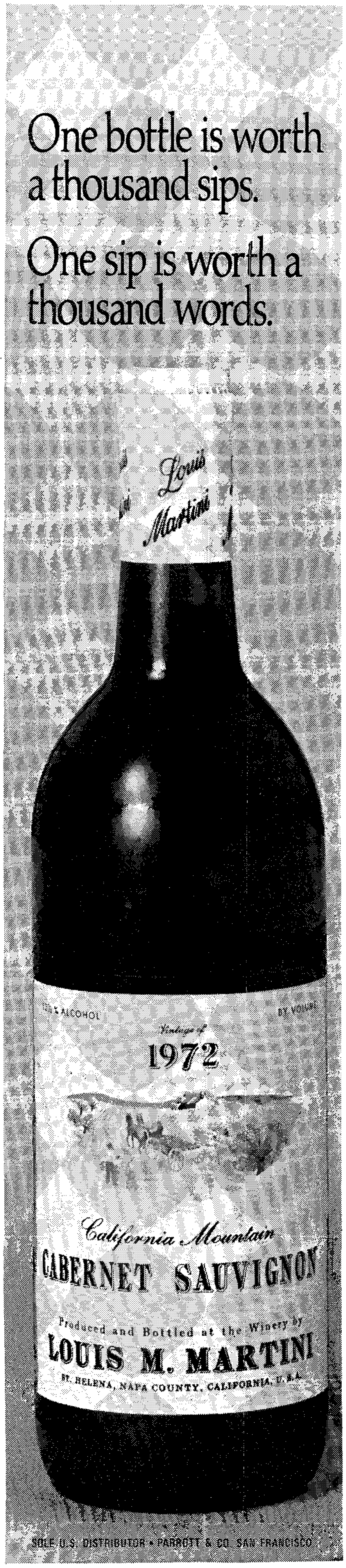

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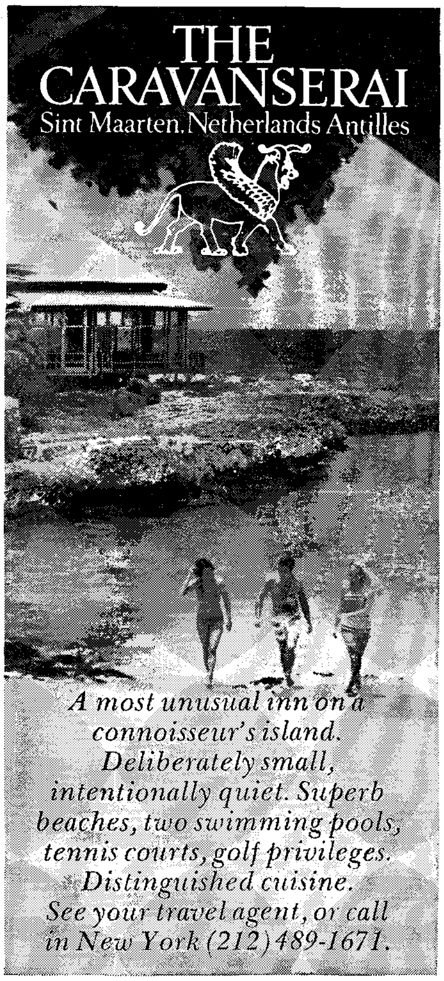
less than complete. Management was bargaining for the aggressor to pay a higher price, and trying to do so with such delicacy that it would avoid bargaining itself out of a job; labor, on the other hand, had no interest either in the price paid for the stock or in the Baron's sensibilities but was fighting, or so it felt, for its jobs pure and simple. Still, if the suddenly cozy state of industrial relations at Copperweld could not be called touching, it could be called rare. A plaque in Pittsburgh's Point State Park commemorates the conquest at that site of the French Fort Duquesne by the British in 1758, and calls the victory the moment when "Anglo-Saxon supremacy in the United States" was established. Here was another Frenchman, this time as the invader. Clearly, Copperweld workers felt that it was a time to close ranks.

THE dramatic peak of the contest was Baron Rothschild's appearance in Pittsburgh on September 17th. A few days earlier, he had politely declined an invitation to attend a congressional hearing held on September 12th at the firehouse of the Reliance Hose Company No. 2, in Glassport, but now he turned up in Pittsburgh to testify voluntarily in Judge Miller's court on Copperweld's suit to stop the takeover. White-haired, with the distinguished bearing and ironic expression that the situation seemed to call for, the Baron told the court that in his view "for a company to have an investment in America is an upgrading of that company," and that if Imetal's takeover attempt should succeed, Copperweld's present management would remain in office and its policies would remain unchanged. In the courtroom that day, Rothschild and Smith met for the first time. "I walked up to him during a recess and we talked a little about his nephew, at the University of Southern California," Smith said later. On the sidewalk outside the courthouse, a delegation of Copperweld workers, led by Donald Maffitt, the president of Local 2243—wearing a hard hat, a ferocious expression, and a jacket proclaiming his team as Copperweld bowling champions for 1973-74—attempted to give Rothschild eight duffelbags that Maffitt said contained a hundred thousand signatures on petitions against the takeover. "Thank you and God bless you, but I don't think I could carry them," the Baron said. He added that the bags might be delivered to his local lawyer.

Not long after Rothschild's visit, with the tender offer still formally re-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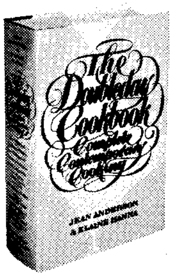

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strained by the Pittsburgh and Ohio court orders, Copperweld began losing ground in Washington and in the courts. On September 24th, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Gerald L. Parsky told Congress, which had been toying with the idea of enacting legislation designed to stop Imetal, that in his opinion the government had no basis for intervention, and that several months earlier he had explicitly advised Rothschild that "the policy on foreign investment in the United States is to welcome it." On October 23rd, Judge Miller denied Copperweld's request for an injunction. That left only the Ohio case, and on November 12th the Court of Common Pleas in Columbus, satisfied that Imetal had complied with the local laws, dismissed it. Imetal was then legally free to buy Copperweld shares. Copperweld management, beaten on the rules, went on trying to persuade Imetal to sweeten its offer (which Imetal coolly declined to do) and its stockholders to hang on to their shares. Both Smith and Breedlove have since said that until December 1st they believed they could keep a majority of the Copperweld stock out of Imetal's hands. But they were wrong: the fact was that the holders of considerably more than half of Copperweld's stock liked the deal and took the cash. On December 11th, the day after the offer expired, Imetal announced that it had bought sixty-seven per cent of Copperweld common stock, for about seventy-five million dollars.

That same day, Smith stated—euphemistically, in the circumstances—that "we now welcome Imetal as an important stockholder." A few days later, he went at Imetal's invitation to Paris, where he met his future colleagues and had dinner at Rothschild's house. On the latter occasion, champagne was served before dinner, and Smith, who seldom drinks, demurred when it was offered to him, and asked for orange juice instead. This caused the butler to look outraged. Later, at dinner, wine was served in carafes, and the Baron described it to Smith as a "family wine," murmuring modestly that his family had some vineyards of which it was proud. (The Baron is part owner of Château Lafite-Rothschild.) Thus cozened, Smith choked down a little Rothschild wine. "That was when the healing started," Smith commented later. On December 19th, Copperweld added two Imetal representatives to its board of directors, and at the company's next annual meeting, in Chicago on April 28, 1976, a third Imetal man was elected to fill a va-

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cancy. During the spring, Smith began taking brushup French lessons. In late May and early June, Rothschild visited Pittsburgh a second time; while there, he spoke in an amiable and conciliatory way, in impeccable English, to business leaders at the Duquesne Club and the Fox Chapel Golf Club, established a first-name relationship with Smith, and went to dinner at Smith's house, where the host had raised a French flag along with the American flag. Then, on June 15th, Smith was elected to Imetal's board of directors, and the healing, at least as far as Smith was concerned, appeared to be complete.

NOT long ago, I went to Pittsburgh to try to find out how Gallic supremacy at Copperweld was working out in practice. On meeting Smith and Breedlove at Copperweld headquarters, in the Frick Building, I found them apparently happy in their jobs and determined to remain there as long as their important transatlantic shareholder wanted them to. Smith and Breedlove pointed out to me that Imetal, even though it held a clear majority of Copperweld stock, had not sought formal control of the company's affairs, since its representatives held only three of the twelve seats on the board of directors; moreover, since a Copperweld bylaw provided that under ordinary circumstances only three directorships could come up for election each year, it would presumably be two more years before Imetal could obtain a clear majority on the board. Of course, they conceded, the bylaw could easily be circumvented if Imetal was determined to seize control of the board right away, but Smith told me he had been assured by Imetal that it had no present plans to seek any more board seats, and, further, that it had abandoned its original idea of buying all the Copperweld shares and had no present intention of trying to buy any of the thirty-three per cent still held by more than five thousand shareholders who had not tendered their shares. As for the degree of control over Copperweld operations now being exercised by Imetal, Smith said that he talks to Villeméjane in Paris once or twice a month, to discuss Copperweld plans; that the French directors of Copperweld, when they come to Pittsburgh for quarterly board meetings, usually stay around an extra day or two to confer with Copperweld executives and visit plants; and that that is about it. I asked whether any representative of Imetal maintains a permanent office in

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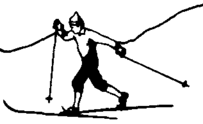

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Pittsburgh. "Just one," Smith replied. "Me. Don't forget, I'm on the Imetal board."

In the days following the successful completion of the takeover, Smith and Breedlove both conceded, an atmosphere of consternation prevailed at Copperweld headquarters. One staff man defected to a company that had offered him a higher salary. Breedlove, a combative Georgian of about forty, was by his own account "slower to turn around" in his attitude toward Imetal than was Smith. "I was amazed that Phil could fly right off to Paris," Breedlove told me. "I'm a real poor loser. It took me quite a few days to get turned around. I don't want to try to psychoanalyze myself, but maybe it was because I was the one who got that first telephone call from Kuhn, Loeb back on August 29, 1975." Realizing that the employees were still highly restive after Copperweld management had formally surrendered, Smith sent them all a reassuring letter and visited most of the company's plants, where he was subjected to what he described to me as "very forensic questioning." He added, "I told them, in effect, 'Take it on trust from me—everything will get back to normal. The French are men of character and decency.' " Then he told me, "No use kidding; if I had had my choice, the company would have remained independent, and I still don't like the way the tender offer was made, without prior consultation with us. It might turn out that I'm wrong now. But, as my father used to say, 'Get happy or get out.' In two or three years, this might turn out to be a bloody disaster. But I don't believe it."

I went out to Glassport, a smoky, mountain-ringed steel-mill town ten miles south of Pittsburgh, with road signs at its entrances reading "We Are Proud of Our Town—You Would Be Too If You Lived Here," and talked to Kostyzak, of the Steelworkers local. He said, "When we heard that Imetal had control of Copperweld, we thought the axe had fallen. But then nothing changed. Mr. Smith never came here to explain to us, as far as I know, but he did write us all a good letter. The union members have a lot of respect for him. This is a small plant, and there has generally been pretty good rapport between union and management here. We have the same contract as U.S. Steel, and we don't get pushed around the way U.S. Steel people do. A few of our members felt sold out when Mr. Smith went rushing off to Paris, and then again when he joined the Imetal

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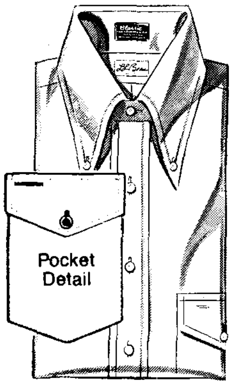

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board. They said, 'So it was all a farce—he was just fighting them for the record.' The majority of us don't believe that. We saw him in action during the fighting, and it seemed to us he got pretty worked up. Things are quiet here now. We haven't noticed any impact since the takeover. I'd like to believe that Imetal means it when it says we won't be touched. There's even some optimism that the takeover will mean new orders for us from France. We're hoping against hope. The next three or four years will tell the story."

Things may be quiet, but they are not tranquil. Dark dreams of foreign devils disturb the peace of the steelworkers of Glassport, as I learned from my talks with Kostyzak and other workers there. Some feel snubbed, because Rothschild declined to attend the congressional hearing in Glassport, where, or near where, a majority of the local Copperweld workers were born and raised; some resent as patronizing his description of all Copperweld workers, in a newspaper interview in January of 1976, as "good children" who don't understand the issues; some have invented, apparently out of whole cloth, a gothically detailed plot about an ancient Rothschild family grudge against the specialty-steel business. But there is, as Kostyzak said, nothing anyone at Glassport or at the other Copperweld plants can do but wait and hope—and, perhaps, consider that if the British in Pittsburgh had been as tactful after 1758 as the French at Copperweld have been since December of 1975, French might be the language spoken in 1977 at the Duquesne Club and the Fox Chapel Golf Club, and in the town of Glassport.

—JOHN BROOKS

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An authority in news-service syndication, speculating on the value of Mr. Kissinger as a columnist, remarked: "Former public officials who write columns have a shelf life of about a year. Most of them run out of material. And, don't forget, unlike some of the felons who have been convicted and made a TV name for themselves, Kissinger has no Watergate behind him to make himself a controversial sell."—*The Times.*

Well, if he chose to fritter away his time . . .

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NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Boston Herald American*]

Olympic Games, Liberian registry, hit a rock in the Delaware River on Dec. 27 and spilled 2,000 gallons of oil in the Thames River near Groton, Conn., Dec. 24.

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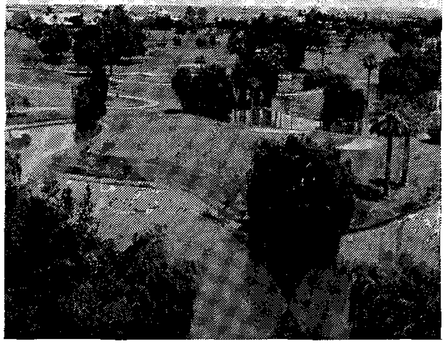

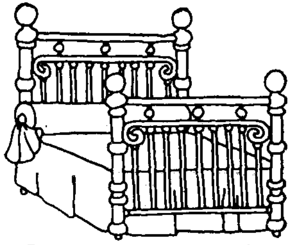

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THE RACE TRACK

Aqueduct Carries On

WELL, they were off and running at Aqueduct last Saturday, though the temperature wasn't far above zero. "We have an obligation to the state to race," said Ogden Mills Phipps, chairman of the New York Racing Association. What some of the jockeys, who rode wearing woollen ski masks, thermal underwear, and special gloves, said and what the losers in the crowd of 14,473 horseplayers muttered when the heat was turned down in the grandstand was another matter. Also, it was no day for favorites—only three of the nine won. The closest finish of the afternoon came in the first division of the Affectionately Handicap, in which Shy Dawn beat Double Quester by a nose. In the second division, Illiterate, ridden by Cauthen, won by a length and three-quarters from Quintas Vicki. It was Cauthen's second winner of the afternoon and his eleventh of the week. He left after the last race—in which he was second—for Santa Anita, where he won three of his five rides on Sunday.

Winter racing hereabouts has not been fun for trainers, jockeys, or grooms. One said, "It's a living." But the horses themselves not only don't mind running in cold weather but thrive on it. In fact, they enjoy rolling in the snow whenever they get a chance. Their day begins long before dawn, when they hear the tractors pulling harrows round the training track at Belmont Park or the new all-weather racing strip at Aqueduct to keep the ground from freezing. At about five-thirty, the grooms arrive at the barns, stomping in from the nearby dormitories to take feed to their horses. Breakfast over, the stalls are mucked out, the bedding is changed, the tack is cleaned, and the horses have their first grooming of the day. By then, the trainers and exercise boys have arrived, and it is time for the first set (a set is the number of horses a trainer works with at one time) to go out for exercise. Horses booked for racing that day may remain in their stalls, or they may have a walk or short workout. If the track is not in condition for work, the set walks or trots round and round in the enclosed stable until the trainer thinks it has exercised enough, and then the next set goes out. By ten o'clock, all have had their work, and horses that aren't running that afternoon get the rest of the day off.

ONCE more, Bowie, Keystone, Suffolk Downs, Waterford Park, Penn National, Latonia, and Washington Park were frozen out. Speaking of Bowie, it was McCarron Day there last Wednesday. Chris McCarron, who has been the leading jockey in Maryland for several seasons, rode five winners, and his older brother Gregg rode three—eight out of nine between them. There is also a third McCarron brother, Alan—an exercise boy at the track.

THERE was racing at Gulfstream Park, of course. The leading three-year-olds in the Experimental Free Handicap—Seattle Slew, Run Dusty Run, and Royal Ski—are training down there. Seattle Slew, top weight under 126 pounds, is stabled at Hialeah, and is doing only light work under the watchful eye of Bill Turner, the former jumping-race rider, who trains him. Run Dusty Run, a recent arrival from New Orleans, is also doing light work. Smiley Adams, his trainer, plans only two races for him, which Adams hasn't named, before the Florida Derby on March 7th. After that, Adams will send him to Keeneland for the Blue Grass Stakes, which comes about ten days before the Kentucky Derby, and which the trainer says is the perfect prep for the Run for the Roses. Royal Ski is the most advanced in his training. The other morning, he did six furlongs in 1:12⅗; he will be going for the Hutcheson Stakes February 9th.

Florida-breds are bringing good prices. At the sale of two-year-olds in training, a colt named Dewan Keys, by Dewan out of Eleven Keys, brought $170,000 at Hialeah last week. The buyers were Joe Morrissey and James L. Burst, both of Missouri. Mr. Burst said they bought the colt on the advice of Enoch Rea, his seventy-three-year-old trainer, who pronounced the colt the most promising-looking two-year-old he'd seen for a long time. In the course of the three days' vendue, a hundred and fifty-six colts and fillies were sold for $3,858,000.

—Audax Minor

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DANCING

Notes on a Natural Man

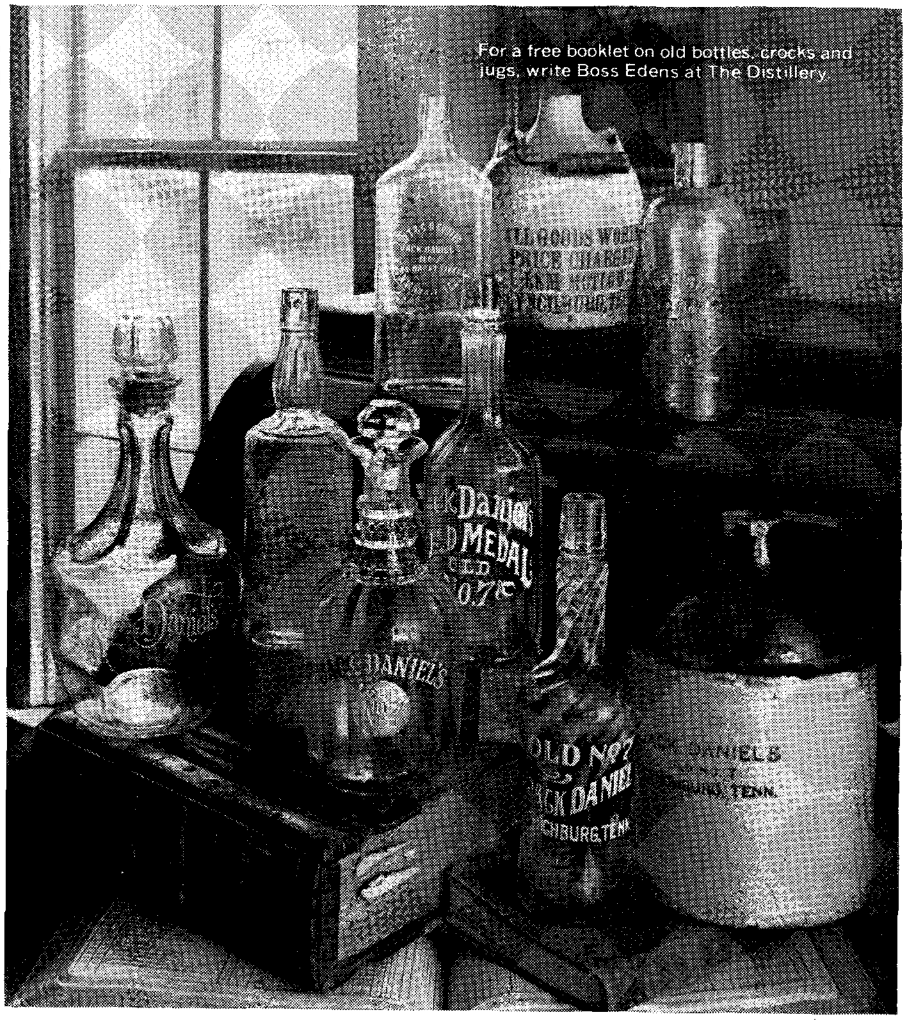
As revolutionaries grow older, they are supposed to turn into conservatives. Merce Cunningham, who radicalized an entire generation of American choreographers, is fifty-seven; his company has just given its first solo season in a Broadway theatre (the Minskoff); and he has not begun to change. He is still a radical, still a classicist, and still a great actor. He has been widely understood as a radical, grotesquely underestimated as a classicist, and barely considered an actor at all. Yet each of these three claims—I base them not only on the Broadway season's repertory but on all I know of Cunningham's work—deserves and supports the others. Cunningham's radicalism at first consisted in divesting dance of all content that did not irreducibly belong to it. As time went on, he manipulated formal propositions, breaking open kernels of academic wisdom and here, too, discarding all but essence. In a way, he saved classical dancing by showing what it could be reduced to and still work. He innovated but he also renovated. "Summerspace," the oldest work in the Minskoff repertory, was made in 1958 and is a highly conscious reconstitution of several very old ideas about classicism. Its subject moves as far back in time as a Poussin landscape peopled by nymphs and fauns (and even farther, for that was itself a reconstitution) and as far forward as the thousand dells and glades of Denishawn. Cunningham's dancers not only appear and vanish at irregular intervals and move at different speeds but are also seen from multiple viewpoints—not boxed, as in the nineteenth-century theatre. We are comfortable with the continuity of "Summerspace," with its random pattern and "flow-through" action; we sense its closeness to us and feel its rehabilitating effect. Of course, the lucidity of "Summerspace" is more real to us than the antique subject it contemplates, and so we think of that lucidity as its "real" subject. Cunningham probably does, too. Dances that are their own subject have been his specialty for thirty years.

That a dance be, as he once wrote, "unprompted by references other than to its own life" is the first requirement of classicism. Cunningham has eminently satisfied it. The two other requirements—academic legibility and virtuosity—are also part of his canon. Most of the works in the Minskoff repertory—"Summerspace," "Rebus," "Signals," "Torse," "Sounddance"—make nonsense of the statement in a recently published dance reference book that Cunningham "works with isolated movements, far from the academic dance." But, at the same time, he has recognized that dancing is not a pure and finite activity enclosed in its own system of perfection—that it includes drama simply because it reminds us of life. And there is a drama unique to Cunningham, which consists in the play between essential and existential insights—between the sparkling polished gems and the gritty, more or less accidental processes that surround and sometimes disclose them. It is not this drama that I am thinking of when I call Cunningham a great actor, although his extensive development of it throughout his repertory suggests that he is, at the very least, a great actor-manager. During the years when Cunningham was creating and performing the vigorous roles he now allocates to younger dancers in his company, his gifts as an actor were not widely spoken of. He was an actor the way Chaplin was a dancer—no less vivid when asserting this secondary talent, but still asserting it as secondary to his main performance. At this moment, though, Cunningham's acting abilities seem to encompass him. In "Solo," which he made for himself only four years ago, he comes as close to Stanislavskian pantomime as his abstemious temperament can ever have allowed him to come. This is the quiet, hypnotic dance in which he shows us the life of one forest creature after another. Cunningham devotees are not surprised that he has taken his dance from nature or that he isolates, tenses, and relaxes his muscles with animal-like control, but we are startled to find the animals really there. The kind of empirical description that is more characteristic of Cunningham's performance stops on the brink of specificity, summarizing several events in one charged instant or allowing one event to obscure another before we've had a chance to name it—like a cloud cover or a setting sun.

The impression of fleeting phenomena, of mutability, that we get from so much of Cunningham's work is the controlling metaphor of his theatre. It's so easy to understand—there's no way *not* to understand it—that one is baffled by those people who find the Cunningham spectacle baffling. His idea of nature-in-the-theatre rests on the flux that is common to both nature and the theatrical performance; as he says of one of his ballets, "the continuity is change." And in his various impersonations Cunningham has rung changes on the archetypes that in his own person he irresistibly suggests: the faun, the clown, the athlete, and—for those special man-made environments which his theatre sometimes incorporates—the mechanic (in mechanics' overalls). However, Cunningham sometimes *is* baffling. Nothing else in his repertory is as obscure as his own role in "Rebus." If "Solo" spells out the powers that lie behind the faun archetype, "Rebus" gives us a glimpse of what may lie ahead of the athlete. But that glimpse—who can say what we see there? The man-made environment of "Rebus" reminds one of a studio where the dancers assemble for company class. And, as far as one can see, what takes place *is* a company class or a rehearsal. Only Cunningham seems out of step. "Rebus" is everyday life broken by dream incidents that verge at times on nightmare. And Cunningham, who is isolated from the group but at the center of this dream, acts one of his strangest roles. It may be a direct transcription of life in his Westbeth studio (where it was shown while it was being made), with Cunningham playing the choreographer-teacher marking steps, instructing, guiding, but never really participating. At the end, where his own great solo should be, there are just blurs of activity, as if Cunningham were articulating through a fog. "Rebus" contains the handsomely developed ensemble choreography that Cunningham has been producing lately; there's more of it in "Torse," a lighter-weight companion piece, in which he does not appear at all. In "Rebus" he manages very nearly to disappear while remaining onstage. I take the title to be a reference to his role, and to be literally descriptive. In "Rebus" he is the key to a puzzle we and perhaps he himself cannot solve.

It may be that the time has come to concentrate less on Cunningham and more on the Cunningham company.

At the Minskoff, this was hard to do. The company is no longer a group of soloists but a collective, as the Russians say, and in recent years there has been a high rate of turnover. The stage is a magnifier; on the Minskoff stage there were too many inexperienced dancers. Of the pieces that featured steady, intricate dancing in large groups, "Rebus" and "Torse" suffered from this weakness. "Sounddance," though, emerged as a triumph, and the season's biggest hit. Why this happened brings up another way in which the company has changed: the matter of Cunningham's collaborators and his modus operandi with or without collaborators. The Minskoff season marked the first time in five years that New York had seen Cunningham works in repertory. Instead of repertory, we have been seeing his Events, which often present new choreography as part of a continuous performance of repertory excerpts. In Events, new and old dances alike are performed to music different from the scores that were commissioned for them, and often without their rightful costumes and without décor. To see "Rebus" or "Torse" as part of an Event is to see substantially all there is to see (although "Torse," a fifty-two-minute work, has never been given in its entirety). At the Minskoff, the entrances and exits were upstage left, just as they were (and had to be) at the Westbeth studio, and the only décor was a clothes rack for "Rebus." Events sound, too, is likely to be better than the dreary scores that were provided for both these works. "Sounddance" has lavishly exciting choreography; and, with its décor and lighting by Mark Lancaster and sound by David Tudor, it forms a complete entity. The entrances and exits are made through a center slot in a draped curtain that extends the width of the stage. Each dancer appears, is immediately caught up in the vortex of the dance, and at the end is hurled by centrifugal force back through the slot. The effect cannot be captured in an Event, nor does it seem likely that any other score could do for "Sounddance" what Tudor's "Toneburst" does—raise its energy level to volcanic fury. It is largely because of its sound that "Sounddance" has emerged as one of Cunningham's more fearsome works, like "Crises," "Winterbranch," and "Place," though probably what accounts for its popularity is that "Toneburst" has a beat that now and then coincides with the rhythm of the dancing and seems to drive it on. If Cunningham's idea is that any sound can accompany any dance anyplace, I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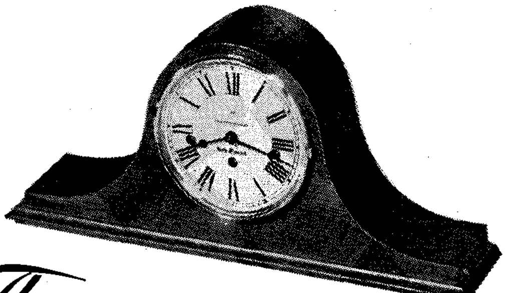

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think that events as well as Events prove him wrong.

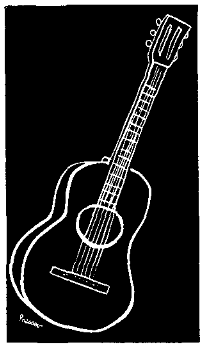
"Squaregame" and "Travelogue," the newest Cunningham productions, are "game" pieces rather than dance pieces. "Squaregame" has the most beautiful of theatrical-natural sets—the stage bared to the brick wall, with wings exposed and the whole area flooded with white light. A white floor cloth flanked by moss-green borders and stacks of white duffelbags are Mark Lancaster's décor. Buffalo leaps, contractions, backward scuttling runs are the choreography's motifs. There are two outstanding moments in "Squaregame"—one a Cunningham solo with extremely precise movements of the arms and torso (very unlike what goes on in "Rebus"), and the other a duet in which he supports the most talented of his new dancers, Karole Armitage, in some buttery slow falls and then shadows her in an undulant walk on half-toe. In "Travelogue" Robert Rauschenberg returns to Cunningham's stage after a thirteen-year absence and rather overwhelms it: the colors are like candy, but all those chairs, bicycle wheels, color wheels, silk flags, and paint cans are sweets of sin. John Cage's score is in the same overwhimsical vein—a collage of telephone-service tapes, like Weather, Time, Rare Bird Alert, and Dial-A-Joke. "Travelogue" is an escapade in the style of "Antic Meet," with nothing on its mind. "Antic Meet" (1958) has a little something. Although Cunningham's humor tends to be arch, like Martha Graham's, the best bit in the new piece is his. He enters, furtively snatching up a girl's dropped veil, and in a twinkling becomes both Nijinsky and the kid with the blanket in "Peanuts."

ITS musicians' strike settled at last, the New York City Ballet resumed its season with a program consisting of Balanchine's "Symphony in Three Movements," "Tzigane," and "Union Jack"—a high-pitched evening ending in a jamboree. "Tzigane" had devouring performances by Suzanne Farrell and Peter Martins; in "Union Jack" Patricia McBride and Jean-Pierre Bonnefous filled out the Costermonger Pas de Deux with their newest gags, and the "Rule, Britannia!" finale was the patriotic touch that released the audience's spirits. The demonstration surpassed any that has been given to this company at the State Theatre, and did not end until Balanchine had peeped through the curtain twice to wave good night. —ARLENE CROCE

MUSICAL EVENTS

Prophetic Strain

WHEN Longfellow saw "Le Prophète" in Boston in 1856, he noted in his journal that "it is a grand opera, with startling, splendid passages, and an air of power all through it." And those who see it now at the Metropolitan, where it is being played for the first time since 1928, are likely to agree. A major production of "Le Prophète" was needed. The three other works that Meyerbeer and Scribe devised for the Paris Opéra had already been revived with strong casts: "Les Huguenots" at La Scala in 1962, "Robert le Diable" in Florence in 1968, and "L'Africaine" in San Francisco in 1972. The Met "Prophète," which has Marilyn Horne, Renata Scotto, and James McCracken in the leading roles, completes the picture. There have been other productions of the works during the last twenty years, but those are the four big landmarks of the Meyerbeer revival.



Each of them showed a different approach to nineteenth-century grand opera, and "Les Huguenots" alone was staged in a style that Meyerbeer would have recognized. Nicola Benois had designed large, grand scenery of painted canvas; the queen entered Act III on a white horse; Franco Enriquez, directing, got his cast to do what the stage directions ask them to. It was all carried out on a vast scale and with the wonted Scala efficiency, if without any particular distinction. "Les Huguenots" is probably the best constructed of Meyerbeer's grand-opera tetrad, and the staging preserved the carefully plotted sequence of indoor and outdoor scenes. The score, however, was heavily cut. The show lasted about four and a half hours, of which about an hour and a half was interval.

"Les Huguenots" was first produced at the Opéra in 1836. "Robert le Diable" preceded it there, in 1831; four years earlier it had been announced as an opéra comique but was then remodelled for the big house as a very grand opera indeed. "Robert" is a rum work, at once picturesque, popular, and mystic—as if a "Faust" had been superimposed on a "Freischütz," with the second act of "Giselle" and the pomp of some Spontini spectacular thrown in. The plot is lively. The opera became one of the great successes of all time and held the stage into the last decade of the century. Its imagery left a mark on "Tannhäuser" and "Parsifal." Wagner, who conducted it in Würzburg, relates in "Mein Leben" how his initial contempt for the music yielded to fascination at its ability to elicit applause. To Italy "Robert" was introduced as a work that had caused a great stir "through the splendor of its décors and for Meyerbeer's lovely music"—in that order. But in Florence Margherita Wallmann, who directed, had decided "to eliminate all that is purely decorative . . . to present the romantic theme in a dimension accessible to the way of life of modern man." There were stark, abstract settings by Josef Svoboda, dun costumes, and a "formalized" production. Scribe describes his convent scene with romantic relish: moonlit arcades, overgrown tombs, will-o'-the-wisps flickering toward the tombs, rusty iron lanterns starting to glow with devilish light, nuns rising at the bass's command (Taglioni led the way) and stripping off their habits to dance more freely. In Florence, the nuns popped up as if on automatic deck chairs, and were dressed in pink body stockings painted to simulate nudity. A scene that could be enchanting, if inevitably a little absurd, became both risible and ugly. Large crowds of chorus, corps de ballet, and extras had been engaged, but by the second performance, which was when I arrived, the running time had been cut down as if for some provincial repertory house. Less than three hours of music was left; an hour had been taken out since the dress rehearsal. Nevertheless, something came across. The big numbers had not lost their show-stopping power. As a drama, it would be hard to take "Robert" seriously; Miss Wallmann's endeavor to stage it so as to "throw light on the predicament of modern man" was doomed from the start. But as a theatrical spectacle thoroughly and brilliantly composed, as a feast of many courses in cunningly planned sequence, the opera could again be a hit, I believe, if it were done on the scale and in the manner that its creators intended.

"Robert" and "Les Huguenots" were both so successful—Michelangelo and Beethoven were names mentioned in a breath with Meyerbeer—that the composer pondered long before approaching the public with a new work. He would not venture anything less than another triumph. Soon after "Les Huguenots," he had received the librettos of both "Le Prophète" and "L'Africaine." He began work on the latter, and then set it aside to compose "Le Prophète," whose first version was finished in 1841. But the Opéra did not have the cast for it—Meyerbeer wanted Pauline Viardot to be engaged for the leading role, and Léon Pillet, the director of the Opéra, wanted to use Rosine Stoltz, his resident prima donna and mistress—and the composer said he "would rather wait twenty years than risk a cast that did not satisfy me at every point." Eventually, he agreed to Stoltz—but then no suitable tenor was available. In 1845, he completed a version of "L'Africaine" for Stoltz. In 1847, she and Pillet left the Opéra. In 1848, Meyerbeer revised "Le Prophète," and it was put on—with Viardot, after all—the following year. "L'Africaine" was remodelled in or about 1852 but did not reach the stage until 1865, a year after Meyerbeer's death. This intricate chronology is being brought to light by the publication of Meyerbeer's correspondence and diaries, of which three fat volumes have so far appeared. They, taken in conjunction with the evidence of the scores and the memoirs of contemporaries, reveal that Meyerbeer was at once a rapid and fluent composer, an inveterate tinkerer and reviser, and a last-minute improviser prepared to make spur-of-the-moment changes to a work that may have occupied him on and off for some twenty-five years. His artistic exigence is oddly at variance with sudden capitulations to singers' demands once the works got into rehearsal. It was a poor idea to supply Jeanne Castellan, the first Berthe of "Le Prophète," with the added entrance air she asked for; Meyerbeer acknowledged as much by omitting the number from his first published score. (In fact, he supplied two airs, and Castellan chose the more florid; Miss Scotto sings it at the Met.) It was possibly a bad idea to omit the tenor's air in Act III; it's hard to say without having seen the music (which is presumably lurking in the Opéra archives). Gustave Roger, an opéra-comique tenor promoted to create the title role, was finding it burdensome, and Mme. Roger insisted on its being lightened. Without the air, there is an uncharacteristic bump in the action and a hole in the presentation of the hero's character. After Meyerbeer's death, the process continued when the great bari-

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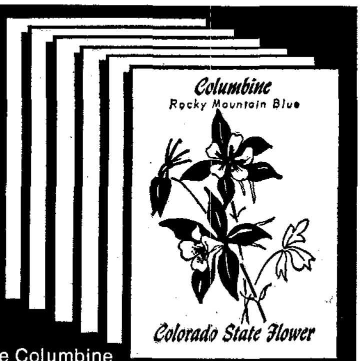

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tone Jean-Baptiste Faure transferred a passage from Act III of "L'Africaine" to Act V so that he, and not the prima donna, would have the last word.

The San Francisco "Africaine," directed by Lotfi Mansouri, designed by Wolfram and Amrei Skalicki, was the most satisfying of the four revivals—more imaginative and energetic in style than the Scala "Huguenots," closer to the spirit of Meyerbeer than the Florence "Robert" or the Met "Prophète." If one is going to reject a careful "re-creation" of the original, based on the surviving production books and scene designs, in favor of something more modern, then this is the way to go about it. (I'm not recommending such a rejection; I believe that an "Otello" carefully and intelligently based on Verdi's production of 1887, which is notated in detail, and done in scenery painted and built from Carlo Ferrario's original designs would be a revelation.) With lighter and presumably less costly modern materials, the San Francisco staging hinted at Manueline splendors in the first two acts; the shipwreck of Act III, as the great vessel grinds on the reef, was effective; and the Malagasy paradise looked exotic and attractive. Scribe's and Meyerbeer's instructions were not fulfilled to the letter, but they were not flatly contradicted. The score was cut, when I heard it, to something under three hours of music.

AFTER "Robert," Scribe and Meyerbeer turned to history for their subjects, but not in any very serious or precise way—only to provide novel and picturesque scenes. The hero of "L'Africaine" happens to be Vasco da Gama, and his voyage takes him to Madagascar, but in the first version of the opera he is a Spaniard who sails to "the center of Africa, near the source of the Niger." In "Les Huguenots," a conventional love-versus-loyalty story is played out against the background of the St. Bartholomew's Day Massacre. "Le Prophète" takes up the theme of religious fanaticism. The Prophet is John of Leyden, described by Dr. F. C. Conybeare (the eleventh Britannica's authority on ablution, baptism, Anabaptism, and such things) as the Brigham Young of the mid-sixteenth century: "Giving himself out as the successor of David, he claimed royal honours and absolute power in the new 'Zion' "—which was Münster, a city that under John and his Anabaptist followers became "for twelve months a scene of unbridled profligacy." (Another number cut from Meyerbeer's score during

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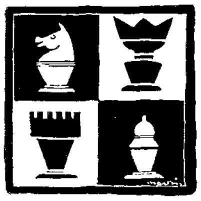
rehearsals was the "Choix des Reines;" John's henchmen chose the ten prettiest girls in the town to be wives to the Prophet. Some profligacy survives in the *bacchanale* and *couplets bachiques* of the final scene.) In Act I of the opera, three Anabaptists incite a band of happy peasants against their masters with communist promises; the reformers' chant of "Ad nos, ad salutarem undam" punctuates the score in the way Luther's chorale does that of "Les Huguenots." The wicked Count Oberthal refuses to allow the pretty young Berthe, his vassal, to go off and marry John. In Act II, John tells the Anabaptists of a dream of being crowned, while they observe that he's just the man to make a popular leader. Berthe runs in, fleeing from Oberthal, who tells John to yield Berthe or see his mother, Fidès, killed. John yields Berthe, and Fidès blesses him (the famous "Ah, mon fils!"). The three Anabaptists tell John they can make his dream come true, and, although reluctant to leave his mother, he goes off with them. In Act III, Zacharias, one of the three, sings some rousing *couplets*, "joyfully brandishing his battle-axe." Across the representation of a frozen lake, dancers—originally on roller skates—glide in, and then take off their skates to dance an extended divertissement. In a *trio bouffe*, Oberthal, caught wandering about the camp but unrecognized, swears to join the Anabaptists and hang Oberthal when he is caught; there is more grim humor when he is recognized and ordered off to execution. (This curious form of light relief was a Meyerbeer specialty; the Valentine/Marcel duet in "Les Huguenots" has something of the same quality.) John arrives, sickened of his mission and longing only to see his mother again, but when he learns that Berthe is in Münster he rallies his army with a prayer and a triumphal hymn, and leads them against the city. An electric sun blazes out—the first use of electricity at the Opéra.



Act IV contains the coronation scene whose structure and situations Verdi so much admired. It is dominated by Fidès. Reduced to penury, she sings in the street her *complainte de la mendiante* (strikingly accompanied by two bassoons) and then a duo (of poor quality) with Berthe. The scene changes to the cathedral, and the well-known march is heard. There is a band of twenty-two on stage; the organ plays; Fidès hurls imprecations on the Prophet; children sing of his divine origin. John appears, murmuring to himself that it is true, he is indeed the son of God—and comes face to face with his mother. It is a strong scene. One of the Anabaptist trio whispers to John that if he acknowledges his mother she will be killed, so he denies her: "Who is this woman?" John then makes it plain to her that if she persists in claiming him *he* will be killed, so she pretends that she was mistaken. On a verbal level, the motivation is quite rational. But on a musical and theatrical level it is played out in New Testament terms, with echoes of Christ's cool question to his mother "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" and of Peter's denial, and with a "miracle"—a section of the score headed "L'Exorcisme," in which the desperate woman is made calm by the Prophet's gentle, persuasive voice. One of Meyerbeer's earliest comments on the libretto was "How would it be if John really believed in his mission?" Does he? In Act V, both mother and son implicitly own that the miracle was a fraud. In the vaults of Münster castle Fidès sings her grand air of parade ("A musical aberration," said Berlioz). John comes to seek forgiveness. Berthe arrives, intent on blowing up the castle, discovers her John, plans to return to the country with him and his mother, then learns to her horror that he is the Prophet, and stabs herself. (An extended death scene, saxophone-accompanied, was cut before the first performance; Berthe is now polished off in a few perfunctory measures.) John joins the carousal in the great hall, having apparently, though this is not explained, set a slow fuse to the castle magazine. There is an explosion. Fidès, dishevelled and bloody, runs in. Mother and son strike up the drinking song together, changing its words from "Versez! que tout respire l'ivresse" to "Ah! viens, divine flamme," and the castle collapses in flames about them and all the company.

This story certainly contains novel and piquant situations. It was something quite different from "Les Huguenots," being a grand-opera plot with common people, not nobles, in the principal roles. Meyerbeer had initial misgivings about monotony of color and predominance of males, but saw how diversions could be introduced. John Dexter, who directed the Met production, has made the mistake, I believe, of taking the play in one way too seriously and in another not seriously enough. Scribe's characters do not

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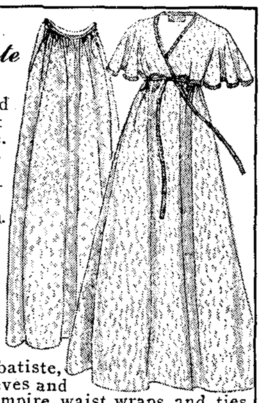

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really bear close inspection; consistency is regularly and ruthlessly sacrificed to passing theatrical effects. In terms of the text alone, Fidès is a selfish and possessive old woman. John, as Bernard Shaw wrote, "is at the disadvantage of being a hero without having anything heroic to do, and of having finally to degrade himself by shouting a vile drinking song amid a pack of absurd nautch-girls." He is also an Albert Herring who does not succeed in untying the apron strings. Berthe is pasteboard. The rabble-rousing music of the Anabaptists has a kind of dark, sinister power, but elsewhere the text and the buffo elements make it clear that they are not dedicated fanatics but hypocrites with an eye to the main chance. It is just possible that the composer was attracted subconsciously to the subject by parallels between his own position and John's. Heine once remarked that Meyerbeer's mother was the second woman in history to see her son accepted as divine; like the Prophet, Meyerbeer himself may have had clear-sighted moments when he realized the world rated him too high. But such speculation is irrelevant to the opera as it was composed. "People often dismiss 'Prophète,'" Mr. Dexter has said, "as a *pièce de théâtre*, but I think the work exists on a much more profound level. . . . [Meyerbeer] tried to capture, musically and dramatically, the explosive atmosphere of Northern Europe in the fifteen-thirties—a time when the movement for a populist, instinctive religion had reached the boiling point." The Metropolitan set, designed by Peter Wexler, "began as a half-built cathedral, but it has become a kind of Gothic cage, because that's what Northern Europe was at the time; the Church was a cage, and everybody was trapped inside it. I first thought of staging the opera as a morality play." That "profound level" Mr. Dexter speaks of does not exist. "Le Prophète" *is* a very skillfully made *pièce de théâtre*—and to be valued, not dismissed, as such. What Mr. Dexter has dismissed—by running scenes and acts together without clear punctuation; by playing everything, indoor or outdoor, in the same sombre set and in costumes uniformly brown, gray, or white, with touches of red—is the scenic power of Meyerbeer's opera, based on carefully planned contrasts of moods, colors, décors, depths and densities of setting. He has achieved the visual monotony the composer sought to avoid. The curtain should rise on the Dutch countryside: "In the background, the Meuse. Right, a fortified castle with drawbridges and turrets. Left, the castle farms and mills; on the same side, in the foreground, sacks of wheat, rustic tables, benches, etc." When we enter the Met, the curtain is already up on a Gothic apse run up in wood, which remains there throughout the evening.

On a practical level, there is much to admire. The production cost only three-fifths of its allotted half-million-dollar budget. No time is spent on scene-shifting, and so a good deal of music can be packed into a four-hour show with only two intermissions—after Acts III and IV. (A rousing, bloodthirsty chorus that should open Act III is omitted; so are the *trio bouffe*, a good deal of the ballet, a verse of John's pastorale in Act II, and some less significant passages. On the other hand, the prayer of Act III and the duo-reprise of the drinking song, both cut in 1849, are reinstated.) Yet even a "Prophète" mounted on the cheap could, I believe, be mounted in a more picturesque and appropriate fashion. It is a matter of intention, not of cost. When the musical historian Georges Servières assessed the reasons for the opera's success, high among them he listed the electric sunrise, the skaters, the Sax band onstage, and the explosion of the palace. At the Met, a projection of a rose window onto the backcloth pays token observance to the sunrise. What is left of the ballet, choreographed in rustic style by Stuart Sebastian, is quite fun. But the band is invisible, and the explosion is a feeble affair of ribbons fluttering to the ground.

On the first night, Marilyn Horne sang the principal role with energy, power, and prowess. In 1841, Meyerbeer wrote that Fidès was "all gentleness," that she had only one energetic moment; that was why he wanted Viardot with her "broad, sweet, smooth singing," and not the fiery Stoltz. But the Fidès of 1849 needs a good deal of fire—in the *imprécation*, in the fourth-act finale, and in the trumpery cabaletta of her last air. Miss Horne provided it. She was highly dramatic in the threefold utterance of "Qui je suis?" after John has denied her—marked to be sung the first time "*d'une voix tremblante*," the second "*avec indignation*," the third "*avec une douloureuse tendresse, et en pleurant*." In tender moments, her singing was "broad, sweet, smooth." The role is written across the same range as Brünnhilde's, from the

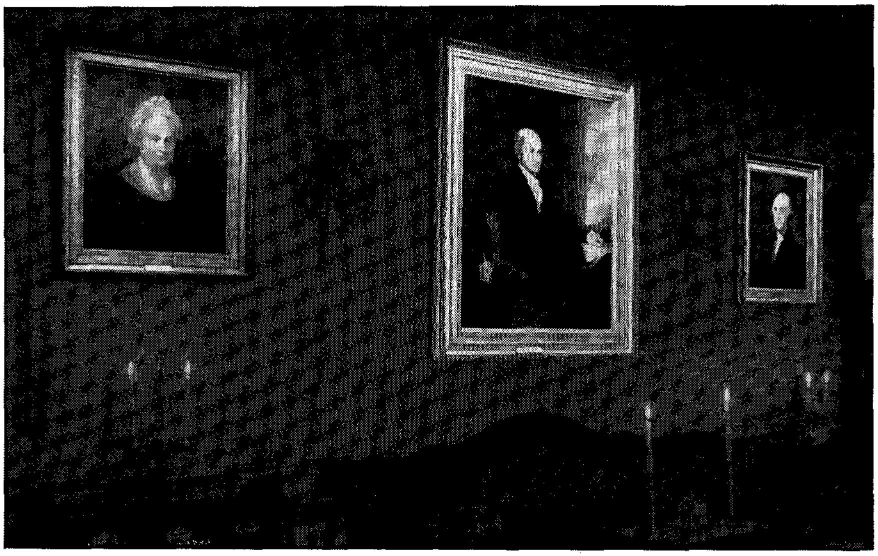
G below the staff to the C above it. Alternatives are given so that singers without Viardot's exceptional diapason can avoid the extremes, but Miss Horne had no need of them.

John is also a difficult role. Meyerbeer composed it first for Gilbert Duprez, and when Duprez's voice declined thought of Gaetano Fraschini, Verdi's favorite tenor, and of the great Mario. Both Roger, who created the part, and Mario, who sang it in London a few months later, found it heavy, and omitted portions—Roger the Act III prayer, and Mario some of the triumphal hymn that follows it. Mr. McCracken has the weight, force, and stamina for the heroic episodes. (He sang both prayer and hymn.) The head voice he employed in several gentle passages marked "*pianissimo*" and "*très doux*" was criticized, but unjustly in my view: the sound had the right touch of strangeness, suggestive of visionary delusion. His performance was noble, poetic, and convincing.

Miss Scotto seemed to have confused Berthe with Mad Margaret. She turned her four appearances into four mad scenes of increasing wildness, and, although there were some sweet, beautiful phrases to be heard, she tended increasingly to scream anything loud and high. But then Berthe is a thankless role; I have come across no warm praise for any of the Berthes in history, not even for Claudia Muzio's, at the Met in 1918. Zacharias is the only other character with a solo. Nicolas Levasseur came out of virtual retirement, at the age of fifty-eight, to create the part. At the Met, Jerome Hines sounded a little rusty in timbre, but he had authority, grandeur, and a fine rhythmic verve.

From Berlioz onward, critics have noted the Handelian cut of the roulades in Zacharias's *couplets*. I think that Handel may be a general influence on "Le Prophète." Meyerbeer knew many of Handel's dramatic oratorios, and he read and admired "Jephtha" while composing his opera. The influence is not (except during those *couplets*) in musical details but in the general layout, in the disposition and cumulative effects of choruses, solos, ensembles, and in the flair for capturing a mood and a movement in music. Consider the coronation scene. This is Henry Chorley's account of it:

> The march is gorgeous in its opening beyond precedent of stage marches, choicely rich in the melody of the trio. Then comes the organ behind the scenes, with the church anthem . . . broken by the imprecations of the distracted woman, who hears the praises of the false



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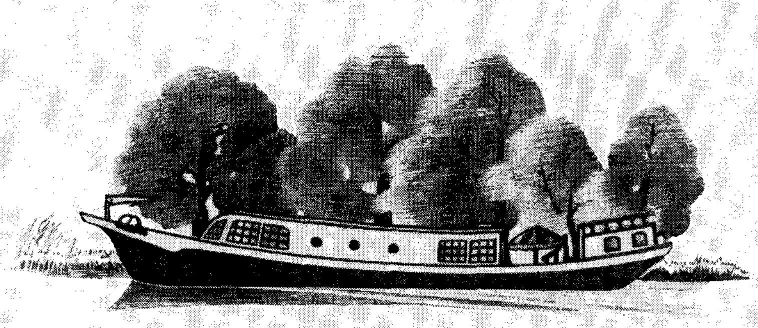

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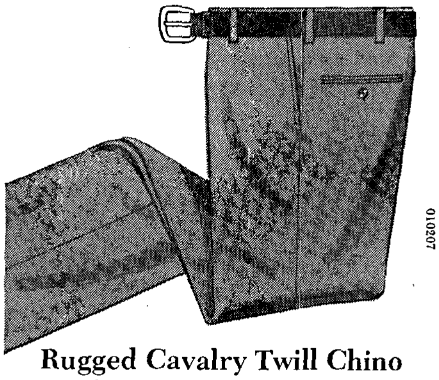

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Some of the great dramatic sequences in Handel's oratorios have been described in similar terms. Not all Meyerbeer's music is good. Some of it is labored, and some of it cheap. But two of his cheapest tunes—Fidès's outburst at her son, later blared out in unison by the full ensemble, and pushed through key after key, and the "vile drinking song" at the end—are two of the most theatrically effective in the piece. One cannot help being stirred by them.

Bernard Shaw once declared that all sorts of excellent qualities in the conductor of a French grand opera went for nothing unless to them was added "the vulgar little gift . . . called 'go.' " Henry Lewis, who conducted the Met performance, occasionally rushed things. Both triumphal hymn and coronation march were taken noticeably faster than the composer's metronome markings indicate. (So they are in the Columbia recording of the opera made in London by the same three principals and conductor; the album is a valuable and rousing supplement to the Met performances, and it contains some passages—the opening chorus of Act III, the *trio bouffe*—omitted in the theatre.) But Mr. Lewis certainly had "go." And the players gave full value to curious instrumental inventions whose novelty and merit even Meyerbeer's sternest detractors have never denied.

—ANDREW PORTER

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A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Washington Post*]

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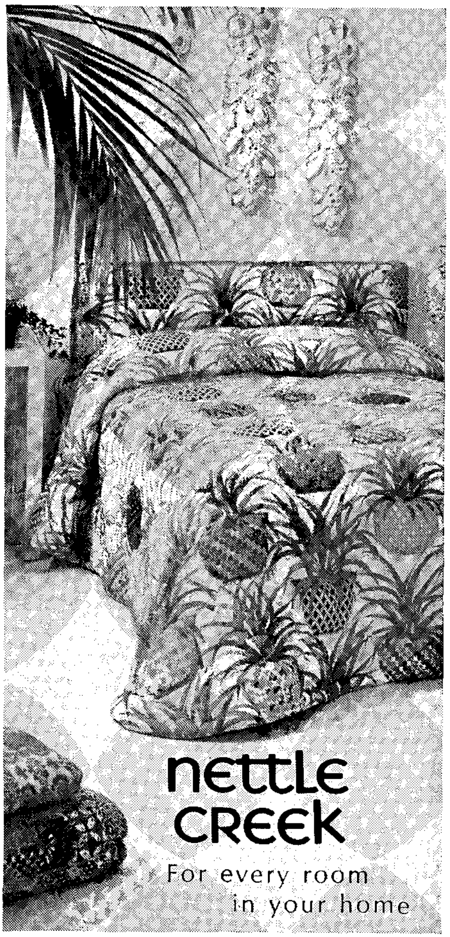

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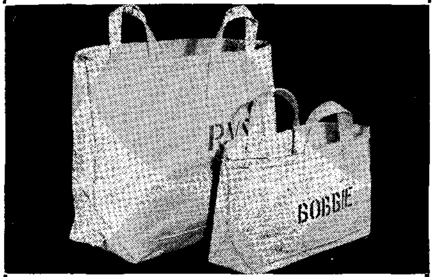

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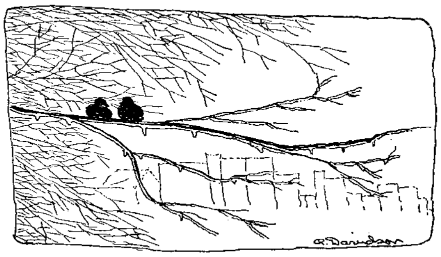
AROUND CITY HALL

MULTIPLE CHOICE

IN the scheduling of local elections, as in most other matters, this city is the creature of New York State, and when the Legislature began its two-hundredth session last month the date set by a previous session for this year's municipal-election primaries was next September 13th—at the end of a long summer and not long before the start of the World Series. Even before the playoffs for the Super Bowl, however, the political version of the Hot Stove League was in full swing here. The local news columns, hardly through hashing over the Presidential-election returns, were offering the equivalent of lifetime R.B.I.s and won-lost records of possible candidates in the city's mayoral race, and giving the latest on the headline-seeking maneuvers and fund-raising schemes of the various players, and their likely choices of pollsters, public-relations consultants (now often treated as political stars in their own right), and other elements essential to a modern campaign—all proving once again that politics here nowadays is a recognized spectator sport and a significant local industry. Things were not always so complicated, even when the prize at issue was far more valuable than the key to the small office in the west end of City Hall. In the 1892 Presidential race, Grover Cleveland, a New Yorker who, after being out of the White House for a term, had been nominated for reëlection, took a two-day break in his summer's stay at Buzzards Bay and on July 20th of that year formally accepted the nomination at Madison Square Garden, his only public appearance of any consequence in the campaign. He won that November by a margin of a hundred and thirty-two electoral votes over Benjamin Harrison, the Republican incumbent. Those simpler political times are gone forever, of course, along with the gaslights of that era and the Garden that was in fact on Madison Square.

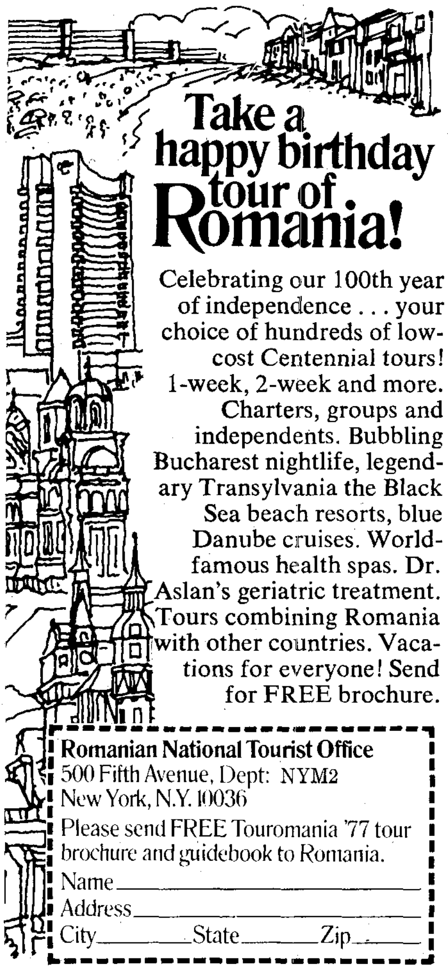
In September of 1975, when the city's money troubles were most desperate and while the tense negotiations were going on that led to the Legislature's setting up the Emergency Financial Control Board to run the city's financial affairs, Governor Hugh Carey, who became the Control Board chairman, remarked that under the new arrangement "I don't think it will matter who is mayor of New York." Clearly, this is not the view of the eighteen or twenty New Yorkers whose names are being mentioned for the 1977 race or of Abraham Beame, the present mayor and presumed candidate for reëlection. The lengthy roster of those who have shown some interest in running for the top post in this fiscally stricken city despite the estimate that such a race could cost them at least a million dollars apiece may have resulted from the impression that the city's fortunes are looking up. Bonds floated by the Municipal Assistance Corporation—or MAC, the agency set up in June of 1975 to sell the securities that no one would then buy directly from the city—are now in demand among private investors, and there has even been a proposal by local bankers that if the city will agree to certain harsh conditions it may be able to market its own bonds later this year, although there is widespread agreement that New York will never be able to make it all the way back to solvency without some further rescue effort from Washington.

The presence of so many possible contenders in the mayoral race may represent a quadrennial reflex on the part of the sizable number of them who played important roles in campaigns for mayor or other citywide office four or eight or twelve years ago. For other local politicians, the municipal election could simply be the only game going. In recent times, there has been little enthusiasm on the national scene for candidates from this city or this state. ("There's something about New York, about being from New York, that creates jealousies and antagonisms in the rest of the country," Vice-President Nelson Rockefeller said as he prepared to leave office.) The state's voters have just chosen one new senator, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, and the other, Jacob Javits, doesn't come up for reëlection until 1980. And next year's gubernatorial race now seems likely to be a squaring off between Carey and Perry Duryea, of Suffolk County, the former Speaker of the State Assembly, who became Minority Leader after the Democrats won it back in 1974. Duryea is talking of signing up Deardourff, Bailey & Eyre, the firm of political consultants that recently almost turned the trick for President Ford, and he has been gathering support for the Republican nomination since long before Rockefeller resigned the governorship, in December of 1973, to devote his full time to the pursuit of the Presidency.



This year, the pre-primary skirmishes have engaged not only local Democrats but also Republicans, whose party leaders more typically arrange such matters in executive session months ahead of time, so that their nominees can skip the expensive and enervating primary ordeal. The G.O.P. candidate who is considered most likely to succeed in getting his party's nomination for mayor is State Senator Roy Goodman. In a city where just two Republicans—Fiorello LaGuardia and John Lindsay—have been elected mayor since 1901, it is understood that candidates of that party need a long lead time. In 1972, in what was interpreted as a move to build up the generally worthy but rather colorless state senator into someone New Yorkers might at least recognize by the time of the 1977 municipal election, Rockefeller named Goodman the chairman of the bipartisan State Charter Revision Commission for the City of New York—an appointment that required Goodman to preside over hearings all over the city on what was wrong with New York's government and what should be done about it. More than four years later (and fifteen months after over half of its proposals were voted into law), the commission, through the coöperation of Republican legislators in Albany, is still in existence and available as a Goodman platform. However, another Republican state senator—John Calandra, of the Bronx, who considers Goodman too liberal—has now threatened to enter the race for his party's nomination for mayor. Calandra is not only the Bronx Republican county chairman but also the chairman of the Senate's Elections Committee—a role that has given him considerable influence over whether the Senate should vote to move the September primary date back a few months, in the hope that this would improve the Republicans' chances of electing a mayor in November.

If Calandra doesn't run himself, he may back Barry Farber, a commentator for radio station WOR, which could mean another of the reruns for which local politics is noted: In 1970, Farber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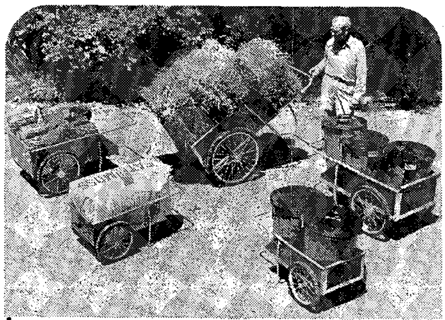
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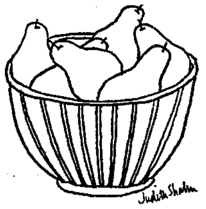
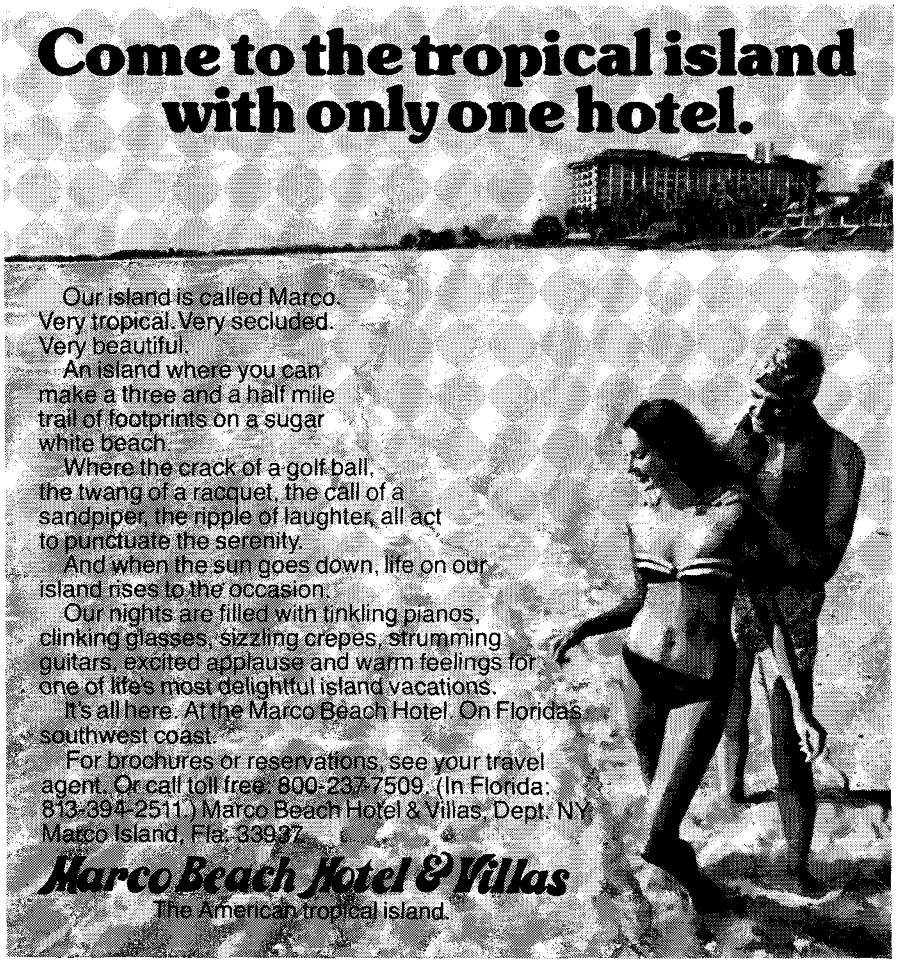
was the unsuccessful Republican candidate for Congress against Bella Abzug, of Manhattan, who gave up her seat in the House last year to make an unsuccessful try for the Democratic nomination for the United States Senate, and whose friends are now urging her to be a candidate for mayor. If Farber does enter the Republican race, he will presumably delay as long as possible, since when he became an avowed candidate his access to a microphone would be limited by equal-time regulations; indeed, these rules of the Federal Communications Commission help explain the backwardness of all the candidates about formally announcing their intentions, local panel-show appearances being an important means of free political advertising. After all his rivals, Republican and Democratic, have declared themselves and become subject to equal-time strictures, the man already in place at that natural news center, City Hall, will have a big advantage if he runs for reëlection, and, although City Hall does not have a Rose Garden, some familiar cries about calculated incumbency will undoubtedly be heard.

LOCAL politician-watchers who look forward with no enthusiasm to a campaign dominated by Beame's media events and photo opportunities have been among those most willing to be diverted by the wild rumor that, after a short period on the sidelines attending to family matters and international good works, the nation's most recently retired Vice-President might be tempted to throw his hat in the ring for mayor (although probably not until after the departure of his current houseguest, the nation's most recently retired Secretary of State, whose concern over the city's problems in the days when he was going to public high school in Washington Heights and taking advantage of free tuition at City College may have diminished). Having finally given up hope of what in his case would surely have been an imperial Presidency, the theory goes, Rockefeller might decide to console himself with a smaller prize—a chance to rule over the principality in which he has lived all his life, including the years when he was Governor of New York and Vice-President of the United States. In his own mind, at least, Rockefeller has plenty of time for one last political adventure, since he said not long ago that he expects to live to be a hundred; no doubt he takes it as a portent that he has the same birthday, July 8th, as his paternal grandfather, who lived to be ninety-seven. And, although municipal politics are generally acknowledged to be the lowliest and least edifying of the levels of democracy in action (Mary McCarthy didn't have to give examples when she described one of the Watergate-hearing figures as having "a mean City Hall mouth"), Rockefeller, for all his imperial preoccupations, has a long history of getting involved in his city's mayoral elections.



The most recent instance of Rockefeller meddling occurred during the last such election, in 1973, when, as of mid-March, the probable winner among the Democratic candidates was Bronx Representative Mario Biaggi, of whom Rockefeller and Alex Rose, the head of the Liberal Party in the state, strongly disapproved. Together, they moved to head Biaggi off by having the Liberal and Republican Parties jointly back former Democratic Mayor Robert Wagner. The Wagner candidacy was scuttled, after a fierce fight by Rockefeller, when the local Republican county bosses refused to support a Democrat. Rose, in a memoir left unfinished at his death, last December, pointed out that Rockefeller did more than just back an alternative to Biaggi. At about the time the Wagner nomination fell through, Biaggi suffered a severe loss in popularity (running on the Conservative line, he eventually came in last in the election) as a result of a leak from the local United States Attorney's office to the effect that in 1971 he had pleaded the Fifth Amendment before a federal grand jury investigating political corruption—an action that Biaggi had publicly denied, but admitted shortly before the *Times* published excerpts from the grand-jury minutes. According to Rose, if the state's Republican governor had not taken an active part in the Democratic-primary race that year, "the United States Attorney's office, under Republican control, never would have leaked the story on Biaggi. . . . Without Rockefeller's move Biaggi would be mayor today."

The rumor that the former Vice-President might consider running for mayor is presumably no more substantial than most Hot Stove League gossip, but some Rockefeller meddling in the race would not be any big surprise. The state Republican chairman, Richard Rosenbaum, who is a longtime Rockefeller ally, predicted a few weeks before the Vice-President left office that the selection of a fusion candidate for mayor would be on Rockefeller's agenda. "He's heading homeward, but I don't think his nature will permit him to take that emeritus role for too long a time," said Rosenbaum. There has been some support for the notion that if Rockefeller were to play a political role anywhere, he might be ready to reduce his political domain to the five boroughs. In December, after being shut out of national politics, he was openly defied by a large bloc of the state's Republican county chairmen, who, meeting in a rump session, suggested that he stop acting as if he ran the Party in New York. About the same time, they thwarted his plan to replace Rosenbaum with Joseph Margiotta, the Nassau Republican chairman, in what was seen as an attempt by Rockefeller—meddling again—to move Rosenbaum into position to run for the Republican nomination for governor next year against Perry Duryea, a Rockefeller adversary. The former Governor's response was to send a letter to the Governors' Club, a leading group of Republican fund-raisers, last month that not only announced his retirement to private life but also implied that New York's Republicans could no longer count on him for the large financial contributions that for decades have allowed the Republicans to dominate politics in a state where they are outnumbered nearly three to two by Democrats. Many of the alarmed and suddenly conciliatory chairmen later persuaded themselves that Rockefeller couldn't mean them to take him seriously, in view of the paragraph in his letter saying that he was turning over the Party's major fund-raising machinery to former Governor Malcolm Wilson, who "is now in all respects the titular head of the Republican Party in the state." If the head of the Republicans in the state isn't Nelson Rockefeller, it could be Duryea, or it could be Warren Anderson, the Majority Leader of the State Senate, but it is not Wilson, the former Lieutenant Governor, who served as the state's chief executive for only a little over a year after Rockefeller resigned, and then returned to his law office, in White Plains, after losing the governorship to Hugh Carey. The few New Yorkers who now recall Wilson at all remember him for his habit of commemorating almost any occasion with a suitable Latin homily. Wilson himself indicated that he found Rockefeller's estimate of his Party eminence ludicrous, although he denied that his first comment on hearing of it was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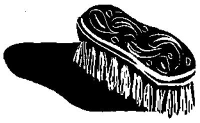
ON the Democratic side of things, Mayor Beame may not find incumbency a total advantage in the mayoral race. Other candidates will not allow him to escape substantial blame for having waited so long to tell the truth about the city's financial problems—a lapse that the Securities and Exchange Commission is currently investigating—nor will they let him forget that in his two terms as comptroller, before he became mayor, he played a role in developing many of the sleight-of-hand fiscal practices that eventually brought the city to the brink of bankruptcy. "Who would have thought that the city's first Jewish mayor couldn't add?" was the recent comment of Manhattan Representative Edward Koch, who wants to be the city's second Jewish mayor. (He also ran for mayor in 1973, but withdrew for lack of funds.)

Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton, who wants to be the city's first black mayor, has said he will not attack Beame on the issue of money management; he has a different grievance. Months before the beginning of the 1973 mayoral race, Governor Rockefeller, who was at that point trying to prevent John Lindsay from winning a third term (Lindsay later withdrew from the race of his own accord), briefly allied himself with Brooklyn Democratic County Chairman Meade Esposito in a joint proposal to back a fusion candidate who would serve only one term and be a kind of caretaker of the office. There were no likely Republican contenders in sight that year, and Rockefeller was apparently betting that in four years he could come up with one. The candidate most often mentioned in connection with this temporizing maneuver was Esposito's Brooklyn constituent Abe Beame. Later, after Rockefeller stopped trying to produce and direct the local campaign, many of Beame's admirers used the one-term argument in gathering support for Beame, pointing out that since he would be seventy-one at the time of the 1977 election he could be counted on to settle for just four years at City Hall. Beame, who was, of course, elected that November, was not the only politician here or at other government levels to discover after a time in office that, whatever the original understanding, he was not eager to surrender the powers and perquisites of high position. Few New Yorkers were surprised when, long before this election year approached, Beame made it clear that he regarded himself not as the caretaker but as the seigneur of Gracie Mansion, with every intention of renewing his lease. Back in 1973, however, Borough President Sutton, relying on the caretaker pitch, made sure that the black vote went to Beame even when Beame was forced into a post-primary runoff with a member of another local minority group—Bronx Representative Herman Badillo, the only Puerto Rican member of Congress. The assumption was that Beame would return the favor by delivering the Jewish vote and supporting Sutton in every other way when it was Sutton's turn to run for mayor, in 1977. As Beame's change of plans became evident, Sutton, who is the youngest son of a man born a slave and who has so melodious a speaking manner that, as Finley Peter Dunne once said of the elocutionary style of a Midwestern senator, "you could waltz to it," continued to insist that he would not enter the race for mayor this year if Beame was a candidate, since "my sense of loyalty would not allow me to run against him." Nevertheless, it was noted that last year he shaved off his goatee, which tended to make him look rather like Mephistopheles. Late last month, Sutton became the first candidate to announce his formal entry into the race. He added slyly that, since he would be old for the job—that is, sixty—by the time of the next election, he planned to be a one-term mayor.



Mayor Beame has had other bad news in recent weeks. Sutton's decision came after a poll he had commissioned showed that only fifteen per cent of the city's voters would support Beame for reëlection. At about the same time, a *News* poll reached a similar conclusion. Asked which of a dozen candidates would make the best mayor, only sixteen per cent of those voting supported Beame, while eighteen per cent favored Bella Abzug, who said last fall, "The mayoralty was never anything I was interested in." Asked later to describe an ideal mayor of New York, however, the strong, forceful, and outspoken Mrs. Abzug said that it must be "a strong person, a forceful person, an outspoken person." (Biaggi, who shows every sign of planning to run again this year, on the theory that his legal problems have been forgotten, commented, "I frankly thought she was speaking about me.") Sutton got only five per cent of the vote in the *News* poll, two points behind Herman Badillo. Goodman's total, in spite of the long buildup, was one per cent.

Winning four per cent in the *News* results, just behind City Comptroller Harrison Goldin (who will probably decide to be a candidate for reëlection as comptroller instead), was the thirty-two-year-old Manhattan Assemblyman Andrew Stein. Stein is the son of Jerry Finkelstein, a wealthy local publisher, and his first campaign for the Assembly—in 1968, when he was twenty-three—cost his father (or somebody) a quarter of a million dollars. Last month, the *Post* reported that Stein would have no money problems in the mayoral race, since his father had recently given him five million dollars. Although Stein denied this, he said that if he decided to run he would spend about two million dollars on the campaign, at least a million of which would be his own money.

Although there is no evidence that Stein plans to claim that he can do more for New York than the other candidates in the matter of help from Washington, he does have a good friend and former associate who is a member of the Carter team—one whose identity must have come as a painful signal to some state and city politicians that Jimmy Carter's Democrats are not necessarily their Democrats. Although a Democrat, Stein's father became a friend of Nelson Rockefeller in his days as Governor, and in 1973 the Governor appointed Assemblyman Stein as head of the newly created Temporary State Commission on Living Costs and the Economy, giving him a chance to preside over hearings on all kinds of issues important to voters' pocketbooks. The most effective of these, the hearings that exposed the state's nursing-home industry, helped bring about the indictment and guilty pleas of Bernard Bergman on various charges of fraud and bribery in the conduct of his nursing-home empire. As both assemblyman and commission chairman, Stein was able to afford a large staff of capable assistants, among them a young Columbia law graduate from Manhattan's West Side named Orin Kramer. In January of 1975, Stein tried unsuccessfully (the vote was by acclamation, with one dissenter) to stop the elevation to the Assembly speakership of Stanley Steingut, who is not only a former Brooklyn Democratic boss but also a lifelong friend of Mayor Beame. (It was Steingut's father, also a Brooklyn boss, who brought Beame into politics.) Stein argued that Steingut was unfit, because of his "proven involvement in the Bergman empire"—claiming that Steingut had tried to order him to leave the nursing homes of his friend Bergman out of the commission's inquiries. Kramer, who had been executive director of Stein's commission, supported Stein's charge, saying that Steingut had called him a number of times with those instructions; he also publicly deplored the fact that such conflicts of interest were tolerated. In April of 1976, Kramer, now thirty-one, joined Jimmy Carter's campaign, and in November he was named by the President-elect as his formal liaison man with New York, to meet at frequent intervals with the Mayor and his advisers and to give Carter his best judgment as to what, if anything, should be done to help the city further. Last week, Carter appointed Kramer his chief urban-policy adviser. At nearly every press conference in recent months, Beame has made some respectful reference to Carter's man in New York, who two years ago would almost certainly have had trouble getting past City Hall's front door if the Mayor had known he was coming.

MEANWHILE, little that goes on here in the conduct of public business in the next few months will be immune to speculation about the motives of those participants who are possible candidates for mayor. At meetings of the Board of Estimate, the exchanges among members Beame, Goldin, and Sutton will be examined for election-year acrimony—provided that the three find time, between campaign appearances, to attend—and the board's rulings for or against projects backed by the real-estate developer Richard Ravitch will have special implications, since Ravitch was reported a few months ago to be the high man under consideration by members of MAC and the Emergency Financial Control Board who were searching for an alternative to Beame. Complaints to the Board of Estimate by either the Republican Goodman or the Democrat Edward Costikyan, Goodman's fellow-member on the Charter Revision Commission, concerning Beame's resistance to carrying out a number of the commission's recommendations will not necessarily be considered on their merits, since not only Goodman but Costikyan is among those expected to run against the Mayor. Even the pronouncements on civic affairs by the City Club, the private good-government group, will be under suspicion now that the club's president, Joel Harnett, has announced that he,

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too, will be a candidate for mayor if he can raise the money.

At sessions of the Emergency Financial Control Board, mayoral politics will also be hard to avoid. The seven board members are Carey, Beame, Goldin, State Comptroller Arthur Levitt, and three representatives of the corporate and financial world, one of them being the Lazard Frères partner Felix Rohatyn, who is considered the major architect of the various financial plans that have kept the city from bankruptcy. Although Rohatyn has said that he has no plans to run for anything, he was listed in the *News* poll on mayoral candidates—the only nonpolitician who was—and he got two per cent of the vote, or only one point less than First Deputy Mayor John Zuccotti, who is assigned to a seat at Beame's side during the Control Board meetings and who is another of those who have said they will not enter the race if Beame is a candidate. Assigned to a seat beside the Governor is Stephen Berger, the board's executive director, who has said that he has wanted to run for mayor of New York ever since he was twelve. Berger has managed several local campaigns, including that of Representative Badillo in his first race for mayor, in 1969, and in the early seventies he signed on as executive director of the Temporary State Commission to Investigate Government Operations of New York City—a body set up by Governor Rockefeller with the mission, as it was generally understood, not of investigating New York City's government but of trying to pin something on New York City's mayor at that time, John Lindsay, for whom Rockefeller had little use. (In 1965, when Lindsay, then a Republican, ran for mayor the first time, the man whom Rockefeller was heavily promoting for the Republican nomination was a transit commissioner named John Gilhooley.)

Among the reserved seats at the Control Board meetings are four assigned to official congressional observers: the state's two senators, Javits and Moynihan, and two members of the House of Representatives from the city, Koch and Badillo. There was some suspicion that the choice of two perennial candidates for mayor by the New York state delegation in the House, whose membership from districts outside the city is heavily Republican, was made in the hope that they would give Beame a hard time at the board meetings, to the benefit of the eventual Republican candidate in the race. If the rhetoric at the meetings heats up during the primary months,

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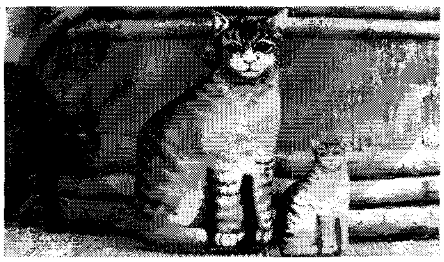

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however, some of the noncandidates present may view it with a certain tolerance, although they are not likely to break out signs reading "Been There." The seventy-six-year-old board member Arthur Levitt, who has just announced plans to run for a seventh four-year term as state comptroller, is held in awe as a fiscal disciplinarian, famously resistant to all partisan influences. It is generally forgotten that in 1961 Levitt, sponsored by the local Democratic bosses, was an unsuccessful candidate for the Democratic nomination for mayor. In 1973, Governor Carey, then a Brooklyn congressman, made a brief foray into the local mayoral primary, reportedly with the encouragement of Nelson Rockefeller, then a Carey admirer, as he made one more attempt to control the mayoral election in his city. (Carey has indicated that he will remain neutral in this year's Democratic primary—in contrast, of course, to the way things were four years ago, when the Republican Governor was trying to turn the Democratic race into his own show.) In 1969, Carey was an unsuccessful candidate for the Democratic nomination for President of the City Council—a local office resembling the Vice-Presidency in that the primary responsibility of the titleholder is to stand ready to take over as mayor if there should be a vacancy. And still another of the Control Board observers who have not always been aloof from municipal politics is Senator Moynihan, who was an unsuccessful candidate for the Democratic nomination for President of the City Council in 1965. His wife said recently that, considering what city government was like, the only thing worse from Moynihan's point of view than his losing that race would have been his winning it.

Even when members of the city's delegation in the House of Representatives aren't mixing it up with Beame at Control Board meetings, they will be somewhat distracted from the affairs of state in the coming months. Koch is in town much of the time, raising money or attending press conferences for such purposes as denouncing the use of children in pornographic films. Biaggi is a familiar figure on the senior-citizen circuit, calling for a crackdown on muggers of the elderly, and reminding his listeners that he was responsible for getting Congress to award a posthumous sixth star to General George Washington. One-upping his rivals, he announced to the press last month that a screenplay was being prepared about certain events in his life on the local police force two decades ago. It is not known whether the film will include the episode that, after it was brought up by one of his opponents in 1973, caused him to be the first local candidate for mayor, as far as is known, to go on television and deny that he had ever bitten a man's ear off. There has been some talk that Badillo's enthusiasm about making a third run for mayor would cool a bit as he began to reap the rewards of greater seniority in the House, but there was no sign of this during a recent weekend he spent making a barrage of phone calls to Albany to insist that the Black and Puerto Rican Legislative Caucus there name as its chairman a relatively neutral Brooklyn assemblyman rather than a state senator who was a long-time associate of Percy Sutton—to whom the senator might swing the caucus's endorsement in the mayoral race.

AMONG other locally significant events in Albany has been the shifting of a committee chairmanship in the State Senate. Since this is a non-election year for the legislators, they are expected to take some controversial steps toward relaxing, or even abolishing, rent control in the city, and in the process the chairman of the Senate Committee on Housing and Urban Development, a post that was held for many years by Roy Goodman, will inevitably bring down on his head the wrath of highly organized and heavily voting tenants' groups. Candidate Goodman's fellow Republican senators, in still another demonstration that there is more to the work of a legislature than merely passing laws, transferred him to the chairmanship of the Committee on Common Taxation and Government Operations—a move that will undoubtedly lead to still another long series of well-publicized hearings on what is wrong with the government of this city, this time with special attention to what is wrong with the operations of its present mayor. As a kind of preview of things to come, Goodman won a headline on the front page of the *News* reading "CHARGE 'FAKE' KIDS ON RELIEF;" meanwhile, the legislature got ready to pass a bill moving the September 13th primary to an earlier date. The September date was settled on by the Republicans in 1974, when they controlled both legislative houses, on the theory that each election-year summer they would then be able to loll on the beaches enjoying the spectacle of the Democrats cutting each other to pieces. But Carey beat Wilson for the

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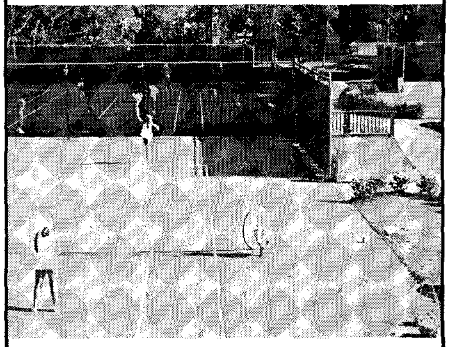

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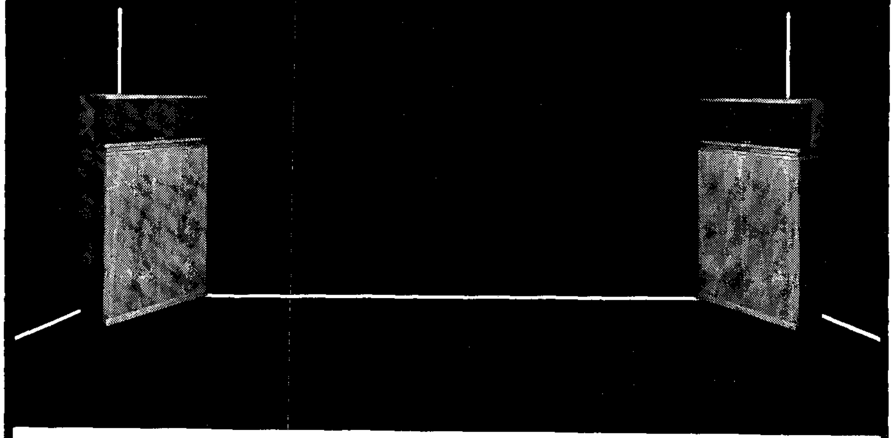

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All of this material first appeared in *The New Yorker.*

governorship in 1974, and Moynihan defeated Senator Buckley last year, both after September primaries.

The fact is that Republicans in this state are beginning to act more and more like Democrats: not only is there the possibility of a Republican primary here this year but suburban Nassau, bordering Queens, is facing a bitter three-man primary fight for the Republican nomination for county executive—the first such contest since the office was established, in 1938. Last month, Republican Senate leaders introduced a bill moving the primary date back to June 7th, and it is expected to pass the Senate easily. The change suited Mayor Beame, since it will mean that his numerous opponents will have far less time to organize their campaigns or, perhaps, to decide to consolidate their forces against him. Although other New York Democrats with an interest in the primary began burning up the telephone wires from New York and Washington in protest, the betting was that Speaker Steingut would make sure that the bill would also pass the Democratic Assembly if that was what his old friend Beame wanted. For that moment, bipartisan amity reigned among the high-minded Albany leaders. New Yorkers, considering the increasingly small chance that this year's voting arrangements will allow them to find a candidate for mayor whom they are really eager to vote for, may take comfort in Carey's view that it doesn't matter who will be mayor for the next four years. There is also consolation in knowing that, as the candidates scramble to get into the speeded-up race, the contracts marked "Rush!" that are being signed with local postermakers, button manufacturers, caterers, devisers of tricky commercials, leafleteers, sound-truck operators, poll-takers, and owners of halls for hire will give a boost to the local economy, which needs all the help it can get. —ANDY LOGAN

•

Curtis' own roots are in Columbus, Ohio, where she was raised by a scholarly mother and a surgeon father in a home where "the racist reading in the house was the New Yorker."—*Women's Wear Daily.*

That's ridiculous on the face of it.

•

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Late Show

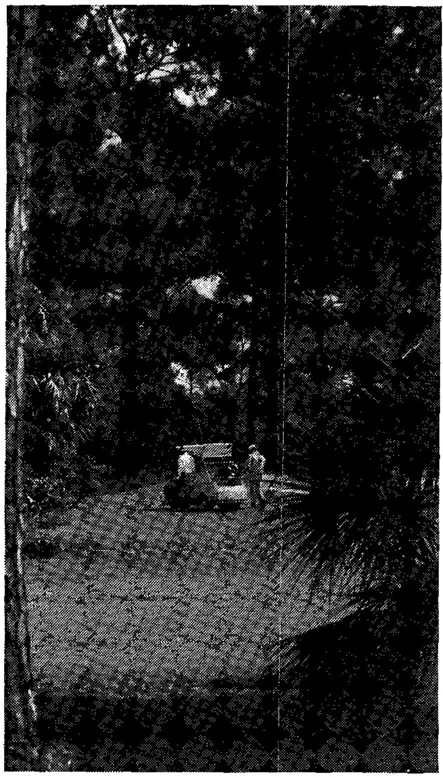
IN repose, Lily Tomlin looks like a wistful pony; when she grins, her equine gums and long, drawn face iggest a friendly, goofy horse. Either ay, she takes the camera and holds it r as long as she wants to, with the ssurance of a star. On TV, when she oes one of her characters—such as e squinchy-eyed five-and-a-half-year- d Edith Ann, sitting sly and lonely a big chair—you feel that she is cre-ing this character out of the possibili- es in herself. She can make you re-ond the same way in a movie role nceived by others. In "Nashville," e played a sane woman who knew hat mattered to her, and each time at she had a scene she brought calm to the movie. As Margo in the new etective film "The Late Show," writ-n and directed by Robert Benton, ev- rything she does is a little off center. argo is a nervous talker; her percep- ons are faster than her ability to proc-s them, and her conversation is a umming sound that she barely hears. argo came to L.A. to be an actress, d she still has ties to show business— e's trying to manage some perform-s. She's also trying to start a dress-esigning business, while hanging on by ealing a little grass and transporting olen goods. That's how she gets into e trouble that the movie is about: she eeps five hundred dollars that doesn't elong to her, and the hoods she's orking for take her cat, threatening strangle it unless she pays up. At rst, Margo doesn't seem very smart, r particularly likable. But then she's exhilarated by her prowess at driv-g a van away from a pursuing car at she cackles in triumph and begins fantasize a whole new life for her-elf, and we see the gleam as she re-lizes that Ira Wells (Art Carney), e old private investigator who has een trying to find her cat, may be verweight and out of condition but e's different from the other men she nows. An instant later, she suggests hat they could become a team like ick and Nora Charles. Without any ncouragement from the embarrassed et pleased senior citizen, she dreams n, higher and higher, and her eu-horia is openhearted. Lily Tomlin has he magical timing to do this dizzy, ifficult scene in character and make it eem totally unrehearsed. If anyone lse were playing Margo, she might e a mere kook; Tomlin makes her a enuine eccentric—she isn't just the heroine, she's the picture's comic muse.

In "The Late Show," Robert Benton has followed the rules of the detective-movie genre, but he's also added something. The movie starts with Harry (Howard Duff), another detective trying to locate Margo's cat, showing up at Ira Wells' rooming house with a bullet hole in his stomach. Ira talks to Harry, watching, in a rage of helplessness, as his old friend dies. The film prepares us for Ira's determination to find out who murdered Harry. Ira doesn't unravel the mystery for us. We discover what's going on as he does; we react with him to the frightening things that happen when you break into a motel room at night and follow a trail of blood. Ira isn't cool, or fast on the draw, or able to outwit the scummy new-style operators; he's the hero because he is none of these things and is still determined to do the job. The something that's been added to the genre is that Ira Wells is scared. He's old and he's sick, with a perforated ulcer. He's humiliated by his physical weakness, and he can't take being roughed up anymore. Yet finding Harry's killers is his only way to prove to himself that he's not over the hill. In the standard detective movie, you have to accept the detective's integrity as a given; here you really believe in Ira's integrity, because that's all that old age has left him.

Spiritually, Ira Wells might be wearing a string tie, like the old Westerner Joel McCrea played in Peckinpah's "Ride the High Country." There's an air of Sunday-suit formality about him. He's a dignified, big man, using a hearing aid and shifting his weight painfully from one foot to the other; you think his shoes must be pinching until you discover he's been carrying lead in one leg for over twenty years. He is what a private eye of the forties movies might have come to—living alone in a furnished room, without a car, retired because any two-bit chiseller can shove him around. Unprotected, Ira lumbers into a gangster's mansion, hoping to bluff his way through, only to have his bluff called. You feel his desperation—Art Carney seems to be working inside a nightmare that he's known for a long time. He gives Ira a human gravity, which contrasts with the inconsequentiality of the sharpie killers; they're comic heavies, lightly satirized, and this makes them even more of an insult to the old man. Eugene Roche plays Birdwell, a jolly fat-man fence, who treats Ira as harmless—calls him Pop, and gives him a handout. As the cheating Mrs. Birdwell, who lies as unconsciously as she draws breath, Joanna Cassidy has some of the luscious sluttiness that Rita Hayworth had in the late thirties. Mrs. Birdwell might be wearing sweaty satin; she's all curves, and she has a jive come-on, like James M. Cain's dirty charmers who can persuade a man to do anything.

This is only Robert Benton's second film, but he has become a much stronger director than he was on his first, "Bad Company," in 1972. ("The Late Show" is the first script that he has written alone; he did "Bonnie and Clyde" in collaboration with his usual writing partner, David Newman.) Benton has learned the smartest thing anybody could learn from Robert Alt-

CHRISTIANSON



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man, who produced this picture—to pick actors with the ability to bring the characters up out of themselves, and then to encourage them to trust themselves and each other. Each character is an original. Lily Tomlin's Margo, who wanders off in her head and loses track of what's going on around her, needs a keeper, and she finds one in Art Carney's steady, close-lipped Ira. Eugene Roche makes the despicable Birdwell one of the loosest villains ever seen. Birdwell doesn't plan his swinishness—it comes so naturally to him he just plays it by ear. Birdwell the fence is a living ode to materialism; he loves his stolen goodies—his cajoling speeches about the joys of freeloading are delivered like comic arias. And Bill Macy, who plays Margo's scrounging bartender friend Charlie, is practically reborn. Macy drops the middle-class intonations and gestures familiar from his dutiful Walter Findlay in the "Maude" series; with his hair combed back and a pencil-thin mustache, Charlie is a dude lizard. He's a failed talent agent, a cruddy, marginal man—not guilty and not innocent. The jokes involving Ruth Nelson as Ira's straitlaced landlady are a little coy; the director seems to want laughs without having enough conviction to go after them. And though as Birdwell's natty bodyguard John Considine has one plum scene—he's forced to jump into a swimming pool and tries to protect his cashmere jacket—his role isn't much more than a comic variant of the darkly handsome low-life sheiks that Jack La Rue used to play. Considine had the springiness of a perfect fool in the role of Annie Oakley's philandering husband in "Buffalo Bill and the Indians," but here we're primed to find him funny, and the movie is too subtly toned for this kind of comic relief. The performers are so good that we want more of the characters than we get—it's slightly frustrating that the script holds them in check.

"The Late Show" never lets up; the editing is by Lou Lombardo (who has often worked with Altman) and Peter Appleton, and I can't think of a thriller from the forties that is as tight as this, or has such sustained tension. Chuck Rosher's cinematography does what's needed without making you feel you should applaud each shot, and the music, by Ken Wannberg, with saxophone themes that shift to strings for the sultry Mrs. Birdwell's con jobs, doesn't overdo the "haunting" bit. There may be a shortcoming. We expect the clichés of the genre to crack open and they don't. Benton knew he had the

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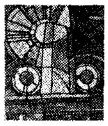

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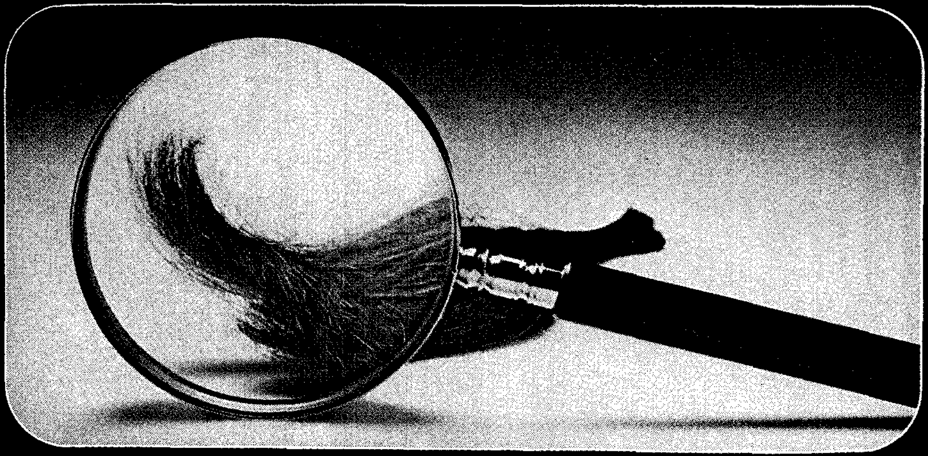

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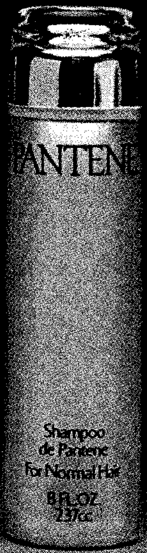

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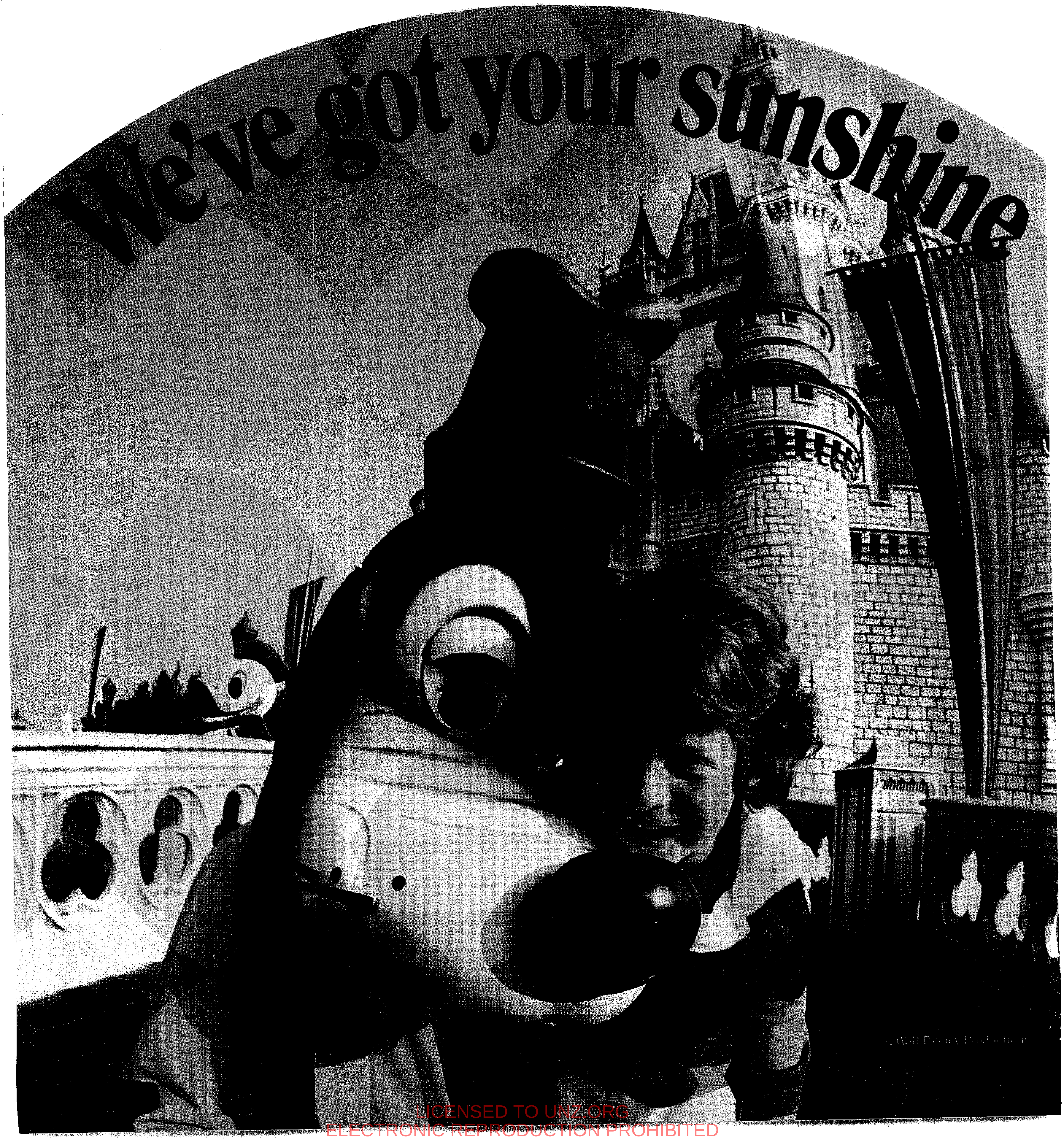

writing to fall back on, and he stuck to it too closely; his balanced approach to writing and directing evens things out so that the point of the picture is muted. If Benton hadn't written the script, he might have pushed some of the situations further, so that the cutthroat nastiness would give us shivers, as in "Double Indemnity." Perhaps if Ira were the kind of man who had to fight his own susceptibility to Mrs. Birdwell, we might be drawn in deeper. From the bullet in his leg and the framed photo of Martha Vickers (the sweet psychopath of "The Big Sleep") in his room, we get the idea that he's been played for a fool in the past. This is his "late show," and the whole conception requires that he be beyond temptation, but the cooling of his blood distances the crime plot. The events he uncovers don't mean enough to prickle in our imaginations, especially since, except for Howard Duff's Harry, we never see any of the murder victims alive. And the solution doesn't provide enough coherence—it's a paperwork solution. "The Late Show" doesn't quite pay off in the way a thriller is expected to—in thrills. It pays off in atmosphere, spooking us by the flip, greedy ordinariness of the evil. Benton's nostalgia for the genre works imaginatively in every detail of the film. What he lacks is low cunning. Working in the thriller genre, he's a sensitive craftsman infatuated with a painted whore. "The Late Show" is fast and exciting, but it isn't a thriller, exactly. It's a one-of-a-kind movie—a love-hate poem to sleaziness.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

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BOOKS

Plain People

RECENTLY, the word "populist" has appeared once more on the American scene. Many modern politicians refer to themselves as populists, and even our new President has connected himself, both in his autobiography and in his spoken statements, with populism—the tradition of political protest, economic analysis, and social criticism which started in the late nineteenth century. As Lawrence Goodwyn makes clear in his book "Democratic Promise: The Populist Moment in America" (Oxford), it is a tradition often misunderstood and often misrepresented or wrongly appropriated by various essayists, not to mention political activists of one sort or another. Goodwyn is a historian who teaches at Duke University. He is also one of the directors of an ambitious oral-history project, sponsored by the History Department at Duke, that is aimed at rescuing from obscurity the memories and impressions of ordinary Southern working people who have been involved in that region's recent episode of painful and important social change, and for years he was a journalist at the *Texas Observer*, a muckraking periodical that has been challenging vested interests for more than two decades.

Today, Professor Goodwyn points out, "populism" is a vaguely appealing word, partly because it is without clear-cut ideological significance. Clearly it has some connection with "the people," and few of us would ever want to be against them. Those who don't care to be known as liberals, perhaps because they reject some of the assumptions common to many so described, may call themselves populists, with the hope that they are thereby expressing a more strenuous dissatisfaction with the prevailing social order. To be sure, the label has also taken on negative connotations. In this century, it has been used by some Southern politicians in the cause of racism and extreme economic conservatism, and by Midwestern isolationists. Sometimes "the people" become a mob, angry and ill-informed and mean-spirited, and a demagogue is literally a "leader of the people"—a shrewd manipulator of unrest, animosity, and dissatisfaction. But for the most part these days the word "populism" is used in a positive, though unclear, way by spokesmen for the small farmer, by political reformers anxious to break up large corporations and strengthen the economic position of the poor and the working-class people of the country, by activists eager to get away from politics as usual and set up what they call "alternative institutions," and by conventional politicians—the kind who cite Harry Truman as a true populist, as if to say that a populist has never been more than someone of humble origins who makes good but still has a blunt, unpretentious manner, who favors helping those not so successful, and who proudly says of himself that he is "an ordinary human being."

Gahan Wilson

"Well, none of the rest of us ever bump our heads!"

Although Professor Goodwyn takes pains in the first section of his book to let the reader know that such usages have little to do with the historical movement called populism, he is not fussy and pedantic when he describes the true sources and philosophical premises of the "populist moment." He simply wants to do justice to a particular effort, serious and honorable, on the part of many thousands to make a significant critique of American capitalism just as it was entering its maturity, in the last years of the nineteenth century. Populism did eventually become the basis of a specific political movement, even of a third party, but in essence it was a general vision of the world, a means by which plain people—mostly farmers—and those better off but in sympathy with them began to organize their thoughts into a coherent set of social, economic, and political objectives. In the author's words, "populism is the story of how a large number of people, through a gradual process of self-education that grew out of their coöperative efforts, developed a new interpretation of their society and new political institutions to give expression to these interpretations."

The process Professor Goodwyn mentions began in the late eighteen-seventies. The Civil War was over, and a ravaged nation had renewed its expansionist growth both territorially and economically. Railroads were probing the frontier. More and more factories were being built in or near the major cities. The United States was not yet a world power, but it was rich in its resources, in its increasing and willing manpower, and in its accelerating agricultural capacity. Certain men were becoming not merely well off and influential but enormously wealthy. They were determined to stay that way, to receive special treatment, and to make their presence felt on the national scene. At the same time, the country was plagued by recurrent, seemingly inescapable economic collapses. These disasters raised questions about the very meaning and nature of money: What was it, and who had a right to make it, and with what as a guarantee of its worth—gold, silver, or nothing save the government's promises? These questions, in turn, raised other, larger ones: How was the nation, now intact after a terrible bloodletting, going to be run? More precisely, what would be the attitude of the government—particularly the Treasury Department and the Interior Department—toward commerce and industry, toward agricultural interests, toward the growing number of mine owners, and toward the oil wells and refineries that would soon be a major source of American wealth? Were the President and the Congress to maintain a hands-off policy—to let increasingly successful, self-confident, and aggressive businesses have full rein, so that they could conspire and combine or squabble and fight among themselves as they pleased? Would Washington become a mediator, an arbitrator? Would it become an ally of the most successful and importunate commercial interests? How would it approach the foreign countries with which American businesses traded and from which they wanted raw materials? And the land, the American land—once the Indians' land—rich with various treasures: how would it be apportioned and developed? For a moment—the "populist moment" that Professor Goodwyn refers to—the nation held its breath and tried to figure out what kind of nation it would be, what kind of assumptions and values would prevail politically and economically.

America of the eighteen-eighties and eighteen-nineties was made up mostly of farmers. There was a smaller number of factory and shopworkers, and a still smaller, luckier group who belonged to the so-called "commercial class." But each group was fragmented by affiliations that prevented clear-cut social, political, or even regional confrontations. The Republican Party contained not only wealthy Northern and Western conservatives but also white- and blue-collar Yankee Protestants and impoverished blacks (those who could and did vote). The Democratic Party contained Southern whites—rich and

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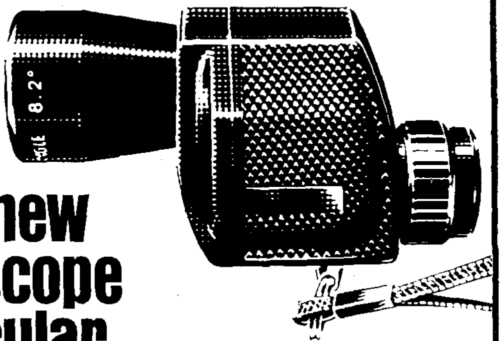

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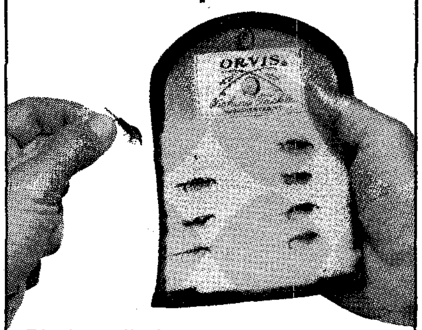

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poor—and Northern immigrants. The Civil War had continued to divide voters along nostalgic and emotional lines that were, we now realize, irrational and often against their own best interests. Men voted "as they shot," thereby denying themselves a chance for redress of legitimate grievances through the ballot. The author speaks of this fragmented and emotional political situation as "a non-ideological milieu." (To a degree, our two major parties still cover a very wide spectrum of opinion, in that both are divided into liberal and conservative wings.) Voters of the post-Civil War period were sentimental and inattentive to the specific positions politicians held with respect to wealth, the rights of industrial workers, and, especially, the needs of farmers—credit, cheap railroad rates, and so on.

The populists were at the beginning people from the agricultural South and the frontier West—Texas, in particular—who began to take a hard look at who owned what, and at who was profiting from the rules, regulations, arrangements, and laws. Under the "crop lien" system in the South, thousands of hardworking farmers were in constant bondage to "the furnishing man," otherwise known as "the advancing man" or—to blacks, who had a way of linguistically stripping things to their bare essentials—"the Man." The South had become, in the words of one historian quoted by Professor Goodwyn, a "giant pawn shop." Interest rates were "frequently well in excess of 100 per cent annually, sometimes over 200 per cent," the author tells us, and, once hooked, the farmer rarely got free. No wonder men went West, left peonage in order to start a new life—even one with new and grave risks—in Texas and beyond. But toward the end of the nineteenth century there was, increasingly, no real escape: "A Tennessean fleeing worn-out land, interest, and the freight rates of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad would arrive in the Cross Timbers of Texas to find that the Texas and Pacific Railroad owned much of the most promising land."

Still they trekked west, impoverished and bitter and hopeful and determined—the South's white yeomen and not a few black tenant farmers. Every year during the eighteen-seventies, about a hundred thousand of them went to Texas alone—initially to the warm, wet "piney-woods" section abutting Louisiana, then westward to the open, inviting prairie land. And out there, in east and central Texas, those farmers did more than scratch hard for a living. They began to talk about their fate, their needs, their beliefs. For the first time, they did not feel beholden to creditors or to distracting sectional pieties. In Lampasas County, Palo Pinto County, and Cook County, on the Red River, they formed "alliances"—the basis of the National Farmers Alliance. By the end of the eighteen-eighties, more than a quarter of a million American "men of the soil" would be members of the N.F.A. Rather than pay outrageously high prices for fertilizer and equipment, the farmers joined hands and formed buying committees. Rather than deal individually with buyers who underweighed cotton or overcharged for their services as middlemen, the farmers formed coöperatives and took action that they could not have taken without being organized.

Needless to say, there was opposition. "Town merchants opposed coöperative schemes, as did manufacturers and cotton buyers," Professor Goodwyn tells us. But the movement had its weapons and strengths. Hardy and eloquent N.F.A. organizers wandered from county to county, explaining, arguing, and exhorting. (A number of these organizers and their beliefs, their personal ways, and their travels are presented in this book.) There were, moreover, obvious and tangible financial benefits from the coöperative efforts. Perhaps most important, the rural South and West were still quite removed from the intimidating social and cultural controls—newspapers, established social hierarchies, with their conventions and orthodoxies—that so often persuaded individuals to ignore their own interests, and sometimes even frightened them into positions that worked against those interests. When the farmers of Texas railed against the distant exploiters (the railroads, the banks, the cotton brokers), they were not quickly denounced and isolated as "Socialists." Rather, for hundreds of thousands they were other kinds of radicals—believing Christians, for instance, who remembered Christ's triumph over "powers and principalities" and his egalitarian Sermon on the Mount.

Populism gradually became more than a shared sensibility, or even a series of local coöperative initiatives loosely bound into an alliance. By 1892, the word "populism" had been attached to a full-fledged and vital political movement based on a radical analysis of the fast-growing industrialism of the day.

What started as an agrarian revolt pread to the cities. The N.F.A. became affiliated with the Knights of Labor—an early effort of urban workng people to fight collectively for beter wages. A more explicitly class-concious ideology gradually appeared in he language of populist speakers and writers. The wretchedness of the urban proletariat was spelled out. Attenion was drawn repeatedly to the corrupt or toadying politicians catering to the small number of fortunate men who owned so much of the nation's wealth. As W. E. Farmer, a Knights of Labor leader, put it, "We have an overproduction of poverty, barefooted women, political thieves and many liars. There is no difference between legalzed robbery and highway robbery."

It was a time when children as well as grownups worked from dawn to dusk, for a pittance; when factory and mill conditions were, by our standards, unspeakably grim; when the local poice—or, if necessary, the state militia or federal troops—almost invariably came down on the side of the employer in labor disputes; when labor unions as we know them were nonexistent; and, as the author keeps emphasizing, when farmers were constantly being manipulated, or cheated outright, by land companies and livestock commission agencies and cotton buyers and owners of wholesale houses. It was, without exaggeration, a time of constant misery and suffering—even starvation. It was also a time of significant "capital-formation"—a cool phrase from economic theory which fails to convey the Dickensian horrors that millions of men, women, and children sustained as a matter of course.

Populists had their own response to such horrors, which was, Professor Goodwyn tells us, a distinctively American one:

> Populists were not capitalist reformers, as we understand that phrase in modern political language; neither were they socialists. Though their mass movement literally grew out of their belief in the power of man as a coöperative being, they also accepted man as a competitive being. They cannot conveniently be compressed into the narrow (theoretically competitive) categories of political description sanctioned in the capitalist creed, nor can they be compressed into the (theoretically coöperative) categories of political description sanctioned in socialist thought.

The movement Professor Goodwyn describes was thus made up of American citizens who cherished the Jeffersonian tradition of political democracy but also, in the spirit of Tom Paine, wanted to achieve true social and economic de-

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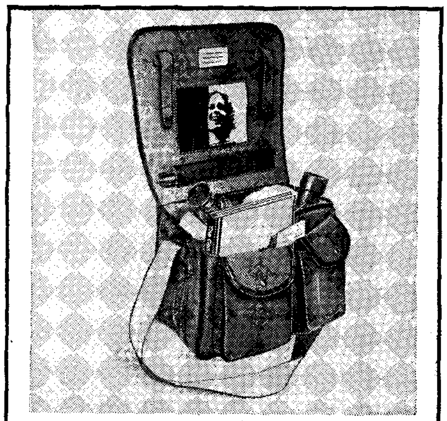

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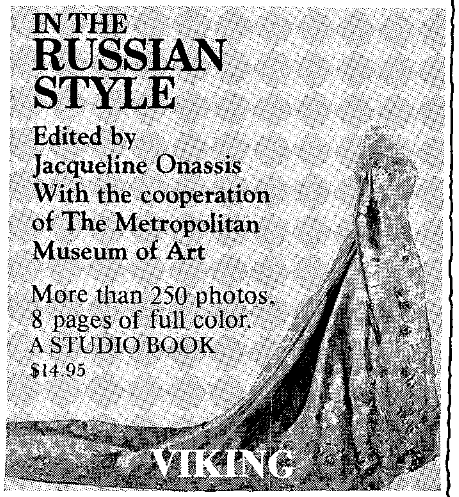

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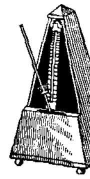

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mocracy. Populists feared centralized, concentrated power—that of the corporations, that of the government. Their movement bore no resemblance to this century's state-run, bureaucratized Socialism. They were proudly devoted to localism, coöperativism, and, not least, democratic principles.

In its brief decade or so of existence, populism generated a lively and stubbornly idiosyncratic literary and rhetorical tradition in newspapers, magazines, pamphlets, and meetings. Men like Henry Demarest Lloyd and Clarence Darrow were vocal populist reformers. Journals like the *American Nonconformist*, the *Appeal to Reason*, and the *Progressive Farmer* were forums for the morally fervid and unflinchingly outspoken populist ideals. All over the country—but especially in the South and the West—people met, listened, talked, argued, changed one another's minds, and agreed enthusiastically. There were prolonged encampments, lectures, and town meetings, in which no one set the rules. Everyone was encouraged to have his say concerning what values he wanted his children to possess and how the thunderous call to justice of Isaiah and Jeremiah and Amos, or the gentle but unyielding social vision of Jesus, could become an American reality.

Those questions may have been satisfactorily answered in the abstract, but real economic change was quite another matter. Certainly hundreds of thousands of farmers and industrial workers came to know, and express rather pointedly, what they believed in, and they even managed, through the People's Party, to elect governors, congressmen, and a few senators. With the election of William McKinley, in 1896, however, it became apparent that corporate money in enormous quantities, a press owned by the self-serving rich, and the clever manipulations of men like Mark Hanna (a predecessor of many twentieth-century campaign managers) were too much for the poor and the nearly poor, no matter their number. A third party could not make enough inroads, and neither of the two major parties offered much hope. The populists and their supporters—Tom Watson and Eugene Debs and the nameless, faceless "agrarian rebels" and Knights of Labor—wanted to do more than fight over gold or silver, as McKinley and Bryan did, or arrange for some slight modification of tariffs or a shift in foreign-policy rhetoric: with their parades, rallies, demonstrations, assemblies, and homespun journalism, they looked to ward a second American Revolution o sorts. But they soon enough realized th futility of their dream.

The "populist moment" was a com plicated one, and Professor Goodwy has done a first-rate job of describin it. His tone is at once detached an sympathetic. He wishes, no doubt, tha the populists had prevailed, but he understands why they didn't. He is ver helpful in showing why populism should not be confused with liberal re formist politics or Theodore Roosevelt's "progressive" policies. And h also makes a clear and very important distinction between populism and the racism and parochialism that eventually developed in some areas of th country and in some embittered populist leaders, like Tom Watson, who had at least one election taken from him by corrupt wealth. As ou own century has shown, when money and power make justice unobtainable a resentful narrowness and meanness can set in. If one cannot have the assurance of work and a measure of dignity, one turns to the sinister satisfactions of spite and hate. But populism is not to be blamed for what happened after it failure.

The proudly radical activists of populism did succeed in making some helpful changes in America. Industrialist and their political allies and lackeys who were indeed frightened by the widespread appeal of the populist indictment of corporate America, began to make adjustments—a gesture toward the conservative guild-unionism o Samuel Gompers, restrained anti-trus legislation under the Roosevelt and Wilson Administrations, a gradual end to the more flagrant sweatshop abuses Then the Depression produced millions of new victims—victims of a system that continued to seem reckless, arbitrary, and anarchic. The New Deal struggled valiantly but with no decisive success. It took a world war to make things economically better, and a Cold War and two "local" wars to keep them better. We could do worse now than to reflect on the populists and to call upon their candid and eloquent mode of social and economic analysis.

Lawrence Goodwyn has done justice to a much neglected and clouded segment of our history. He has also given us a potential boost toward collective self-examination at a time when we need just that. His book is scholarly yet accessible to the general reader. Maybe the man who has just moved into the rather large and imposing white manion in Washington—a man who has alled himself a populist—will cast a ;lance or two at this book and help nove us along toward political reconideration. —ROBERT COLES

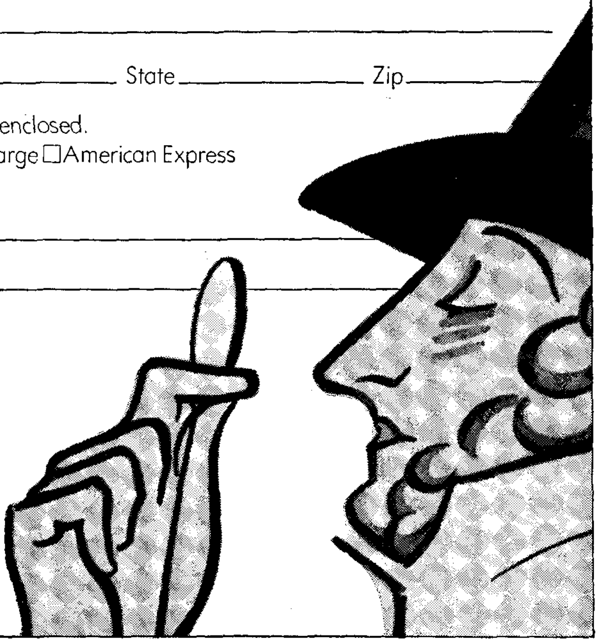
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

UTTER AND BONE, by Newton Thornburg (Little, Brown). Cutter—Alexander Cutter—is a one-armed, one-legged, one-eyed, maniacally sardonic veteran of Vietnam, and Richard Bone, a big, bright, attractive refugee from marriage, parenthood, and the business world, is his friend. Cutter lives on his disability pension, Bone halfheartedly scrounges on women, and they (along with Cutter's girl, a high-society dropout, and a few others) communicate in the contemporary language of jaunty and mocking despair. This is not, however, a novel of fashionable self-pity and loathing. It is a novel of hopelessness and helplessness, and it moves—plummets—with horrifying inexorability down and down and down. It isn't easy to know Mr. Thornburg's purpose, or to understand what he is trying to tell us here, but he is a commanding writer, of unusual delicacy and power. The scene is southern California and the redneck country of southern Missouri.

GENERAL

OOSEVELT'S REVOLUTION: THE FIRST YEAR—A PERSONAL PERSPECTIVE, by Rexford G. Tugwell (Macmillan). As an economist at Columbia University, the author had been one of Governor Franklin Roosevelt's advisers—a member of the famous Brains Trust. Like some others, he was scooped up and brought to Washington when F.D.R. became President. Since there was no formal place for Presidential advisers in 1933, Tugwell became an Assistant Secretary of Agriculture; at that time the White House staff was so tiny that when, on the day after his inauguration, F.D.R. pushed the buttons on his desk to start work on curing the Great Depression, nobody answered, because it was Sunday. Tugwell's portrait of F.D.R. is a wonder. He shows us the President's hopes for this country in specific detail. F.D.R. had a lively—almost artistic—imagination and "could see more in an hour's drive than anyone I had ever known," Tugwell says. "He noted crops,



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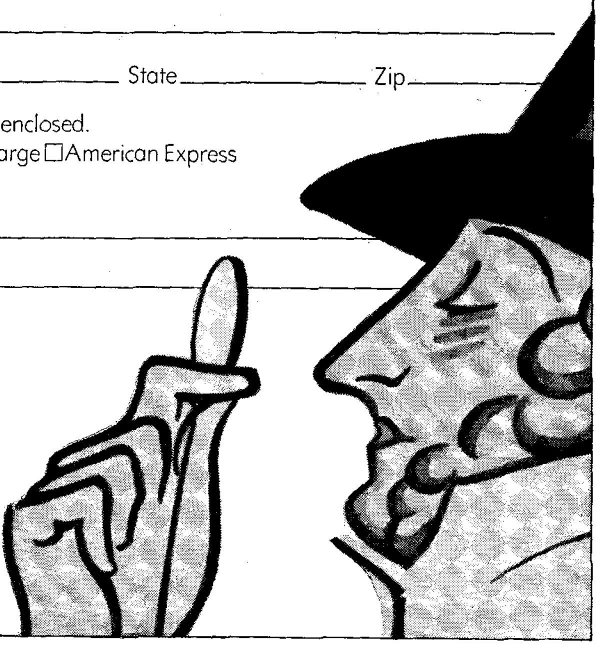

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woodlands, streams, and livestock. He was always speaking of the vast work to be done." As well as Roosevelt the dreamer, Tugwell shows Roosevelt the practicing politician, who "wanted people not only to have economic security but to have minds of their own." F.D.R. steals the book, and that is as it should be. But there is room, nonetheless, for others—Henry Wallace, Tugwell's immediate superior, who, Tugwell says, was already running for the Presidency and making political compromises of which Tugwell disapproved; Harold Ickes, whose explosiveness Tugwell found (and makes) entertaining; Harry Hopkins, with a passion for the underdog and a penchant for high life. Most important—especially nowadays, when "bureaucrat" is a barely printable insult—Tugwell tells about a number of civil servants who were dedicated, technically qualified men. Among them were Walter Campbell, the head of the Food and Drug Administration, and Ferdinand Silcox, of the Forest Service. While the author can be harsh in his judgments of men he considers incompetent or dishonest, he can also convey admiration and his reasons for it, as he does in relating the efforts of these apolitical, incorruptible, indefatigable public servants.

A WOMAN IN REVOLT: A BIOGRAPHY OF FLORA TRISTAN, by Dominique Desanti, translated from the French by Elizabeth Zelvin (Crown). The name Flora Tristan excites no remark today, but that was hardly the case in Paris and London in the eighteen-thirties and forties. The daughter of a French mother and a Peruvian father, she was born in 1803 and brought up in poverty in a workers' quarter of Paris. She was beautiful, uneducated, and ardently ambitious to improve her lot, and very early in life she became convinced that society was wrong in just about everything, but principally in the way women were denied equal status with men and in the way the working class was exploited. She became an intimate of many of the liberal and reformist intellectuals of the day and founded one of the first labor unions in Europe, and in her writings, in blunt and down-to-earth terms, she presented the case against the sexual, social, and political oppression of women. This is a brilliant biography of a restless and romantic revolutionary. Mme. Desanti gives us, in Balzacian detail, the whole tangled story of Flora Tristan's often violent passage through life. She died at forty-one, her work incomplete; she left a beloved and beautiful daughter, who became the mother of Paul Gauguin.

ON BEING A CHRISTIAN, by Hans Küng, translated from the German by Edward Quinn (Doubleday). This is a book vast in scale and scope—it is scholarly, specific, intelligent, and passionate. Küng puts the case for Christianity as compared to other religions (or to none at all) with a genuine appreciation of other spiritual traditions, but he himself believes they lack the unique center, Jesus Christ. The author examines the Gospels in the light of the latest scholarly criticism; he discusses theological formulations with the greatest clarity, untying knots that have baffled past generations; and he very precisely describes what living as a Christian means. Küng, a Roman Catholic, believes that several of his church's dogmas are mistaken, and he says which ones. He also says why he himself wishes to remain a Roman Catholic; nevertheless, he insists that Christ's church is, in his word, "pluriform." He is particularly enlightening in his discussion of Christianity and politics. Everything he says is concrete but not limited or limiting; though he sees Christianity as demanding duties, he also sees it as offering liberties.

MANHATTAN MOVES UPTOWN: AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY, by Charles Lockwood (Houghton Mifflin). A lively account of the spread of the city from the end of the Revolution to the beginning of this century. A remarkably well-chosen assortment of illustrations bears out the book's thesis—that Manhattanites' dedication to economic growth destroyed much beauty and amenity. But this island's helter-skelter development was not unique; the nineteenth century was not an era of preservation or restoration anywhere in the Western world. And the pictures of slums and shanties palliate nostalgia.

NOTE: "The Compass Flower," a collection of W. S. Merwin's poems, many of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Atheneum.

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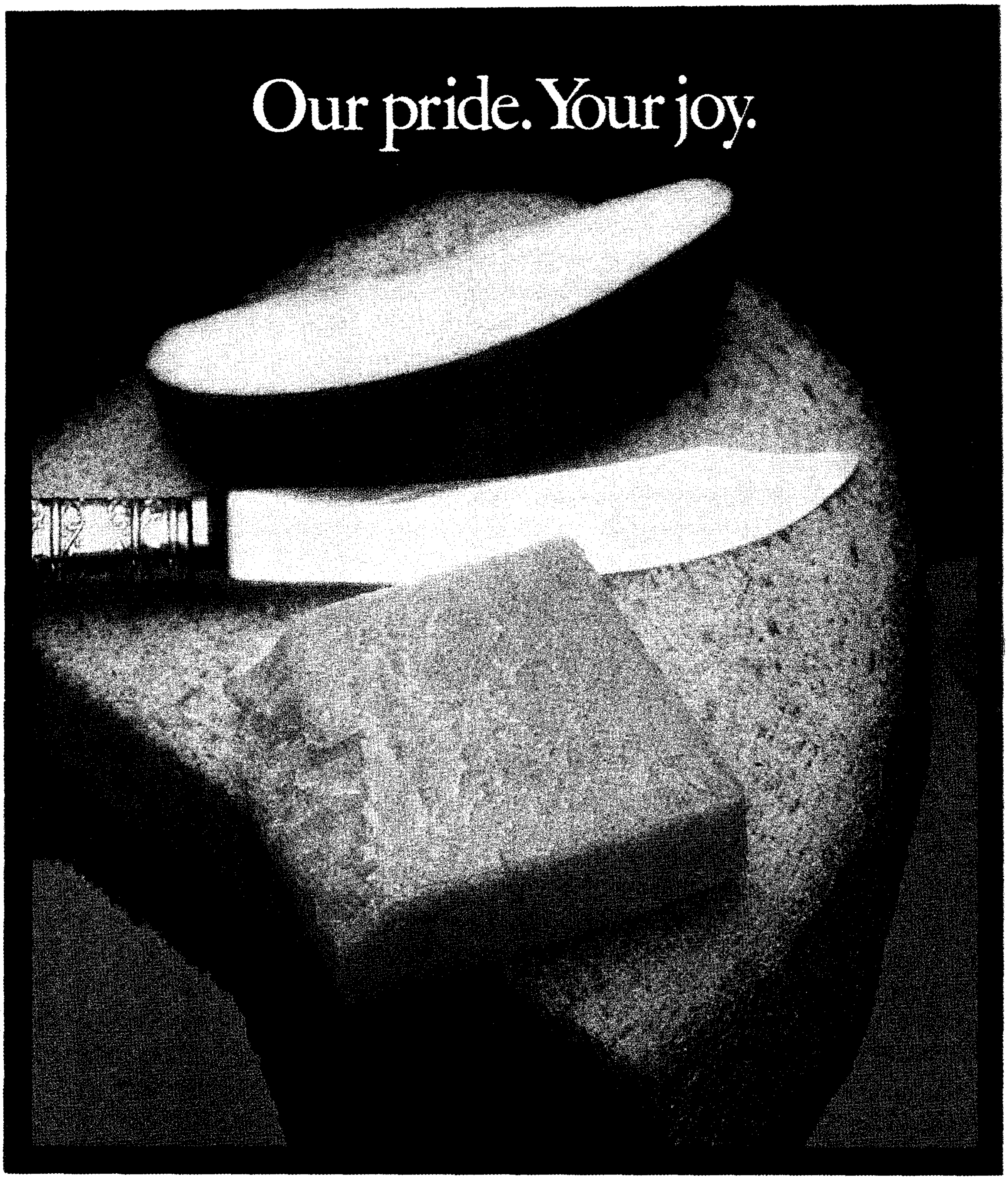

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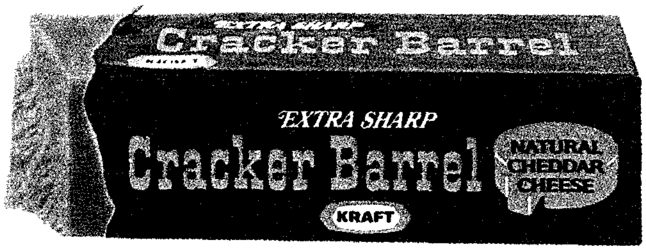
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